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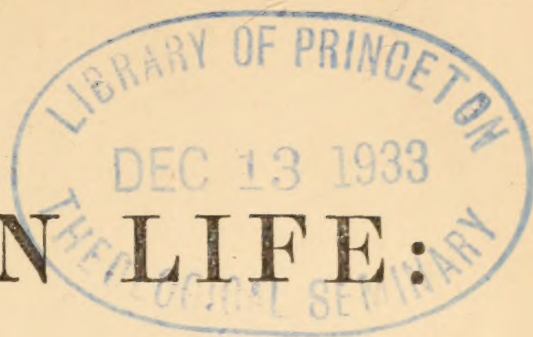
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THE
CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LONDON :

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✓
THE
CHRISTIAN LIFE:



A

Manual of Sacred Verse.

✓✓ BY

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A.

OXON.

AUTHOR OF "THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY," "LUTHER,"
"GOSPEL IN ADVANCE OF THE AGE," ETC. ETC.

"To live is Christ."—*Phil.* i. 21.

SECOND EDITION.

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1849.

TO THE QUEEN'S
MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

MADAM,

IN accordance with your Majesty's gracious permission, I have now the honour to submit the following pages to your Majesty's notice, in the respectful hope and religious belief that they contain nothing but what is consistent with the pure WORD OF GOD, and the catholic teaching of England's Church.

As one of the Committee of Management associated with the Hospital for Consumption,

in whose behalf mainly the present volume is published,—permit me, with profound deference, to express my own share of gratitude for the Royal patronage and munificence, which have so frequently honoured and befriended that noble institute of national mercy.

That your Majesty may long be spared to reign over a free, because a Christian, people, is the heart-breathed prayer of

MADAM,

Your Majesty's most dutiful and humble

Servant and Subject,

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

LONDON : 51, TORRINGTON SQUARE,

Nov. 1848.

P R E F A C E.

“The world being, in proportion, inferior to the soul; by reason thereof, there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things;—so it appeareth that poesy serveth and conferreth, to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation; and therefore was it ever thought to have some portion of divineness.”—*Lord Bacon’s “Advancement of Learning,”* Book ii.

“Sing victorious agonies of saints and martyrs, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly against the enemies of Christ; lastly, whatever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave . . . to inbreed and cherish in a people the seeds of virtue and public civility, allay the perturbations of the mind, set the affections in right tune, and to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the Throne and Equipage of God’s almightiness.’ —*Milton*.

“I can truly affirm of myself, that my studies have been profitable and available to me, only so far as I have endeavoured to use all my other knowledge as a glass, enabling me to receive more light in a wider field of vision FROM THE WORD OF GOD. I digress to another book, likewise a revelation of God,—the great book of His servant, Nature. It has been the music of pious and gentle minds in all ages; it is the poetry of all human nature, to read it likewise in a figurative sense, and to find therein correspondences and symbols of the spiritual world.”—*S. T. Coleridge*.

THE christian life hath its ultimate origin in the mind of the Almighty, its perfect embodiment was realised by the incarnated glories of the Son of God, and from Him, as the supreme Archetype and spiritual Head of the Church,—the whole mystical body of the faithful derive their principle of grace now, and their promise of glory for hereafter.

It is in allusion to these fundamental truths, that the author has ventured to condense the spirit of the following pages into the title, "CHRISTIAN LIFE;" because, all they contain is, directly, or indirectly, related to their dignity, grandeur, and importance. As to the theological character which these pages develope, the writer firmly believes them to be in doctrinal accordance with all which a loyal churchman should believe and profess,—being that which is sanctioned by divine Scripture, canonized by the teaching of our own Apostolical Communion, and maintained by the catholic fathers of the christian Church in every age. More than grateful will he be, if aught of the calm purity, chastened majesty, and loving gentleness of that best comment on the Bible, our English Prayer-Book,—have breathed its hallowing control over the present volume. It is a sincere, but inadequate effort, to portray in a poetical form, somewhat of the creed and character, the duties and dangers, the hopes and fears, the faults, privileges, and final destinies of a believer in the religion of Christ. Moreover, the Divinity, Personality, and Operation of the Spirit, the sacramental privileges of the Church, the due subordination of the lower and sensuous understanding to the higher and holier law of a spiritualized conscience—are not the least of those sacred themes the author would ever desire to propound, and revere. Let the dreaming pride of Rationalism speculate as it may,—Christianity and the Church, are those two miracles of permanence which constitute the centre of political history, and the circumference of moral destiny, in this, and in all other nations. A scientific arrangement of such a work would, obviously, be unfit; and throw a cold air of repulsive formalism over pages, where religion is mainly contemplated in connexion with the poetry of the

affections, the fancy, and the heart. Hence, the divine omniscience of Scripture, as applied by God to unfold and feed man's spiritual life, has been allowed to display its own deep wonderfulness,—by the simple plan of selecting those leading texts, which associate inspired truth with the glories of nature, the wisdom of providence, and the mysteries of grace.

Nearly seven years have elapsed since the writer last intruded on the public; and some twenty years have passed, since he published his first poem, “THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY,” &c. Solemn as human life must ever appear, when estimated by a religious conscience and a thankful heart,—seldom ought its responsibility to be more deeply pondered, than when an author renews his connexion with the mind of others, through the medium of the press; however fragile the sternness of hostile opinion may deem such connexion to be.

For his own part, when he reverts to the experience of vanished years, he hopes he can say, with christian truthfulness, two feelings predominate. The first, is one of sincere *humility*; arising from the painful consciousness that his writings, whether in prose or verse, are at such a melancholy distance from that IDEAL he has ever tried to set before him. At the age of eighteen, or nineteen, the mind is crude, and the taste imperfect; hence, the large circulation, and continued hold on popular favour which “THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY” has been so fortunate as to command,—may be ascribed to other reasons than those purely of a mental character. That this humbling sense of an unreached Idea is not a mock confession, merely paraded for a prefatory purpose,—is proved by the fact that “THE OMNIPRESENCE,” as now published, has been corrected almost into a *new poem*, when compared with the early editions. This appears to be unknown, or forgotten by certain

writers. Hence, the sarcasm which appeared some sixteen years ago in the "*Edinburgh Review*," and since republished with Mr. Macauley's name, only serves to perpetuate verbal errors and defective lines, *which no longer exist, except in his criticism*. Doubtless, as one who professes to love truth, candour, and open manliness of disposition, that successful writer will not republish his assault without some reference to the circumstance here stated. As the "Essay" now stands, it is merely a sarcastic comment on defects which have long been removed.

The second feeling the author desires to realise, is that of *gratitude*. However coldly others may talk of literature, depreciate its inspirations, and revert to its pursuits,—he cannot regard it altogether in the severe light of false dreams, fading hopes, and feverish solitudes: nor could he, without a most graceless discontent, swell the querulous cry of literary disappointment. On the contrary, he has to thank Literature for the mental intimacy and moral esteem of many of the good and great in England, and other countries; and also for lofty pleasures, and countless privileges of a pure and an abiding character. Among the last, let him record some christian friendships, whose broken links in time, he fondly hopes and believes, will be readjusted in eternity. Most truly can he add, too, that human authorship, when rightly used and religiously watched, will only serve to endear to a spiritual student, that Book which contains the literature of Heaven in the language of God,—even the Scriptures of human salvation. So far, indeed, as poetry is concerned, in the language of one who first encouraged him to think his way down to the roots of his own inward being, let him be permitted with manful sincerity to say,—“Poetry has been to me its own ‘exceeding great reward;’ it has soothed my afflictions; it has

multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good, and the beautiful, in all that meets and surrounds me." In addition to this, let him be allowed to render public thanks to the Great Inspirer of all good,—that he has been preserved from penning a line, word, or thought, that could stain the vestal purity of religious principle; or, tinge with a demoralizing hue the imagination of a single reader. So far as a superficial acquaintance with his own heart can authorize him to speak, his ruling desire has ever been,—to realise and extend the dominion of the HOLY, the BEAUTIFUL, and the TRUE, in that world which a living God created, redeemed man inhabits, and incarnated Deity has visited and rescued.

But, with this expression of gratitude, he may also blend a feeling remembrance of the social past. Will not *some*, then, who may chance to peruse these pages, be interested in learning, that the author's first effort in poetic literature owed not a little of its success to the generous welcome of veterans, whose genius has contributed so much to the intellectual wealth and moral progress of this country? Among those who actively helped to circulate "THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY," was the poet Crabbe, and the venerable Lisle Bowles, now on the very brink of the better land. Southey too, and Coleridge, welcomed his appearance in public with noble encouragement; and, not a little was this first effort advanced into public estimation, by a long and eloquent criticism from the pen of Professor Wilson. But, above all whom he is bound to commemorate in this retrospective glance, let the author be permitted to add the venerated name of Sharon Turner,—England's Anglo-Saxon and sacred historian. His counsels and criticisms were invaluable: and, long as memory retains its consciousness, will

he revere the religious worth, and strive to profit by the christian wisdom, of his earliest and unforgotten friend.*

In this brief retrospect of days and friends no more, it would be ungrateful not to remember privileges which yet remain. Among such, few are more endeared to the author, than those which have associated his public name with the history of "THE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION." With grateful pride does he recall his original acquaintance with its noble design, and the first sermon he had the christian happiness to preach in its behalf. To all who can sympathize with the afflictions of their fellow-creatures, it is indeed a matter of high and holy congratulation to know,—that this great Charity is daily advancing its surpassing claims on the practical benevolence of the Empire; and that it promises to attain an unrivalled position in the rank of our national hospitals. It is with an earnest desire to commend the objects, and in some degree, perchance, to enrich its pecuniary resources,—that the writer of this volume has assigned, by a legal document, one half of whatever profits may accrue from its circulation, *in perpetuo*,—to The Hospital for Consumption. With unaffected candour may he add, that should his desire be even partially realised, it will afford him an elevating satisfaction, which time will only serve to increase. The statistics of Consumption will be found appended to the poem entitled, "THE DYING GIRL," (p. 33 ;) and surely, that reader must be more, or less, than man, who does not feel the fearful eloquence of such arithmetic, to be all but irresistible!

Twenty years form an awful portion in our human career; and, when we connect their progress with the history of some of the great and good who have preceded us into the spirit-world,—

* The Poem entitled "POWER OF THE DEAD," (page 25,) in this volume, relates to the feelings here expressed.

reflections, deeper than the significance of imperfect words can disclose, seem to inspire the mind of a serious man. *Two* are insufficient to form a pure and perfect friendship; there must be a *Third*, and HE is divine! But, when such friendships are indeed consecrated by their alliance with that Redeemer, Who is the Uniter of hearts on earth,—may we not believe that, under some glorious modification they will be perpetuated in heaven, and prolonged through the ages of coming glory?

But *where*, and *what*, are the sons of genius and song *now*? Eternalized in human praise below, can we be such grovelling materialists as to think, the sainted Minds which rule and reign over us, are not, in some blissful section of God's universe,—as conscious, and as individual, as ever? Yes; if they consecrated the high gifts which heaven bestowed, to the sublime priesthood of glorifying God, and the purification of human nature, we may righteously conclude that the master-Spirits of our world are, “*ἱσάγγελοι*,” (Luke xx. 16,) being redeemed unto God, and etherealized into “just men MADE PERFECT,” (Heb. xii. 23.) Could they disclose the veiled secrets of Eternity from their calm homes of purity and bliss,—perhaps, it might be found that, what we call the mere dreams of lofty Idealism, are but pale shadows cast from the substance of infinite Glories to come? Thus, the poetry of spiritual minds on earth, would be proved unconscious prediction of diviner Mysteries yet to be unfolded in heaven.

But, all this is mental suggestion, and nothing more. We must patiently abide “until the day break, and the shadows flee away.” (Cant. ii. 17.) Meanwhile, be this our prayer, that each in his own duteous orbit, and according to his relative gift,—strive to remember and realise his baptismal consecration unto Him, who died for us once, that we might live for

ever. Let the World sneer as it may, after nearly six thousand years of experience, THE CHRISTIAN is the highest style of man: and blessed, beyond finite language to declare, is the condition of him, who can say with his lip, what he echoes by his life—"TO LIVE IS CHRIST, AND TO DIE IS GAIN."—(Phil. i. 21.)

RAYNERS, PENN, BUCKS,
October 24th, 1848.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.



THE IDEA OF GOD.

“ In the beginning God.”—*Gen.* i. 10.

ENTHRONED in dread eternity
How awful, God ! to muse on Thee,
Voiceless and viewless, First and Last,¹
The All in All, without a past!²

When thus to Thee our minds would mount,
And trace pure Being to its fount,
Their powers become abash'd and dim,
Like glory-stricken Cherubim.

For once Thou wert the vast Alone,
No universe around Thee thrown,
No choral worlds to chant Thy praise,
No spirits basking in Thy blaze ;

But in Thyself, that sacred THREE,³
Whose name is Love, and Mystery,
In trinal grandeur thus enshrined,
Unheard, unfelt, and undivined.

(1) “ I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last.”—*Rev.* i. 11. “ One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.”—*2 Pet.* iii. 18.

(2) “ God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM.”—*Exod.* xiii. 14.

(3) “ There are Three that bear record in heaven.”—*1 John* v. 7. “ To the acknowledgment of the mystery of God.”—*Col.* ii. 2.

Thou didst not, then, the worlds create,
Because Thy glories fail'd to be
Whate'er of infinitely great
Belongs to full-orb'd Deity :

But, from Thine essence freely came
Creative power, and light, and love,
And all which men or angels name,
Of bright below, or blest above.

And hence yon worlds, with all they hold
Of perfect, pure, serene, or grand,
The purpose of Thy will unfold,
And fill the hollow of Thy hand.¹

From Thee our thoughts their grace derive,
Chaste hearts receive celestial glow;
And vainly would the sceptic strive
Without Thee, e'en to think below.

The mind that cannot God discern
Grows day by day more weak, and vile,
Must soon its very self unlearn,
Absorb'd in sin, and sunk in guile.

Eternal Light and Law of mind !
If in Thy beams calm angels see
A lustre, that would strike them blind
Were they to think they fathom'd Thee; ²

(1) "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand."—*Isa.* xl. 12.

(2) "Which things the angels desire to look into."—1 *Pet.* i. 12.

Let insects like ourselves, beware
What majesties to Heaven belong !
Our science is believing prayer,
And flesh is weak, when faith is strong.¹

Most glorious God ! while thus we scan
Earth, air, and ocean through their bounds,
And yearn to trace the measured plan
Of Wisdom in her mystic rounds;

Be ours the humbling thought, that all
Of form and function, life or sense,
Which men sublime and wondrous call,—
Is nothing to Omnipotence !

It was not once ; it would not be,
If thy dread fiat said, Depart,
For then, the universe would flee,
And leave Thee, Godhead as Thou art !

GOD CREATES.

“ God created.”—*Gen.* i. 1.

THERE is religion in the common earth,
A creed of beauty in the open sky;
And every sunbeam proves a sacred birth,
When we regard it with responsive eye.

(1) “ The spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak.”—*Matt.* xxvi. 41.

What men call Nature, is a Thought divine,
The Infinite in forms of finite grace,
Where all conditions, seen in God, combine
To make this earth a consecrated place.

Th' unwritten Bible of the woods and fields
By Love perused, and ponder'd o'er by Prayer,
A kind of gospel to the Fancy yields,
That walks creation, feeling Christ¹ is there.

Nothing is mean, by Power Celestial made,
And nought is worthless, by His wisdom plann'd,
Who fashion'd all, that Faith may find display'd
The holy impress of God's master-hand.

Oh, could we hail the element divine
That circles round whatever lives, or moves,
A mystic radiance would o'er all things shine,
And teach the coldest how the Godhead loves!

One vast cathedral, with its roof of sky,
The earth becomes to reverential souls,
When deepen'd by such felt divinity,
Our heart-breathed hymn of ceaseless worship rolls.

But like a cloud doth sensual dimness hide
The heaven-born glories that around us beam,
While min'string angels to and fro may glide,
And yet not wake us from our worldly dream.

(1) "His dear Son, in whom we have redemption . . . by Him were all things created, that are in heaven and that are in the earth, visible and invisible."—*Col. i. 13, 14, 16.*

Alas! for men, when thus creation grows
An orphan'd scene, where God moves undiscern'd ;
And for the bliss His gracious hand bestows,
Our thankless hearts, how seldom have they burn'd!¹

This canker-worm of atheistic sin
Thrice Holy One! do Thou by grace destroy;
Breathe o'er the deadness of the mind within,
And brighten Nature with religious joy.

May the hush'd feeling, Thou art ever nigh,
God in the creatures, Life and Law of all,
Unveil pure Edens to our purgèd eye,
And free the spirit from degrading thrall.

Then will a sacredness of meaning grace
The humblest object which the senses scan,
A temple rise in every cloister'd place,
And all cry, "Worship!" to believing man.

Mountain or forest, wood, or wild, or shore,
Roam where we choose, whatever scene be trod,
The reign of mindless Solitude is o'er,
For now, like Enoch, Conscience walks with God.²

And, thus companion'd by His love and word,
Each man as brother, faith delights to own;
Peasant and prince, from each alike is heard
"Our Father!" warbled to Creation's Throne.

(1) "Did not our hearts burn within us, while He talked with us by the way?"—*Luke* xxiv. 32.

(2) "Enoch walked with God: and he was not, for God took him."—*Gen.* v. 24.

Were but this creed by loving hearts enjoy'd,
And God paternal by the soul embraced,
How much of dark'ning self would be destroy'd,
And Beauty live, where now breathes Moral Waste !

Diurnal life would seem a holy thing,
Entire Creation be with God allied,
And not an hour but would some anthem sing,
To praise the Fountain that our stream supplied.

Here is Religion,—when for mental food
Nature, or man, a thoughtful heart inspires
To echo Him, who call'd creation “good,”
Whose birth was chanted by celestial quires.¹

Around, above, beneath, 'tis all divine,
When Faith the grand Original can see,
And, while Sense worships in the outer-shrine,
Know the vast world was once a thought in Thee.

Lord ! may Thy Spirit to our spirit lend
A princely heart of innocence and prayer,
Whose unction shall the sacred feeling send,
That proves, at every pulse, a God is there.

Radiant the soul, though dark the sense-bound doom
Terrestrial changes for his home supply,
Who feels, before his dust descend the tomb,
How all is Christian to the Christian eye.

(1) “ Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy ? ”—*Job xxxviii.* 6, 7.

OUR DUTY IS OUR GLORY.

“Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.”—1 *Cor.* x. 31.

PRECIOUS words ! with glory burning,
 Guide and guardian of our days,
 Let us be for ever learning,
 Wisdom from their wealth to raise :
 In them lies a lovely power,
 Which may hallow scene and hour,
 Touching all we hear, or see,
 With some rays of Deity!

He who call'd us into being,
 Each created for some plan,
 But by prescience all foreseeing,
 So equipp'd the soul of man,
 That unless the sleepless Mind
 Love itself in all mankind,
 Whatsoe'er bright scenes present,—
 Dark life grows a discontent.

Yet, apart from Revelation,
 Wisdom no true motive found,
 That with perfect inspiration
 Could alike for *all* abound.
 Pleasure, gain, or mental force,
 Palms that crown Ambition's course,—
 Sages found some lofty name,
 Thus to fix the final Aim.

Cloister'd some in holy quiet
Far from rush of human cares,
Unperturb'd by Passion's riot,
And absorb'd in ceaseless prayers,—
Thus they aim'd to school and still,
Or subdue the reinless Will,
And partake God's holy rest,
Pillow'd on the Saviour's breast.

But find we not in ancient story
Saint, or sage, who can supply
Such a path for peaceful glory
While we live, and when we die,
As this text of heaven-breathed truth
Here imparts to age and youth :
“ Whatsoe'er ye think, or do,
Be your God the goal in view ! ”

'Twas Thine own celestial motive,
Lord, when Thou on earth didst live ;
So with spirit pure and votive
Let us vow ourselves to give
Back to Thee ! in woe or weal
Let our lives be one long zeal,
Never from Thy Church to roam,—
Faith's delight, and Feeling's home !

None can reach that blissful centre
Where the reas'ning mind can rest,
Save by fellowship they enter
On the purpose God hath blest :

Great and glorious as may seem
All that gilds an earth-born dream,
Self can frame no heaven for sin,
But it works a hell within !

Blest is he who thus resigneth
Soul and body unto Him,
From Whose words whoe'er declineth,
Martyr, saint, or seraphim,
Must in darkness, death, and woe,
Downward to perdition go,
Reaping from self-will the curse,
That would fire the universe.

Sons of Heaven ! be this your glory,
Christ as motive so to feel,
That life nor death shall set before ye :
What can daunt, or dim your zeal :
Rich, or poor, or small, or great,
What to you is outward state ?
God and grace within you dwell,
And your mercies none can tell.

Happy, happy is the feeling,
Life *belongs* to Him who died,
By atonement thus revealing
Love incarnate, crucified.
Duty, danger, toil, and time,
Now are touch'd by truth sublime ;
All we have to Faith appears,
Sacred to His blood and tears.

With such motive deeply glowing,
Sin and self we learn to shun,
While on heaven our hearts bestowing,
Till the angel ¹ seems begun ;
As more purely we can pray,
And that creed of glory say,
“ Thou art worthy ! Thou alone !
Be our heart Thy hallow'd throne !”
Needs no rank, nor wealth, nor learning,
When our sainted wills incline,
With a passion ever burning
To pursue the path divine :
Humble care and cottage-scene
To the Lord's elect have been
Little Edens, where they found
Angels camping all around !
Though thy station be but lowly,
Christ is there, the soul to bless ;
Though thou seem'st forgotten wholly,
Left to toil in loneliness,
Eyes through heaven are peering down,
In thy cross to see thy crown ;
Let thy task in prayer be done,
And thy glories are begun.
Tell me not, in gloom and anguish
Lone and needy thou art left,
Faith can ne'er for duty languish,
Love and Hope are not bereft,

(1) “ Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.”—*Matt.* vi. 10. “ They are as the angels of God in heaven.”—*Matt.* xxii. 30.

At the close of each calm day
If thy soul can truly say,
“ Father ! do Thy gracious will,
Let my life Thy law fulfil ! ”

Hast thou cheer'd the broken-hearted
With a look of genial love ?
As the dying breath departed
Didst thou point to worlds above ?
Hast thou sought the peasant's door,
Soothed the sick, or cheer'd the poor,
Lighted up the widow's eye,
Or relieved an orphan's sigh ?

Fameless, then, though Earth deny thee
Wealth and grandeur, power and place,
More than worlds could e'er supply thee,
'Tis to love the human race !
Like some instrument of sound
Changing with all airs around,
Hearts of heaven can sympathize
With what others tempts, or tries.

Read we then in hallow'd story
With a swell of wordless joy,
Duty forms divinest glory,
When our lives for God employ
Feeling, faculty, and power,
Home and heart, and scene and hour,
As one sacrifice of soul,
Due to Him who gave the whole !

THE FIRST MAN.

“ Let us make man.”—*Gen. i. 26.*

Now Heaven and Earth in finish'd beauty rise,
And Ocean peals her new-born harmonies;

And lo! awaking into life

With stainless glory rich and rife,
Under the breath of God's creative word
The realms of Being into bliss are stirr'd.

Oh! to have gazed on glorious earth and sea,
When, like the Infant of eternity,

Our breathing World began to smile;

Or, like an anxious heart awhile,

In mute suspension waited for a Soul
To greet her glories, and command the whole.

For, how could dumb magnificence display,
Or this blank world as reasonless, portray

The higher attributes of God,

Till earth by human feet was trod;

Or, young Creation had some priestly Mind
To offer incense, pure as God design'd?

But, hark! within the deeps of that Recess

Where God enshrines His awful consciousness,

Three Persons speak, Three Minds commune,

A Council holds the dread Triune.¹

And “ Let Us make ” him, symbols forth to man
The outward meaning of Their inward Plan.

(1) “ God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness.”—*Gen. i. 26.*

And thus, obedient to that forming call,
Emerges Man, the blissful lord of all ;
 Soft lustres o'er his features play,
 And brow and bearing both display
That regal air, God's image ought to show
As priest and monarch of this world below.

Hosannah ! now ye choral planets sing ;
Poetic winds and waters, hail your king !
 Wake Sympathies ! through earth and air
 Your genial motion everywhere ;
God's labours now their sabbath haven reach,¹
And Silence echoes with the charm of speech.

O happy vision ! O celestial scene !
What Heaven beheld, and sinless Earth hath been
 When paradise and perfect bliss
 Center'd a world sublime as this ;
Wing'd angels quiver'd over Eden's bowers,
And Eve looked fairer than the vestal flowers.

Departed glory !—back to earth it seems
At times recall'd, in those seraphic dreams
 When round us steals the witching sense
 Of man's unblotted innocence,
And o'er the harp-strings of th' entrancèd soul
Fragments of forfeit Eden's music roll.

But never let our joyless gloom repine,
Blest Lord ! as though there breathed not hopes divine,

(1) " On the seventh day, God ended His work which He had made : and He rested on the seventh day."—*Gen.* ii. 2.

Thou didst not, then, the worlds create,
Because Thy glories fail'd to be
Whate'er of infinitely great
Belongs to full-orb'd Deity :

But, from Thine essence freely came
Creative power, and light, and love,
And all which men or angels name,
Of bright below, or blest above.

And hence yon worlds, with all they hold
Of perfect, pure, serene, or grand,
The purpose of Thy will unfold,
And fill the hollow of Thy hand.¹

From Thee our thoughts their grace derive,
Chaste hearts receive celestial glow;
And vainly would the sceptic strive
Without Thee, e'en to think below.

The mind that cannot God discern
Grows day by day more weak, and vile,
Must soon its very self unlearn,
Absorb'd in sin, and sunk in guile.

Eternal Light and Law of mind !
If in Thy beams calm angels see
A lustre, that would strike them blind
Were they to think they fathom'd Thee;²

(1) "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand."—*Isa.* xl. 12.

(2) "Which things the angels desire to look into."—1 *Pet.* i. 12.

Let insects like ourselves, beware
What majesties to Heaven belong !
Our science is believing prayer,
And flesh is weak, when faith is strong.¹

Most glorious God ! while thus we scan
Earth, air, and ocean through their bounds,
And yearn to trace the measured plan
Of Wisdom in her mystic rounds ;

Be ours the humbling thought, that all
Of form and function, life or sense,
Which men sublime and wondrous call,—
Is nothing to Omnipotence !

It was not once ; it would not be,
If thy dread fiat said, Depart,
For then, the universe would flee,
And leave Thee, Godhead as Thou art !

GOD CREATES.

“ God created.”—*Gen.* i. 1.

THERE is religion in the common earth,
A creed of beauty in the open sky ;
And every sunbeam proves a sacred birth,
When we regard it with responsive eye.

(1) “ The spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak.”—*Matt.* xxvi. 41.

What men call Nature, is a Thought divine,
The Infinite in forms of finite grace,
Where all conditions, seen in God, combine
To make this earth a consecrated place.

Th' unwritten Bible of the woods and fields
By Love perused, and ponder'd o'er by Prayer,
A kind of gospel to the Fancy yields,
That walks creation, feeling Christ¹ is there.

Nothing is mean, by Power Celestial made,
And nought is worthless, by His wisdom plann'd,
Who fashion'd all, that Faith may find display'd
The holy impress of God's master-hand.

Oh, could we hail the element divine
That circles round whatever lives, or moves,
A mystic radiance would o'er all things shine,
And teach the coldest how the Godhead loves !

One vast cathedral, with its roof of sky,
The earth becomes to reverential souls,
When deepen'd by such felt divinity,
Our heart-breathed hymn of ceaseless worship rolls.

But like a cloud doth sensual dimness hide
The heaven-born glories that around us beam,
While min'string angels to and fro may glide,
And yet not wake us from our worldly dream.

(1) " His dear Son, in whom we have redemption . . . by Him were all things created, that are in heaven and that are in the earth, visible and invisible."—*Col.* i. 13, 14, 16.

Alas! for men, when thus creation grows
An orphan'd scene, where God moves undiscern'd ;
And for the bliss His gracious hand bestows,
Our thankless hearts, how seldom have they burn'd!¹

This canker-worm of atheistic sin
Thrice Holy One! do Thou by grace destroy;
Breathe o'er the deadness of the mind within,
And brighten Nature with religious joy.

May the hush'd feeling, Thou art ever nigh,
God in the creatures, Life and Law of all,
Unveil pure Edens to our purgèd eye,
And free the spirit from degrading thrall.

Then will a sacredness of meaning grace
The humblest object which the senses scan,
A temple rise in every cloister'd place,
And all cry, "Worship!" to believing man.

Mountain or forest, wood, or wild, or shore,
Roam where we choose, whatever scene be trod,
The reign of mindless Solitude is o'er,
For now, like Enoch, Conscience walks with God.²

And, thus companion'd by His love and word,
Each man as brother, faith delights to own;
Peasant and prince, from each alike is heard
"Our Father!" warbled to Creation's Throne.

(1) "Did not our hearts burn within us, while He talked with us by the way?"—*Luke* xxiv. 32.

(2) "Enoch walked with God: and he was not, for God took him."—*Gen.* v. 24.

Were but this creed by loving hearts enjoy'd,
And God paternal by the soul embraced,
How much of dark'ning self would be destroy'd,
And Beauty live, where now breathes Moral Waste !

Diurnal life would seem a holy thing,
Entire Creation be with God allied,
And not an hour but would some anthem sing,
To praise the Fountain that our stream supplied.

Here is Religion,—when for mental food
Nature, or man, a thoughtful heart inspires
To echo Him, who call'd creation “good,”
Whose birth was chanted by celestial quires.¹

Around, above, beneath, 'tis all divine,
When Faith the grand Original can see,
And, while Sense worships in the outer-shrine,
Know the vast world was once a thought in Thee.

Lord ! may Thy Spirit to our spirit lend
A princely heart of innocence and prayer,
Whose unction shall the sacred feeling send,
That proves, at every pulse, a God is there.

Radiant the soul, though dark the sense-bound doom
Terrestrial changes for his home supply,
Who feels, before his dust descend the tomb,
How all is Christian to the Christian eye.

(1) “ Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy ? ”—*Job xxxviii.* 6, 7.

OUR DUTY IS OUR GLORY.

“Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.”—1 *Cor.* x. 31.

PRECIOUS words ! with glory burning,
 Guide and guardian of our days,
 Let us be for ever learning,
 Wisdom from their wealth to raise :
 In them lies a lovely power,
 Which may hallow scene and hour,
 Touching all we hear, or see,
 With some rays of Deity!

He who call'd us into being,
 Each created for some plan,
 But by prescience all foreseeing,
 So equipp'd the soul of man,
 That unless the sleepless Mind
 Love itself in all mankind,
 Whatsoe'er bright scenes present,—
 Dark life grows a discontent.

Yet, apart from Revelation,
 Wisdom no true motive found,
 That with perfect inspiration
 Could alike for *all* abound.
 Pleasure, gain, or mental force,
 Palms that crown Ambition's course,—
 Sages found some lofty name,
 Thus to fix the final Aim.

Cloister'd some in holy quiet
Far from rush of human cares,
Unperturb'd by Passion's riot,
And absorb'd in ceaseless prayers,—
Thus they aim'd to school and still,
Or subdue the reinless Will,
And partake God's holy rest,
Pillow'd on the Saviour's breast.

But find we not in ancient story
Saint, or sage, who can supply
Such a path for peaceful glory
While we live, and when we die,
As this text of heaven-breathed truth
Here imparts to age and youth :
“ Whatsoe'er ye think, or do,
Be your God the goal in view ! ”

'Twas Thine own celestial motive,
Lord, when Thou on earth didst live ;
So with spirit pure and votive
Let us vow ourselves to give
Back to Thee ! in woe or weal
Let our lives be one long zeal,
Never from Thy Church to roam,—
Faith's delight, and Feeling's home !

None can reach that blissful centre
Where the reas'ning mind can rest,
Save by fellowship they enter
On the purpose God hath blest :

Great and glorious as may seem
All that gilds an earth-born dream,
Self can frame no heaven for sin,
But it works a hell within !

Blest is he who thus resigneth
Soul and body unto Him,
From Whose words whoe'er declineth,
Martyr, saint, or seraphim,
Must in darkness, death, and woe,
Downward to perdition go,
Reaping from self-will the curse,
That would fire the universe.

Sons of Heaven ! be this your glory,
Christ as motive so to feel,
That life nor death shall set before ye
What can daunt, or dim your zeal :
Rich, or poor, or small, or great,
What to you is outward state ?
God and grace within you dwell,
And your mercies none can tell.

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Unperturb'd by Passion's riot,
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With such motive deeply glowing,
Sin and self we learn to shun,
While on heaven our hearts bestowing,
Till the angel¹ seems begun ;
As more purely we can pray,
And that creed of glory say,
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Be our heart Thy hallow’d throne !”
Needs no rank, nor wealth, nor learning,
When our sainted wills incline,
With a passion ever burning
To pursue the path divine :
Humble care and cottage-scene
To the Lord’s elect have been
Little Edens, where they found
Angels camping all around !
Though thy station be but lowly,
Christ is there, the soul to bless ;
Though thou seem’st forgotten wholly,
Left to toil in loneliness,
Eyes through heaven are peering down,
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Let thy task in prayer be done,
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Faith can ne’er for duty languish,
Love and Hope are not bereft,

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At the close of each calm day
If thy soul can truly say,
“ Father ! do Thy gracious will,
Let my life Thy law fulfil ! ”

Hast thou cheer'd the broken-hearted
With a look of genial love ?
As the dying breath departed
Didst thou point to worlds above ?
Hast thou sought the peasant's door,
Soothed the sick, or cheer'd the poor,
Lighted up the widow's eye,
Or relieved an orphan's sigh ?

Fameless, then, though Earth deny thee
Wealth and grandeur, power and place,
More than worlds could e'er supply thee,
'Tis to love the human race !
Like some instrument of sound
Changing with all airs around,
Hearts of heaven can sympathize
With what others tempts, or tries.

Read we then in hallow'd story
With a swell of wordless joy,
Duty forms divinest glory,
When our lives for God employ
Feeling, faculty, and power,
Home and heart, and scene and hour,
As one sacrifice of soul,
Due to Him who gave the whole !

THE FIRST MAN.

“ Let us make man.”—*Gen. i. 26.*

Now Heaven and Earth in finish'd beauty rise,
And Ocean peals her new-born harmonies;

And lo! awaking into life

With stainless glory rich and rife,
Under the breath of God's creative word
The realms of Being into bliss are stirr'd.

Oh! to have gazed on glorious earth and sea,
When, like the Infant of eternity,

Our breathing World began to smile;

Or, like an anxious heart awhile,

In mute suspension waited for a Soul
To greet her glories, and command the whole.

For, how could dumb magnificence display,
Or this blank world as reasonless, portray

The higher attributes of God,

Till earth by human feet was trod;

Or, young Creation had some priestly Mind
To offer incense, pure as God design'd?

But, hark! within the deeps of that Recess
Where God enshrines His awful consciousness,

Three Persons speak, Three Minds commune,

A Council holds the dread Triune.¹

And “ Let Us make ” him, symbols forth to man
The outward meaning of Their inward Plan.

(1) “ God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness.”—*Gen. i. 26.*

And thus, obedient to that forming call,
Emerges Man, the blissful lord of all ;
 Soft lustres o'er his features play,
 And brow and bearing both display
That regal air, God's image ought to show
As priest and monarch of this world below.

Hosannah ! now ye choral planets sing ;
Poetic winds and waters, hail your king !
 Wake Sympathies ! through earth and air
 Your genial motion everywhere ;
God's labours now their sabbath haven reach,¹
And Silence echoes with the charm of speech.

O happy vision ! O celestial scene !
What Heaven beheld, and sinless Earth hath been
 When paradise and perfect bliss
 Center'd a world sublime as this ;
Wing'd angels quiver'd over Eden's bowers,
And Eve looked fairer than the vestal flowers.

Departed glory !—back to earth it seems
At times recall'd, in those seraphic dreams
 When round us steals the witching sense
 Of man's unblotted innocence,
And o'er the harp-strings of th' entrancèd soul
Fragments of forfeit Eden's music roll.

But never let our joyless gloom repine,
Blest Lord ! as though there breathed not hopes divine,

(1) " On the seventh day, God ended His work which He had made : and He rested on the seventh day."—*Gen.* ii. 2.

That earth shall bear a nobler doom
 Than Paradise in perfect bloom :
 For Thou hast purchased, by atoning blood,
 A world transcending what was once the "good."
 And may the Spirit of Thy grace descend,
 Our feelings hallow, and our hearts amend ;
 Inspire us, oh ! CREATIVE THREE,
 To image forth the Trinity,¹
 Till man shall witness more than Eden saw,
 His heart Thy temple, and Thy truth his law.

THE MIND OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child."—*Matt.* xviii. 1, 2.

MEN call it wisdom, when they grow
 Less and less like a child ;
 But let the harsh and haughty know
 Such wisdom is defiled ;
 The cold perfection of a cautious man,
 Who gains by cunning,—all the serpent can!
 He, whose all-meas'ring Soul perceived
 The heights and depths of mind,
 A nobler law would have believed
 When present with mankind ;
 Who said, with Infancy beside His knee,
 "He that is greatest, like a child must be."

(1) "Through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father."—*Eph.* ii. 8.

Heaven to a child comes nearer far
Than in maturer age,
When Passion's brunt and blighting war
Their christless battle rage
Against those young simplicities that dwell
Deep in the bosom, like a guardian-spell.

Oh ! for the reverential eye
To Childhood which pertains,
That sees religion in the sky,
And poetry in plains ;
To whom a rainbow like a rapture glows,
And all is marvel which th' Almighty shows.

Blest age of Wonder ! when a flower,
A blossom, fruit, or tree
Gives a new zest to each new hour
That gladdens home with glee :
When like a lispng stream life rolls along
In happy murmurs of unconscious song.

It smiles on that, and speaks to this,
As if each object knew
A child exulted in the bliss
Of all that charms its view ;
Personified the whole Creation seems
Into a heart that mirrors back its dreams !

Life looks a fairy landscape spread
Before the untaught gaze,
As on the infant soul is led
To meet its opening days,

Where pure-eyed Innocence can well discern
A deeper beauty than the wise discern.¹

Fresh from the hands of God they come
These infants of His grace,
And something of celestial home
Yet lingers in their face ;
Strange to the world, no worldliness defiles
The little hist'ry of their tears and smiles.

Candid and curious, how they seek
All truth to know and scan ;
And, ere the budding mind can speak,
Begin to study Man !
Confiding sweetness colours all they say,
And Angels listen, when they try to pray.²

More playful than the birds of spring,
Ingenuous, warm, sincere,
Like meadow-bees upon the wing
They roam without a fear ;
And breathe their thoughts on all who round them live,
As Light sheds beams, or flowers their perfume give.

And how the Church o'erawes their sense,
With rite and ritual graced !
Whose creed is loving innocence,
Which time hath not effaced ;

(1) " I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—*Matt.* xi. 25.

(2) " Despise not these little ones ; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."—*Matt.* xviii. 10.

And would that those, who Manhood's paths have trod,
Like them could tremble at the name of God !

Mysterious age ! the type of Heaven,
By Jesu's blessing crown'd,
To thee a purity is given
Grey hairs have never found ;
The arms of Christ do yet encircle thee
Like a soft halo which the Heart can see.

Mere Knowledge makes us keen and cold,
And Cunning dwarfs the mind,
As more and more the heart grows old
With feelings base and blind ;
Our light is clearer, but our love is less,
And few the bosoms that our own can bless !

Spirit of Grace ! we learn from Thee
This noble truth, at length,—
That wisdom is simplicity,
Simplicity is strength ;
A Child-man, could the world such union find,
Would be the model-form for human kind.

SOOTHING CHARM OF TIME.

"No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness."—
Heb. xii. 11.

WHEN Time shall lay his lenient hand
On this large grief of ours
The burden'd heart will understand
The myst'ry of past hours ;

But now, so thick a tear bedims the moisten'd eye,
That earth looks sever'd off from yonder loving sky.

Mere fragments of a mighty Whole,
How little can men see,
While sin contracts the clouded soul,
Of plans becoming Thee
Who didst by wisdom deep, from Thine all-boundless mind,
In heaven forecast the lot for human souls design'd !

To two eternities relate
The pangs endured on earth,
And all which marks our mortal fate
In sickness, death, or birth,
In awful depths of God, before all time was plann'd,¹
And carries with it more than Sin can understand.

Yet, when the cloud of woe hath burst
Upon our hearts and homes,
And Guilt appears by God accursed,
The wistful Spirit roams
From earth to heaven, in hope that some dear light will
dart
A ray of guiding truth, to cheer the chasten'd heart.

Then, crowded o'er with sumless graves
This blighted world appears ;
O'er each calm joy the cypress waves,
The eye seems made for tears ;

(1) "Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered," (*Luke* xii. 7,) compared with, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called, according to his purpose."—*Rom.* viii. 28.

E'en mercies that remain in darkness now recede,
And boding Fancy dreams that Life was born to bleed !

Unwise, unholy, and unjust
We mourners then are found,
Who, in bereavement, cannot trust
Those Arms encircled round

All sorrow, time, and change, whate'er the trial be,
To girdle man with strength, if Faith those Arms would see.

Afflictions would be sacred things ;
Some drops that overflow¹
From that GREAT CUP the Saviour brings
Of anguish, grief, or woe,

To each disciple here, who bears his Master's cross,
And when he calls him, "Lord !" doth count the gainful loss.

How can the sainted child of God
Resemble Christ, unless

The upward path of life be trod
Through shades of stern distress ?

The Lord of bleeding love, oh ! was He not alone,
Unecho'd by a heart that understood his groan ?

And think, bereaved one ! in that hour
When ruin'd hopes lie cold,
Or death and darkness overpower
What tearful eyes behold,—

Of Him, who had not where to rest His gracious head,
Weeping with anguish'd soul, when Love "forsook and fled !"

(1) "Ye shall drink indeed of my cup," (*Matt.* xx. 23,) in connexion with, "Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ."—*Col.* i. 24.

Dejection now may cast
A dimming veil o'er all
That brighten'd o'er thy youthful past,
While underneath the pall
That seems to overshroud whate'er we love below,
Thy creedless heart detects no sight but death and
woe ;

Still, when the Dove of Peace divine
Shall o'er thy spirit brood,
And with His calm thy love combine,
A soul will say, 'Twas "good,"¹
Affliction with its flame hath purified the dross,
And deeper in my soul enstamp'd the Saviour's cross."

And thus, the nerveless Mind will gain
New force and faith to meet
Each rising swell of future pain,
And lay it at thy feet,
As sunk the billows down along the placid sea,
When Christ in calmness walk'd the waves of Galilee.

Eternal Soother of the soul !
True Paraclete of all
Who yield to Thy serene control,
On Thee for aid we call ;
Anguish, and gloom, and grave, can make the mourner
sigh,
But, ah, we shall not sink,—the Comforter is nigh !

(1) "It is good for me that I have been afflicted. Before I was afflicted I went astray."—*Psalm cxix.* 71, 67.

Perfect through suffering !—'tis the plan
 Mysterious Love decrees ;
 And Christ, who was The sinless Man,
 From that found no release,¹
 Whose life was living prayer, with every pang combined,
 Where men and angels see a perfect will resign'd.

We seek not, Lord, a pangless life
 In homes and haunts of bliss ;
 But only that our mental strife
 May ne'er Thy presence miss ;
 Not starless is the night, when Thy dear words arise,
 And point Thy promise forth that beacons to the skies !²

CHRIST THE GRAND REFUGE.

“ Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.”—
John vi. 68. “ There is none other name under heaven given among
 men whereby we must be saved.”—*Acts* iv. 12.

LORD, and whither shall we go?
 Thou alone hast words of life ;
 In our stormful griefs below
 Who, but Thou, can heal the strife
 Sin and sorrow round us bring,
 In life's vale, while wandering ?

(1) “ It became him, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.”—*Heb.* ii. 10.

(2) “ Let not your heart be troubled : . . . In my Father's house are many mansions : I go to prepare a place for you.”—*John* xiv. 1, 2.

What can mortal Wisdom teach
If o'er graves it cannot soar ?
Can true rest the Conscience reach
While it leaves us as before ?—
God and Guilt will haunt us yet,
Making life one long regret !

Poet ! shall we come to thee,
Harping forth some noble strain,
Songs of fire, that prompt the free
Never to be slaves again,
Till they echo back thy word
With their brain and bosom stirr'd ?

Son of science ! shall we soar
Through yon starry worlds, to find
Burning secrets which before
Never glanced on human mind,
Orbs of myst'ry, as they roll
Preaching God to every soul ?

Man of learning ! may we dare
From thine oracle to draw
Truths that tell us what we are,
Or, that hush the dreadful law
Thund'ring forth, from all men see,
“ Render what thou canst to me ? ”¹

Can you ease the burden'd soul
From the crushing weight of sin,
When we feel a fierce control
Like a throbbing hell within ?

(1) “ He laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest.”—*Matt.* xviii. 28.

Can you cry to wearied breast,
“Hither ! here is holy rest ?”

Have your words a healing skill
When applied with perfect art,
To renew the rebel Will

While it takes the better part,¹
Bidding ev’ry wing’d desire
Upwards to the Heavens aspire ?

God and man can ye unite
In such bonds of sacred peace,
That the blood-wash’d heart is white
By Atonement’s blest release ?

Can you show a radiant heaven
Smiling o’er a soul forgiven ?

Foolish all false wisdom is,
If to such attempts it rise :
Would we have a power like this ?—
Seek it, then, beyond the skies :
Man at most can human be ;
What we want, is Deity !

Blessed Christ ! embodied Word !
Thou alone art Life and Light ;
Saints who have Thy truth preferr’d
Walk in peace, and worship right ;
Thou alone to sin canst say,—
“ I am Love, the Living Way.”

(1) “ Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.”—*Luke x. 42.*

Sun of Grace, oh, ever shine
Round our paths, where'er they lead ;
Midnight feels a ray divine
Breaking through the darkest need,
Should we hear, when thus dismay'd,
" It is I ! be not afraid ! "

Pardon, peace, and purity,
Gifts without, and grace within,
Love and light, that set us free
From the curse and chain of sin,
Such, Emanuel ! Thou canst give,
When upon Thy words we live.

Not a want Thou canst not fill ;
Not a fear Thou wilt not tame ;
If, indeed, Repentance will
Rest upon Thy glorious name,
High o'er every guilt and grave
Will Redemption's banner wave !

Lord, then whither shall we go,
Save to Thee, our Refuge sure ?
Balm to each bereaving woe,
Who alone the heart canst cure,
Turning sickness into health,
And to want, becoming wealth.

Well of Comfort ! Vital Spring !
Other source we dare not seek ;
Broken cisterns only bring
Mocking draughts that make us weak :

If our souls would slake their thirst,
They must die, or seek Thee first !

Saviour ! be our Polar Star
Shaded by no sinful night,
Shed upon us from afar
Living beams of holy light :—
When we reach our radiant home,
We shall know the way we come.¹

POWER OF THE DEAD.

“ I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive.”—*Eccles.* iv. 2. “ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from thenceforth They rest from their labours.”—*Rev.* xiv. 13.

My thoughts are with the dear and dead,
Who make the heart a sigh,
And here an atmosphere have spread
Breathed from the days gone by.

Then do not mock the mental gloom
That o'er my brow is stealing,
For *could* I walk this well-known room
Without an ancient feeling ?

What melting hours of mirth and glee
Have here those bright friends known,
Who since to hush'd eternity
Like living dreams have flown !

(1) “Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments, or no.”—*Deut.* viii. 2.

And think not that a stoic chill
Is o'er my present cast ;
But, something more than Mem'ry will
Untomb the buried past.

What, though these walls no longer now
Present that household grace,—
A pictured father's pensive brow,
A mother's beaming face,

Yet, I can almost hear them speak,
And wake each cheerful tone,
And catch the gladness of her cheek
That lighted up my own.

Oh, here has peal'd the choral song,
And Music's spell hath been,
While mellow'd feelings moved along
Like waves in moonlight seen.

And kindly words of love and truth
From lips now cold in death,
Are wafted from the days of youth,
Like resurrection-breath.

So full the present fills the past
With tenderness and tears,
Time seems by some fond Angel cast
Back into buried years !

I think of her whose azure eyes
Were motherly and mild,
Clear as the morn's cerulean skies,
In sweetness when they smiled :

Gentle in tone, and graceful, too,
In motion, mind, and mien,—
How warm the social ray she threw
O'er each domestic scene !

As mother, wife, and peerless friend,
In all her ways appear'd
A beauteous Soul, in whom did blend
What Love has e'er revered.

And He, whose world-wide fame is wed
To Hist'ry and to man,
Though number'd with th' immortal dead,
How high a course he ran !

I see him now, his fervid gaze
Illumined keen with thought,
And glow beneath the flashing rays
From his bright wisdom caught.

With heavenly truth historic lore
His works have nobly blent,
And Time, who keeps our mental store,
Shall make his monument.

Can I forget that hoary sage,
The gen'rous, pure, and good,
Who counsell'd oft my unripe age
As only Virtue could ?

And, when I dared to strike the lyre
In loneliness and fear,
He bade me to the Bard aspire,
And woke my grateful tear !

But, like a vision all are gone
To join the world unseen,
And when these walls I gaze upon,
I ask,—if such have been?

Mysterious charm! Oh, solemn past,
How deeply felt art thou!
Beyond the scenes around us cast,
The world exciting now.

The touching thought—no more! no more!
Doth sanctify the room,
Where blending Hearts embraced of yore,
Now pulseless in the tomb.

But, why and whence, we cannot tell,
A living moment fails
To rule us with that inward spell
That from the past prevails.

The perish'd bloom of boyhood's prime
How beautiful it seems,
When, tinged with melancholy Time,
It dawns upon our dreams!

Forth from the heart there went a hue
That made the world romance;
But ah, how changed and chill the view
Our riper years advance!

Rank, wealth, and reputation, all
Still leave the breast a void,
As oft our yearning hearts recall
What vanish'd youth enjoy'd.

Eternity familiar reads
 To Faith's perusing eye,
 As spirit after spirit speeds
 To populate the sky.

Each added year *that* home commends
 Where Souls unbodied dwell,
 To all who feel how parted friends
 Yet wield a living spell:

But, while we tread the room they trod
 And haunt the scene they chose,
 We love to think they dwell in God,
 All rapture, and repose !

GOD'S IMAGE.

" God created man in His Own image, in the image of God created He him."—
Gen. i. 27.

As Lord of this terrestrial sphere,
 Semblance divine did man appear,
 Just moulded by the hand of God,
 The soil of virgin earth he trod ;
 And when through his mysterious frame
 In gushes of pure rapture came
 Bright feelings born of Innocence,
 And sanction'd by Omnipotence,—
 O God ! Thine image was enshrined
 In the clear depths of his calm mind.

" Man in Our Image," mighty thought !
 With more than human meaning fraught ;

(1) " I am fearfully and wonderfully made."—*Psalm cxxxix. 14.*

For, how can sinner's filmèd eye
The glories of that speech descry?
How can the soil'd and earth-bound soul
Itself release from blind control,
And thus, from Passion nobly free,
Hail the crown'd work of Deity,—
Perfection in the dust began,¹
God's "image" in the soul of man?

Alas! the words beyond us soar;
Dead paradise revives no more;
For in the soil where thorns abound
God's curse still preaches from the ground,²
And Labour, with its sunken brow
Of weariness, fulfils it now;
And in the soul, lo! all is sin;
Darkness and death prevail within,
Where Self is like a Satan throned,
A hell preferr'd, and God disown'd!

God's "image," is it seen below
In this sad world of blight and woe?
Where can we view its peerless grace,
And look upon that perfect face
That lightens up with Deity,
Where Angels their own likeness see,
And transcripts of such glory shine,
That they reflect the looks Divine?

(1) "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground."—*Gen.* ii. 7.

(2) "Cursed is the ground for thy sake: Thorns, also, and thistles, shall it bring forth to thee: in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."—*Gen.* iii. 17, 18, 19.

In priest, or poet, saint, or sage,
In parted years, or present age?

Go! search mankind from pole to pole,
The Archives of the past unroll,
Consult the chart of history,
Or catch the glow of orat'ry,
Select, combine, and concentrate
The models of our Good and Great,
The paramounts of man and mind,
The Lords and Lights of human kind,
And then we challenge each and all
To make God's "image," since the fall!

In human light a darkness lies;
All human love a hate supplies;
Our human wisdom folly stains;
O'er human strength a weakness reigns;
To human virtue baseness clings;
And Glory mounts on sullied wings;
Love, Truth and Wisdom, Virtue, all
Our wav'ring creeds perfection call,—
What are they, in God's balance weigh'd,
But sin, by gilded self array'd?

Thus Imperfection mars and maims
What Nature for her noblest claims;
The upas-blight, the poisoning breath
Of inward guilt and moral death,
Lurks in the vitals of whate'er
Men laurel as the bright and fair.

God's image, then, oh! where on earth
Can Faith behold its beauteous worth?
Where can we sun our hearts awhile
In virtues which no stains defile?

Thou THIRD in Godhead! Holy Ghost,
The Christian's life, the Church's boast,
Thou Helper of the heart's distress,
And Cheerer of our weariness,
The inward Sun of heaven-born souls,
Who all their prayer and praise controls,
To Thee, true Paraclete! we owe
The all of God that lives below;
What broken fragments yet may shine
Of that whole "Image" once Divine.

There is a sacramental birth,
A promise of baptismal worth,
A life from heaven to earth sent down,
A jewel dropt from Jesu's crown,
A power that with celestial art
Can renovate the ruin'd heart;
Unheard, unseen, unscann'd, unknown,¹
This wonder-work is all Thine own;
The power is felt, tis born of Thee,—
But who, dread Spirit! grace can see?
But, let God's image be restored,
Let guilt be wash'd, and sin deplored,

(1) "Marvel not . . . the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."—*John* iii. 7, 8.

And saintly virtues, meek and mild,
 Will shadow forth God's chosen child ;
 Without, within, by Faith and Prayer
 Will breathe that supernat'ral air,
 That shows the world what Christ hath done,
 The trophies which the Cross hath won
 By winning back what Adam lost,
 For such a soul, at such a cost!

But oh, blest Lord! if men would see
 The perfect type of Deity,
 Then, from the Church's child of grace
 We turn, to look on Thy sad face,
 O Man of Sorrows! Son of God!
 As o'er the world Thy way was trod,
 Each living impress of Thy love
 To man below shows God above,
 While in Thy doctrine, death, and tears,
 Jehovah in our flesh appears.¹

THE DYING GIRL.

[INSCRIBED TO PHILIP ROSE, ESQ. THE FOUNDER OF THE HOSPITAL
 FOR CONSUMPTION.]

"Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—*Jer.* xv. 9.

CONSUMPTION.

A BEAUTY clothes her hectic cheek,
 A radiance fills that sunken eye,
 But when her mellow'd accents speak
 They make the sadden'd hearer sigh ;

(1) "Great is the mystery of Godliness, God was manifest in the flesh."—
 1 *Tim.* iii. 16.

For softer sink they in their cadence far
Than Autumn's dying tone, beneath some mournful star.

They bore her to that healthful Isle
Whose rocks of terraced verdure rise
And catch the Morn's celestial smile,
Responsive to the greeting skies ;
And vainly prophesied, the island-breeze
Would freshen her white cheek, and waft away disease.

But there she sicken'd, day by day,
In shrinking paleness, like a flower,
Yet from her glance there shined a ray
Of almost supernat'ral power ;
With such clear brightness did her eyeballs roll,
That through them Fancy saw the lustre of the soul !

For mother too, and far-off home,
Her plaintive heart in secret cried,
And backward long'd her soul to roam,
Since in the churchyard, side by side
Under the green turf, where loved sisters lay,
She would her dust might wait the awful Judgment-day.

And they behold her once again
In her own room, with placid brow ;
So pale, you see each azure vein
Meander through her beauty now :
Yet, like a pulse of rosy light at even,
Oft to her faded cheek a crimson flush is given.

Seldom she sighs, but veils within
Much that would grieve fond Love to know,
And when some pensive tears begin
She tries to check their overflow ;

Safe in the arms of Jesu rests her soul,
Nor does the early grave with gloom the mind control.

Not for herself, but for the heart
Of love parental, she could weep ;
And often in her dreams will start,
And make some watching gazer weep,
As faintly through her lips there steals a word,—
And, “ Oh ! my mother dear ! ” is like low music heard.

She dies,—as Beauty ever dies
When sad Consumption finds a tomb ;
With brilliance in her deep-set eyes,
And on her face a healthless bloom ;—
No harsh transition, but a soft decay,
Like dream-born tones of night, that melt by dawn
away.

And now, the dying scenes advance
Nearer and nearer to the goal,
For death-gleams in that deepen'd glance
Betray the egress of the soul ;
Solemn she is, but no complaining sigh
Breaks from a burden'd heart, to think her youth
must die.

They wheel her round each garden-walk
Where oft her lisping childhood play'd,
And loved to hear the old nurse talk,
And soothe her when she seem'd afraid,
While danced her ringlets as she prattled on,
More playful than the birds she loved to gaze upon.

She looks, as they alone, who feel
The *last* of earth before them lies,
While o'er them soften'd mem'ries steal
Which melt the heart into the eyes,—
For, tree and turret, woods and uplands, all
Back to the dying girl her childish past recall !

Dream-like the hush of twilight floats,
Veiling the lilac bowers around ;
While in the air melodious notes
Of soft dejection sweetly sound.
The Landscape, like a conscious mourner, seems
To lie in brooding shade, and sadden as it dreams.

Now, to her chamber back return'd,
Before the casement calm reclined,
Just as the broad horizon burn'd
With the last blush Day left behind,—
Her eye was center'd on the dying Sun,
Fading like feeble youth, before life's course is run.

Hush'd is the breezeless air, and deep
The awe around each mourner stealing ;
Bend o'er her form, but do not weep,—
Death is too grand for outward feeling !
As sinks the sun beneath yon golden sea,
So ebbs her spirit back to God's eternity.¹

(1) "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."—*Eccles.* xii. 7.

PART II.

THE HOSPITAL.

SHE dies, as countless martyrs die
Beneath the blast of that Disease,¹
That summons to th' immortal sky
All ages for their blest release ;
Not for the dead, but for the living mourn, [lorn.
And childless mothers' hearts, and homes bereaved and
But oh ! unlike that beauteous maid
Who died in mercy, truth, and prayer,
Millions expire on damp stones laid
With none to watch them wither there,—
Creedless and hopeless, fever'd, sad, and lone,
Their life an anguish seems, their death a muffled groan !
Compassion ! 'tis for such we plead ;
Open thine hand, protect the poor,
And Christ, who soothed Creation's need,
Shall bless thy basket and thy store ;

(1) The sad eloquence of the following statistics will commend itself to every feeling heart:—Of the 60,000 deaths which occur every year in England and Wales, from slow and lingering diseases, about 36,000 are probably due to Pulmonary Consumption. One-ninth, therefore, of the total mortality at all ages, and more than one-fifth of the mortality of adults, is due to this cause ! and as the duration of the disease, taking one case with another, is about two years, it follows that about 72,000 persons are constantly suffering from Consumption, being at the rate of four persons in every thousand of all ages, and eight in every thousand adults !

Again, of the 45,000 deaths occurring every year in the metropolis, about 5,600, or one-eighth of the total mortality of the metropolis at all ages, and little less than one-fifth of the mortality of adults, arises from this fatal disease ; and upwards of 11,000 persons, being about one in 170 of the entire population of the metropolis, and more than one per cent. of the adults, are constantly wasting away under the attacks of this lingering malady.

Counting all mercies to the orphan shown,
As done unto Himself, when Earth beholds His Throne.¹

And Thou, on Whom Disease and Health
Alike for stay and hope depend,
A godlike heart bestow on Wealth,
And let the strong the weak defend ;
Till Charity a second Christ appear
And leave the glow of heaven on this benighted sphere.

Guard then, O Lord ! that sacred pile
Whose walls o'ersshade the sick and poor,
For there, Thine own benignant smile
Appears to gild each opening door ;
And where the pale ones in Consumption lie [eye!
Float o'er each couch soft gleams of Thine o'erwatching

Palace of love, and shrine of prayer !²
Religion, Science, Charity,
Alike thy noble work declare,
And constitute that hallow'd Three
Where Man and Mercy can prepare to meet
Him that shall call them blest, before the Judgment-seat.

The Saviour in the poor man lives
Reflected through his pain and grief ;
And he who to the wretched gives,
To Christ himself imparts relief.³

(1) " Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Matt.* xxv. 40.

(2) The Committee Meetings in the Hospital for Consumption are opened by a form of prayer, and a chaplain is in regular attendance on the patients.

(3) " I was a stranger, and ye took me in : naked, and ye clothed me : I was sick, and ye visited me."—*Matt.* xxv. 35, 36.

Temple of Hope ! we hail thy hallow'd walls,
Where true compassion works what God on earth recalls.

And Faith from out this calm disease
May waft to heaven its holy breath,
Ere the last sigh hath brought release,
And smile away the gloom of death ;
For wan Consumption lets the spirit pray,
And leaves the mind to act amid serene decay.

When fever-throbs of fiery pain
Beat through the blood with burning start,
How can sublime Religion gain
A sainted hold upon the heart ?
To human sense, a ruin man appears
All blacken'd with despair, and blind with hideous fears.

But, Mercy, thou canst cheer the bed
Where gradual weakness gently dies,
As o'er the life past Sin hath led
Repentance heaves accepted sighs ;
And that which careless Health had never taught,
Some gracious Sickness oft to erring souls has brought.

And, Lord, this blissful hope we nurse,
That many a wild and wand'ring soul,
Who reap'd in crime Thy dooming curse,
And heard its coming thunders roll,
Here in this guardian home of peace and love
May shed the precious tears glad Angels greet above.¹

(1) " There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—*Luke* xv. 10.

SOCIAL, AND YET ALONE.

“It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.”—*Gen.* ii. 18.

“It is not good for man to be alone,”

Thus spake the Godhead from his viewless Throne ;
And yet, if ever Soul might be
In solitude divinely free,

’Twas when emotion through the young Earth ran,
As the first sunbeam fell on perfect man.

Though all without was beautiful and bright,
And grace within made intellectual light,
While sinless heart and loyal will
Harmoniously did each fulfil

The Law of Love, by Wisdom round them thrown,—
It seem’d not good that man should be alone.

It is not good ! for That most awful THREE
Whose name is Love, whose shrine, Eternity,
In plural bliss for aye commune ;¹

Their Godhead is a blest Triune,—
Eternal One in Three, and Three in One,
Unfathom’d, Infinite, and Unbegun !

But erring, sinful, branded as we are,
How little each another’s heart can share !
How much within us, none can know ;
What feelings words might blush to show

(1) “There are Three that bear record in heaven and these Three are One.”—1 *John* v. 7.

E'en to the fondest Eye that ever gazed
Under the shroud confiding Friendship raised !
And, there be tones of individual heart
We cannot, if we would, by breath impart,—
 So deep, so delicate they glide
 Under the soul's mysterious tide ;
Blent with those shifting thoughts that form and die,
Too faint for words, too subtle for a sigh.

And who has not, in those ideal hours
When Nature marshals the majestic powers
 That mountain, sky and ocean yield,
 Tempests awake, or torrents wield,—
Within him felt what speech has not convey'd,
And soft tears only to the sense display'd ?
Or, when a sun-burst of entrancing good
Gladdens our being into gratitude,
 And thoughts emotionally bright
 Leap in the heart like waves of light,—
How have our quiv'ring lips refused to speak
What flush'd its meaning through our raptured cheek !

And often too, when Sorrow's milder gloom
Shades the still bosom into Mem'ry's tomb,
 When buried friends of boyish days
 Deep yearnings in the spirit raise,
How vain the effort to unwind the zone
That girds the heart, and keeps it all alone !

And then, Religion !—who can half unfold
The spells divine thy deeper graces hold ?

Before the Conscience lies a screen
That hides from human words, I ween,
Those loving secrets and those solemn fears
Which God interprets through our Spirits' tears.

And thus, a sense there is, in which alone
We must be,—for the Soul cannot be shown ;
And hence, all life is loneliness ;
Our highest moods are echoeless ;
Single we live, in solitude we die,
For each Heart only can itself descry.

But still, what self-born dangers e'er infest
The man, who cloisters in monastic breast
Feelings and thoughts, which God intends
As links of love, to fasten friends
In that sweet bond of amity and love
Form'd by the angels when they sing above !

Sternly alone, forbid us, Lord ! to be,
Warm our chill minds, and centre them on Thee ;
Bought by one price, Thy precious blood !
And in Thy Church, a Brotherhood,
With Thine Elected may we ever meet
In mystic oneness at Thy Mercy-seat.

For what though morbid Sentiment may dream
That nought so like a bosom'd heaven can seem,
That man himself from man should hide,
And soul by soul be undescried,—
The heart collapses into coldness, when
We nurse no feeling for our fellow-men.

Social in essence is the christian God,
 Social in life, the scene our Saviour trod ;
 And selfish chains contract the mind
 That should encircle human kind,
 And thus reflect Him, from Whose boundless throne
 Shines the dread Glory that is not *alone*.¹

THE GREAT UNTRUTH.

“ Ye shall not surely die.”—*Gen. iii. 4.*

“ YE shall not surely die ! ”
 Dark speech ! that dared defy
 The God of Glory, Who created man,
 And, save yon mystic tree,
 Heaven’s garden left him free,
 Where rich the streams of primal music ran.²

 A love was in that Law
 Beyond what Reason saw,
 Whereby obedience would have hallow’d bliss ;
 It typed a truth divine,—
 That man, oh God ! was Thine,
 And should have learnt it by a law like this.

 A ruin’d Angel came ;
 Yet not on wings of flame,

(1) The Word was with God, and the Word was God . . . The only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.”—*John i. 1, 18.*

(2) “ A river went out of Eden to water the garden.”—*Gen. ii. 10.*

With lustres wreath'd around his kingly brow ;
But, in a serpent form
Conceal'd his venom'd charm,
And poison'd man to what we see him now !
Oh ! deep as dread the spell
The Arch-fiend wove so well,
And whisper'd treason¹ unto creatures fair,
Who, pure from guilt and guile,
Beneath God's holy smile
Bright Priest and Priestess of creation were.
Tremendous was their fall !
And dark the fiendish thrall
Which so encompass'd with corrupting power
Both soul and body then ;
That on the race of men
Came Death,—the penance of that dooming hour !
And doth the Tempter cease ?
Hath Earth obtain'd release
From what the blighted seraph can employ,
To stain our yielded soul,
And by his bad control
Heaven's dawning light within us to destroy ?
The huge world answers, No !
For still he reigns below,
And syllables in spirit o'er again
The magic of that word
Primeval woman heard,
“ Ye shall not die,”—repeats th' infernal strain !

(1) “ The serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field . . . and he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said ? ”—*Gen.* iii. 1.

“Ye shall not surely die!”

Men listen to the Lie
That so enchants them to the serpent's doom,
For Passion, Pride, and Will
To God act treason still,
Nor heed what thunders roll beyond the tomb!

O! Virtue, Love, and Truth,
Array'd in vernal youth
With Life before ye, like a long romance,
Why not to Grace retreat,
That from the Mercy-seat
Lifts o'er your perill'd ways its watching glance?

Believe that sin *is* death,
That poison taints its breath,
Nor ever by the grave-stone thoughtless be;
For Sepulchres can preach,
And pallid Conscience reach
With sermons on sin-hating Deity.

Unweave that serpent-lie
“Ye shall not surely die,”
Spirit of Grace! within these hearts of ours;
And by Truth's cheering ray
Disperse sad doubts away,
And seal with holiness ¹ men's ransom'd powers.

And thus, though tombs remain,
And still the loathèd chain

(1) “Ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise.”—*Eph.* i. 13.

Of sin and sorrow binds us to the earth;
When once the fight is o'er
Like Jesu we shall soar
To share the kingdom of the second birth.

THE WEEPING CHRIST.

“Jesus wept.”—*John xi. 35.*

THERE is a mute but mighty voice in tears,—
Words of the eyes that passionately weep
A liquid eloquence, which Pity hears
Gush from the heart's unfathomable deep.

Whether soft teardrops, like a starry dew,
Bedim the eyeballs of some beauteous child,
Till the soul glistens through their heaven of blue
Mournfully bright, or exquisitely wild ;

Or, drawn from depths where burning silence glows,
From passion-fountains, or from feeling soul,
E'en like a heart-rain, oft her grief o'erflows,
And down pale woman's cheek the rich tears roll ;

Or, if in shaded walk, or crowded street,
Some iron visage where cold harshness dwells,
Melted and mild, in tears we chance to meet,
How are we touch'd by all that contrast tells !

Yet Painting, Poetry, nor Pathos can
Touch the pure mind with such majestic pain,
As when from eyelids of the Son of Man
Roll'd human tears, untinged by human stain !

Yet with that pain a blissful feeling blends,
Born of this thought,—our Lord beside the grave,
True to our nature, was sublime of Friends,
And sympathized with those He came to save.
HEART of the Church ! as Christ is HEAD alone,
Come with Thy clemency of grace, and teach
What lessons here for minds of heavenly tone
A weeping Saviour may to Conscience preach.
Awfully veil'd a God in flesh appears !
But, Faith is challenged to a deeper awe
When she beholds Him with subduing tears
Hallow the scene delighted Angels saw,
When at the rocky tomb where Laz'rus slept
A plaintive group before the entrance stood,
While in the midst a more than Saviour wept
Such tears as only God incarnate could !—
Yet, when we ponder on Thy Person, Lord !
A gulph of fearful purity there lies
Between Thine awfulness of work and word,
And all frail wisdom like our own can prize.
Pure as primeval glory was Thy heart,
It never parley'd with one base desire ;
Not more immaculate, oh God ! Thou art,
Than was Thine Image, whom blest worlds¹ admire.
But still may Rev'rence from Messiah's tears
Extract Religion, and a union find
'Tween Christ and Church, that lulls alarming fears,
And proves Him Elder BROTHER of mankind.

(1) "His Son, by whom also He made the worlds."—*Heb.* i. 2.

Thrice did the blandness of the Saviour melt
His heart's deep mercy into drops of woe ;
As God, though passionless,—as Man, he felt
A dreader anguish than the saints can know.

In the sad garden, while disciples slept
Crimson'd with blood-drops, Earth's lone Martyr
cried ;

And o'er "Jerusalem" divinely wept
And yearn'd for Her who oft Himself denied :

Her doom was pictured to His mental gaze,
The crash of tower and crumbling wall resounds,
Fiercely the wing of Roman eagle plays
And banner'd Vict'ry sweeps her broken mounds!—

But to the grave-scene, turn thee, mortal, now :
Where Jesu wept, true hearts will often be ;
And while we gaze upon His awful brow
Come, Holy Ghost ! and let us learn from Thee

That no immunities divine remove
Incarnate Mercy from our common doom ;
Down to our tears, descends His mortal love
With eyes that moisten'd to behold a tomb !

Why did He weep ? Oh, there be depths, perchance,
Of sacred darkness, too sublime for man
Ever to fathom with his finite glance,—
Deeper than Angels in their pureness can !

On tombless Paradise, He *might* have thought
Of Adam's glory, when from God he came,
Of Sin, with all its deathful ruin fraught
When the dark Serpent into Eden came;

Of unbelief,—which not the risen dead
From stubborn hearts would even now dispel,
Of all celestial Love had done, or said
To awe the sinner from despair and hell :
Or, may Suggestion, with a sacred awe,
Dream that He wept the cited dead should come
Forth from those glories which the spirit saw
In the bright region of its boundless home ?
If to this lovely creed the heart might cling,
Then, oh, pale weeper ! for the loved and gone,
Ne'er wilt thou yearn once more on earth to bring
Back to life's gloom, some dead, but glorious one.
Emanuel wept !—enough *this* truth to know,
Lord of our spirit, let Thy tear-drops fall
Full on these hearts, till Faith's responsive glow
Warm the cold breast to cry, My “ All in All ! ”
Religion, Friendship, Feeling, Love, and Truth,
All in Thy tears a consecration find
To soothe worn age, or sanctify wild youth,
And haunt the temple of each tender mind.
And when bereaved ones o'er the coffin bend
To hear the earth-clod with an echoing heart,
Saviour, who wept for Thine unrisen friend,
Breathe o'er their souls the sympathy Thou art !

VANITY OF ALL CREATED GOOD.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity."—*Eccles.* i. 2. "The creature was made subject to vanity."—*Rom.* viii. 20.
 "Arise and depart, for this is not your rest."—*Micah* ii. 10.

THERE is no rest for man below,
 Soil'd earth is not our home;
 The sigh must heave, the tear must flow,
 Howe'er for bliss we roam.

The hollowness of human things,
 The wear of fev'rish thought,
 Each to the heart a shadow brings,
 From tombs of Mem'ry bought.

A broken cistern ev'rywhere
 Proves nature's purest joy,—
 Though fresh the draught imagined here,
 How soon we taste alloy!

Yet still, prophetic youth believes
 Bright Edens here abound ;
 And fairy Hope fond visions weaves,
 As o'er enchanted ground.

But soon dark years instruction bring,
 And teach the lesson grave,
 That over earth's most radiant thing
 The cypress-banners wave.

The burden and the mystery
 Of life will soon be felt,
 As truths beyond cold sense to see,
 Will through our being melt :

Upon thee, like an inward weight
Eternity will lie,
And Conscience bow beneath the freight
Of thoughts that never die.

The Poet's wreath, the Warrior's plume,
And Hero's envied bays,
They cannot hide the haunting tomb,
Nor lengthen out their days.

The cankerworm of coming Death
Begnaws the core of all
Blithe youth, with its impassion'd breath,
Would fain perfection call.

And yet 'tis hard, when vernal Health
Glows brightly on the cheek,
When Learning, Beauty, Wit, and Wealth
Their wonted homage seek;

When Life a lovely poem seems,
Whose ev'ry line appears
Descriptive of those sunny dreams
That dazzle future years,—

'Tis hard to think of grave and gloom,
In such glad hour as this,
And pile, in thought, the distant tomb
That shall contain our bliss!

But oh, believer young and bright,
With heart and hope awake,
Come hither! and with soul aright
Truth's sober lesson take.

Were this vast world, with all its joy,
Its glories, crowns, and charms,
Secured from change and sad alloy,
At once within thine arms,
E'en then thy heart would hunger still,
And oft in secret pine ;—
The universe would fain to fill
A spirit vast as thine.

Christ, or Despair! ¹—behold thy fate
To that sole choice is bound ;
And blest are they, who not too late
The first, through God, have found.
For such will learn to look on all
Bewilder'd passions love,
As Sin and Satan's blinding thrall
To keep us from above.

Though, not that men should proudly scorn
This earth of tears and smiles,
Doth Wisdom teach the soul, re-born,
To guard against its wiles ;
Yet, knowing how the fitful Mind
Doth earthward ever tend,
It would those fatal spells unwind
That shroud our latter end.

But oh! that Book which thus reveals
Life's baseless dreams below,
And on the heaven false worldlings feel,
Writes words of death and woe,—

(1) " Neither is there salvation in any other."—*Acts* iv. 12.

Say, is it not the page profound
That opens realms divine,
And, where no pangs nor pains abound
Cries, "Christian! *they* are thine?"

Then bids thee, eagle-like, to soar
Right upward for the sun,
And not for this base world deplore
Where Peace is never won?

The mock eternity that cheats
The slave of earth and sin,
Whose heart with high rebellion beats
Against the law within,

No longer now the soul decoys;
But this vain life appears,
When rent from God, a round of joys
That close in bitter tears.

Our home is yonder pangless clime
Where saints and martyrs meet,
And with this choral-burst sublime
Anthem the Mercy-Seat,

"Worthy the Lamb! for sinners slain,
Who once the wine-press trod,¹
Eternity shall be His reign,
Who ransom'd men for God!"

(1) "I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me."—*Isaiah* lxiii. 3.

THE VOICE OF GOD IN THE COOL OF THE DAY.

“ They heard the VOICE of the Lord God walking in the garden, in the cool of the day.”—*Gen.* iii. 8.

How soothing, when the noise of day is o’er
And fever’d heart-cares grow more calm and cool,
To wind the bay of some receding shore,
And bathe our spirit in the beautiful !

Creation is no mute unconscious mass
Of pregnant matter, into being plann’d,
For when behind the outer-veil we pass,
Faith hears it speaking of Emanuel’s hand.¹

The blood-priced Earth’s a sacrament of Him
Whose regal glories make man’s All in All,
Under Whose Throne both saints and seraphim,
Inflamed with burning adoration, fall.

There was a time when Eve and Adam heard
His voice almighty through soft twilight roll,
And, like glad waters by deep music stirr’d,
They felt it echoed by responsive soul.

But when dark treason like a hell-cloud rose
And Guilt between them and His glory came,
The full warm current of affection froze,
And each heart shudder’d at Jehovah’s name !

(1) “ When He prepared the heavens, I was there . . . when He appointed the foundations of the earth.”—*Prov.* viii. 27, 29. “ All things were made by Him.”—*John* i. 3.

“ I heard Thy voice, and hid myself afraid,
 For naked horrors scared the inward eye,
 And while my ruin'd soul was thus display'd
 The ground beneath me mutter'd, ‘ Thou shalt die!’ ”—

Oh! dread confession of our fallen doom,
 That men are exiles from their God, afar,
 That souls are pall'd with atheistic gloom,
 And, but for grace, would perish as they are.

For e'en as Adam shrunk behind a tree,
 And paled with cowardice to look on God,
 Do christless hearts the Holy Presence flee,
 And tread the path the first transgressor trod.

But, Lord of Heaven ! when Thy relenting hand
 The ruin'd soul hath reconciled with blood,
 And Thy blest Will, by holiness preferr'd,
 Becomes at once our glory and our good,

Then, unlike Adam, by dark guilt appall'd,
 We shrink no longer from the Voice Divine,
 But love to hear it in our hearts recall'd,
 And see creation ¹ with redemption shine.

The challenge dread, “ Where art thou ? ” booms no
 more,

But, “ Here are we,” anticipates the cry ;
 For Sinai's thunders hush their penal roar,
 And sound as gently as the Saviour's sigh.

(1) “ The creature itself, also, shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption.”—*Rom. viii. 21.*

Where shall we hie to hear that mystic tone?
 To halls of Splendour, or to homes of Sin?
 Not there, my brother, can The Voice be known
 Whose breath is music heard from God within! ~

But if thine ear be tender, clear, and true,
 And sensual clay no longer clog the mind,
 Then may thy soul His hidden glory view
 And hear Christ syllabled by wave, and wind.

Whether, if cherub Morn her wings unfold
 And drops of balm each glade and glen array,—
 Thou lov'st to mark the orient mists uproll'd,
 And his bright eyelids ope the Lord of day ;

Or, on the marble sea at noon entranced
 In breezeless glory rock'd to living rest,
 From some lone cliff thy pensive eye has glanced,
 Till ocean's calm lay mirror'd in thy breast ;

Or, softly mused at sunset, sad and pale,
 By pebbled shore where plaintive waters meet,
 Till gradual twilight dropt her dewy veil
 And dark the seaweed slumber'd at thy feet,—

Alike in all a saintly mind can hear
 Some tone celestial, like a spirit glide,
 And hint to Nature that her God is near
 And all her secrets by His hand supplied.

And thus, dear Lord ! in what we do or dare
 Be Thy meek virtues our most glorious choice ;
 On sea and mountain may we lift our prayer,
 And hear creation echoed with Thy Voice.

In the cool evening of life's calm decay
Soft o'er the soul may lulling whispers fall,
And Wisdom teach our filial hearts to pray—
“Father in Heaven! for home prepare us all.”

GOD'S CURSE UPON THE GROUND.

“Cursed is the ground for thy sake . . . Thorns, also, and thistles, shall it bring forth to thee.”—*Gen.* iii. 17, 18.

THOUGH sumless mercies teem around
In ocean, earth, and air,
Mysterious vengeance haunts the ground,—
A curse is cleaving there!
The thorn that mars our blighted fields,
The thistle that appears,
Each to our soul a lesson yields
That weakens thoughtful fears.

And add to this, the weariness
On Manhood's sunken brow,
The burden and the bitterness
Which darken labour now,
Together with the barren soil
That gives a stern reply,
To hearts that tend and hands which toil
Beneath a threatful sky,—

These unrelenting symbols tell,
O'er this sad World of ours
The frownings of Jehovah fell,
And blighted all her bowers.

Unbeautified and bare they seem
Her landscapes, scenes, and all
Which once surpass'd the Muse's dream,
Which men Elysium call.

The curse of Sin's avenging God
Hath sear'd the blasted earth,
And glooms of His judicial rod
Hang o'er us from our birth :
Yet, with the curse there was inweaved
A mystery of love,
And angels o'er the past who grieved,
Sang hymns of awe above

To see while Godhead in His wrath
The gates of Eden closed,
Calm o'er the exiled sinner's path
A ray of Christ reposed !¹—
Light in our darkness yet remains,
Flowers bloom among our weeds,
And Grace unbinds the loathèd chains
With which tried nature bleeds.

And Thou art branded, fiendish One !
Who tempted man to sin,
A hell in hell² thy crime hath won,
To blast despair within.

(1) "It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."—*Gen.* iii. 15.

(2) "Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?" (*Matt.* viii. 29;) compared with, "The devils, also, believe and tremble."—*James* ii. 19.

And ye, the guilty heirs of dust
Who fain from earth would fly,¹
Stand, and be doom'd, ye must,—
Can God Himself deny?

But good shall out of evil spring,
And love with judgment blend,
For round the curse God's ransom'd sing,
“ Our Father! and our Friend ! ”
And though pale mothers here may read
Of birth-pangs and their woes,²
Yet is not Christ the woman's seed,
Whom earth to mother owes ?

And if round spousal love there winds
A thorny wreath of care,
Myriads of married hearts and minds
Prove wedlock pure and fair :
Men are not tyrants, though they rule,³
If Christian lords they be,
And women by subjection school
Their love for liberty.

And never be this truth forgot,
That wedlock is a sign,
The Church endures no widow'd lot,
Her Husband is divine !

(1) “ Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God.”—*Gen.* iii. 8.

(2) “ In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children.”—*Gen.* iii. 16.

(3) “ Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.”—*Gen.* iii. 16.

And though cold Earth reluctant now
Brings forth her fruits and flowers,
While sweating anguish damps the brow
By work and wearied hours,

Yet in that toil emotions lurk
To keep the heart awake ;—
Where is our wisdom, if no work
Our laggard dreams can break?
And from the soil we plough and turn
With Labour's ceaseless hand,
Religion may her Bible learn,
And think of God's command !

Spontaneous, if kind earth should bear
The harvest which we need,
How dull the praise, how dead the prayer
That with our God would plead !
Nor be forgot, what heaven-strung Lyres
Of that Millennium sings,
Which every sainted bard inspires,
And strikes his noblest strings.

Thus though the sentence, "Dust thou art,"
And low in dust shalt be,
Booms like a knell within the heart
When wrung by Memory,—
Yet may the trump of Easter sound
O'er each sepulchral sod,
"Awake ! thou sleeper, from the ground,
And gaze upon thy God !"

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

“ Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him.”—*Jer.* xxii. 10. “ Absent from the body,—present with the Lord.”—*2 Cor.* v. 8.

OH, weep not for the holy dead
 Embosom'd in their God,
 But rather that high pathway tread
 Their sainted virtues trod :

Their home is now the tearless clime
 Where sins nor sorrows reign,
 And all the pure they lost in time
 True hearts embrace again.

The Lord who came our souls to save
 Dead Laz'rus did not mourn,
 But His sublime compassion gave
 To sisters left forlorn.

It must be so; for ponder well,
 When God's award is given,
 Love cannot rescue Vice from hell
 Nor pity saints in heaven.

'Tis true, as thoughtful years advance
 We muse with sadden'd mind,
 When Mem'ry throws a tearful glance
 On scenes long left behind !

Where be they gone, the brave and dear,
 The brightest of the throng,
 Who gladden'd Home's delighted sphere
 With sunshine and with song ?

Whither have fled the Forms well known,
O'er whom affection hung,
And where the laugh, whose feeling tone
Like our fond echo rung?

All, all have glided from our view,
As though such ne'er had been ;
And nothing but the heart's deep hue
Retains what they have been.

'Twere vain to tell us not to weep,
When Mem'ry opes that tomb
Where buried joys in darkness sleep,
That fill'd young life with bloom.

For often in some bleak distress
The Dead upon us rise,
As though they knew our loneliness,
And echo'd back our sighs.

'Tis then the heart-dew riseth fast,
And moisten'd eye-beams tell
Our Souls are with the solemn past,
And feel its mighty spell !

Then weep we may, and often must,
Yet not for those no more ;
But rather for the living dust
That would the Dead restore.

Yea, let our throbbing bosoms weep,
To think what pangs we gave
To friends above whose dreamless sleep
Funereal banners wave.

How often might some healing word,
 Or tone of kindness spoken,
 Down to the depths of solace stirr'd
 A heart that was half broken !
 Not seldom, when dejection bow'd
 A spirit o'er-refined,
 Might Love's clear rainbow in the cloud
 With heaven's own hue have shined :
 The living are indeed the dead
 In hope, and peace, and prayer,
 When thus they mourn for hearts that bled
 Beneath unecho'd care.

PART II.

BUT ye, the bright and blissful choir
 Who wreath the Saviour's throne,
 Eternity hath strung your lyre,
 And Glory gives the tone !
 We mourn ye not, we mourn ye not,
 Who crowd the halls of heaven,
 For yours is now the pangless lot,
 The smile of saints forgiven.
 Through shades of wintry loneliness
 While here our pathways wind,
 As orphans in the soul's distress,
 We seek some answ'ring mind,
 Yet proves it like some balmy dream
 From heaven just floating down,
 When round our yearning fancies beam
 The lustres of your crown !

On this bad earth, like us, ye knew
The with'ring curse of sin,
Or shudder'd o'er some hideous view
Of dawning hell within.

Those wingèd thoughts that bravely soar'd
Beyond the realms of time,
Those deepest prayers that once adored
The King of Kings sublime,

What were they, in their rapt delight
Outsoaring all we feel,—
But bird-wings broken in their flight,
When storm-blasts round them wheel?

Upward and upward did they rise
From earth's pollution free,
Those Eagles of The Lord, whose eyes
Glow'd with eternity!

But oh, at best they did but scan
Far off that Living Sun,
By whose rich glory rescued man
From darkness hath been won.

But now, the coil of earth removed,
No sins their conscience stain ;
We call them dead,—but Their BELOVED
Becomes a deathless gain.¹

They sun their souls in living rays,
His Form of Glory darts,
While swells of superhuman praise
Heave from their burning hearts.

(1) " To live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Thus, who would call them back to earth
 These holy dead, on high?
 No! rather let their peerless worth
 Attract us to the sky.

Their task is o'er, their toil is done,
 Embower'd in bliss they dwell,
 And would we wear the crown they won?—
 Then, let us fight ¹ as well!

Far better thus than mourn the dead
 By selfish grief inspired,
 Their path to glory may we tread,
 By pure example fired:

So shall we reach our home at last,
 Whate'er the wilds we trod,
 And find the dead from earth who pass'd
 Were still our friends in God.

THE RELIGION OF SOLITUDE.

“Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not! . . . this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.”—*Gen.* xxviii. 16, 17.

LONE Nature is no loneliness to me,
 Her solitude makes my society,
 For there I listen to a voice that seems
 Like heaven-tones heard by prophets in their dreams.

(1) “I have fought a good fight . . . Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown.”—2 *Tim.* iv. 7, 8.

Serenely awful o'er my trancèd soul
I hear the music of th' Almighty roll,
And each deep cadence doth appear to tell,—
“My Hand o'ershades thee, though invisible !”
So have I felt in regions wild and lone
Where Nature loves to rear her rocky throne,
Where nought intrudes to mar the tranquil mind,
And nothing murmurs but the mountain-wind,
Or, happy brooks that down the hillocks play
And sing, like birds in sunbeams far away,
Or, glancing bees that o'er the wood-born flowers
Whirl their gay dance, and hum away the hours.
Yet, perfect solitude there cannot be,
Since all around us acts divinity ;
What space to body, so is God to soul,
Who all created, and Who contains the whole.
The hush of nature may be holy calm
Breathed by blest Angels, when they spread the balm
Of beauteous quiet o'er the heart of things,
And veil the landscape with their viewless wings.
When wearied Jacob, pillow'd on the stone,
Slumber'd at dewy night, he seem'd alone ;
What Sense beheld, no sacred token found
That Haran's desert was a haunted ground.
But when a dream-power purified his glance,
His eye unseal'd, survey'd in wondrous trance
Angels ascending and descending there,
And when he woke—he trembled into prayer !¹

(1) “He was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place !”—*Gen.* xxviii. 17.

And so, round us may guardian Spirits move
To ply unseen soft ministries of love,
While we walk careless o'er the greenwood sod,
Nor hallow nature as instinct with God.

Then read creation with religious eye
If God and angels thou wouldst there descry ;
To such alone the Patriarch's dream is given,—
A mystic ladder linking earth with heaven.

THE FIRST EXILES.

“The Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden.”—*Gen.* iii. 23.

THOUGH earth abounds with choral streams,
And sunny Gladness smiles and gleams
O'er forest glade and woodland flower,
Yet Man has lost his fairest bower !

With arching glory bright and blue,
Though heaven attract the minstrel's view,
And bird and breeze, upon the wing,
Their lyric strains in concert sing,

Yet, may each pure poetic spot
Where grief and guilt are most forgot,
Faint shadows of our exile feel
Around it, like remembrance, steal.

It is not that the weed and thorn
In frowning wilds of gloom forlorn
Do interpose their umbrage bleak,
And grimly to our conscience speak ;

It is not that volcanoes bend
The lava-mountains till they rend,
That lightnings glance, or billows roar
Their liquid thunder round the shore ;

It is not this,—nor all the signs,
The scaring marks, and savage lines,
That symbol how God's flaming curse
Hath sear'd our fallen universe ;

But oh ! there comes an aching thought,
A feeling with dejection fraught,
An under-tone of discontent
With our serenest rapture blent.

The whence, and why, we cannot tell,
But girt we are with such a spell ;
A zone of myst'ry that can bind
And oft enclose the calmest mind.

Who hath not felt such wordless mood
When cloister'd in green solitude,
With nothing near, but earth and sky,
And none to read him, but God's eye !

And oft, too, when we cease to roam,
Amid the heaven of virtuous home,
With leisure, books, and wedded love,
And peace and pureness from above,

E'en then, a craving thirst will rise
For more than present bliss supplies;
Soft yearnings through the spirit melt,
And seek what Soul hath never felt.

Whence come these moods? we vainly ask
“ Oh ! why is Life a wearied task,
Where unrepousing trials speak,
The world is sad, and nature weak ? ”

Is it, because no being can
The inward deeps of deathless man
With such a rich contentment fill,
As leaves the conscience lull'd, and still ?

Or, shall we find the felt unrest
That haunts the hour most deeply blest,
In man's indwelling plague of sin,
The poison'd fire that burns within ?

Yes, this, and more than we divine,
May round these perill'd hearts combine,
To darken with mysterious hues
Our radiant hours, and richest views.

And when we know, that Adam's fall
O'er bright creation drew a pall,
And over man and nature cast
The shadow of a ruin'd Past,

Behold ! the myst'ry half unwinds,
Why sadness dims some holy minds,
And mild dejection inly sighs
For brighter scenes and bluer skies.

It is because, like exiles we,
When roaming on a foreign sea,
Each throbbing wave that beats the strand
Reminds us of our own dear land ;

And thus to realms of gracious thought
Are mystic recollections brought
Of vanish'd Eden, and the bowers,
Where God and innocence were ours.

As exiled ones, a branded race
Whom sin and self alike disgrace,
Say, ought we not, where'er we roam
By faith to see our forfeit home?

And never, oh! Thou Source of Light,
Let this cold earth become too bright;
Lest, world-enamour'd we may grow,
And root our hearts in bliss below.

Rather on high, ascended Lord!
Lift we our souls on Thy lov'd word;
And through God's Eden yearn to rove
That blooms and brightens with Thy Love.

MODERATION.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches."—*Prov. xxx. 8.*

I WILL not sigh for vast domains,
For festive halls and homes of pleasure,
Nor do I seek redundant gains
To heap my huge and hoarded treasure;
But this I dare to ask,—a placid mind
In ev'ry pulse of thought to heaven resign'd.

There is a wealth in calm desires,
In chaste content and holy feeling,
Beyond their reach whom gold inspires,
But madly from themselves are stealing
That more than income tranquil hearts possess,
Which beat secure in God's almightiness.

Extremes are not what man endures
Unless by heavenly wisdom guided ;
And gain the heart to guilt allures,
When once the soul becomes divided
Between what God and duty only claim
From all baptized into Emanuel's name.

Thus riches prove a deadly gift
Which oft corrupt each calmer blessing,
And to such height the heart uplift
That soon it stops from e'er confessing
How all we have, and are, or hope to be,
Flows from the fountain-grace of Deity.

'Tis sad to think how gilded clay
Hath tempted man from God and glory !
And lured him on the broad bad way
That Christ reveals in warning story ;¹
That path whose breadth doth equal Passion's will,
And widens ever to increase the ill.

But there is wealth for all whose eyes
Can hail true charms around them glowing,
And more than mines in those supplies
Creation's scenes are e'er bestowing,

(1) "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat."—*Matt.* vii. 13.

Would men but meet them with responsive mind
And seek pure riches, such as God design'd.

Here is an heritage for all,
A patrimonial bliss unbounded,
Which e'en the orphans of the world may call
Their own, by want and woe surrounded :
Of nature's glories none but those complain
Whose coldness feels their inspiration vain.

Then, bless we God for this bright world,
Its majesty of forms and motion,
For all the beams by Light unfurl'd
Which grace the earth, or glad the ocean ;
For the mild lisp of each melodious breeze
And word-like whisper of those conscious trees !

Nor be forgot the seasons' change
In rounds of restless life recurring,
Through which the poet's eye can range,
And feel his lyric bosom stirring,
When oft he views in vestal skies afar
The dream-like radiance of some throbbing star.

And are there not, apart from gold
And Grandeur's sumptuous dwelling,
Such mercies as true hearts behold
With silent hymns of gladness swelling,—
Health, food, and raiment, with the countless store
Of blessings, which enwreath the cottage door ?

Bright homes of bliss, and hearths of joy
With Love's pure face upon us beaming,
And sunny friends, whose smiles destroy
Autumnal shades, when Doubt is dreaming ;

The infant's prattle, and the mother's tone [own ;
Whose wedded heart seems throbbing through our

Yes, these are more than gold can gain,
And often fly the haunts of splendour,
Where riches buy but dazzling pain

That leaves the selfish heart untender,—
Dead to its God, and cold to all who plead
When doom'd to lie like Laz'rus in his need.

And add to this, the BOOK DIVINE,
The God in language manifested,
Where glory streams from each true line
That seems by heaven and earth attested ;
Ah ! none are poor who call such volume theirs,
And of its promises are heaven-born heirs.

And there be sacraments and rites
Our holy Church to all presenteth,
With peaceful hopes and pure delights
To each whose tearful soul repenteth ;
Prayers, hymns and chants, and hallelujahs deep
Whose choral thunders round the dim aisles sweep.

Nor let us with unloving mind
Forget what Art and Science granteth,
What Music yields to ears refined
When harps resound, or woman chanteth ;
Pure are such pleasures, innocently loved,
By reason sanctioned and by heaven approved
Then seek we not for vast domains,
For sumptuous halls and homes of pleasure ;
He more than royal Cræsus gains
Who finds in God his gold and treasure :—

With Him the destitute have boundless store,
But, oh, without Him, Wealth itself is poor !

Our noblest wealth is healing grace

From out the Spirit's heart descending
That leaves in men a living trace

Of holy truth, their hearts amending :
Here are deep riches, fit for realms divine,
Gems of pure gold from God's eternal mine.

INFANCY IN HEAVEN.

“ Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”—*Matt.* xix. 14.

THOU beauteous morn of sainted rest
Breathing like balm along the troubled breast,
Now while the sacred chimes are pealing
Floats o'er my soul a soften'd feeling,

That springeth not from earth alone ;—
My heaven-gone babe ! I think of thee,
Who in thy young eternity

A sabbath first wilt call thine own.

But one week since, and thou wert here
Tender as Morning's crystal tear,
A little flutt'ring shape of life
Too frail to bear the breath of strife,—

We almost feared on thee to gaze !
While something like prophetic sighs
Did from parental hearts arise,
When dreaming o'er thine unborn days.

Calm innocent ! whose helpless charms
Lay nestled in thy nurse's arms,
We loved to watch each dawning gleam
That from thy soul began to beam,
And half believed it long'd to smile ;
And though unisp'd thy thought expired
Within mysterious depths retired,
Thy lip seem'd eloquent the while !

'Twas beautiful in sleep to view
The radiance of a rose-like hue
Bloom softly o'er thy rounded cheek,—
As though some Angel did bespeak
Thy spirit with an unvoiced spell ;
Since more than beauty then array'd
Thy features, while their flush betray'd
What earth-breathed tones can never tell.

How often, when no eye could see
I breathed a father's prayer o'er thee !
And where thy little cradle stood
Besought the Source of heavenly good
Thy life to overshadow with love ;
How did I mark with doating gaze
Thy baby wiles and winsome ways,
And blest for thee, my God above !

Such wert thou, ere the Will divine,
“ The first-born, ere it sin, 'tis mine,”¹
Roll'd through our hearts its awful cry !
And, softer than aërial sigh
To heaven return'd thine infant breath ;

(1) “ Sanctify unto me all the first-born, it is mine.”—*Exod.* xiii. 2.

Like a dead lily wert thou laid
Ere sin had cast its poison'd shade
 Around thee, white in lovely death.

We wept, as *they* can weep alone
Who first a parent's grief have known ;
And felt as though a life-chord broke
At spectral dawn when day awoke,
 And all was breathless in thy room !
Oh ! there the hush of graves did brood,
And awful seem'd the solitude
 That was to wrap thine early tomb.

One last, and long, and clinging look
Of thy dead face and form I took,
And into Mem'ry did receive
An image, that shall never leave
 My soul, while time and truth remain !
Seldom has Death more beauty hid
Under a coffin's tiny lid,
 Than thine, within the churchyard lain.

All this thou wast ; but what, and where
Thy spirit now, can none declare :
For born in sin, baptized and seal'd
With grace divine, God bid thee yield
 Thine innocence to Him on high ;
Back, like a heaven-bird to its home,
Borne by blest Angels, didst thou roam,
 And vanish'd to thy genial sky.

Oh, wond'rous change !—the purest word
By mental wisdom breathed or heard,
The brightest dream that can entrance
A raptured saint, or martyr's glance,

Are all too weak and worthless things
E'en to unfold what thou must feel,
To whom Heaven's glories now reveal
More than the harp of David sings !

A nursling wert thou, wan and weak ;
A sigh was all thy soul could speak ;
Frailer than new-born lambs that feed
When dropp'd upon the sunny mead,—

We only trembled, while we gazed,
To think that such a cradled form
Could weather out life's wasting storm,
That must around thy lot be raised.

A watch-tick would have been to thee
The height of human mystery ;
A tone, a sunbeam, or a flower
Have all surpass'd thy mental power,

And rapt thee in amazement deep ;
But now, beyond what saints believe
Thy faculties in heaven receive,
And neither sin, nor weep !

Yes, in a moment, vast the change
That must around thy spirit's range
Have circled its divine excess
Of all which can the glorious bless !

While o'er thy manumitted soul,

Transcending all the Church hath known
Since Christ ascended to His Throne,—
Voices and visions grandly stole.

Baptismal grace and purity,
Far more than time, befitted thee
For scenes of splendour that await
Bright spirits in that perfect state,—
The sacramental host in heaven :
What lofty Minds but half presage,
To thee is now an open page
Beyond the glance in scripture given.

And oh, what bliss, which baffles thought !
To think that upward thou art caught
To some chaste realm of cloudless joy,
Before the touch of earth's alloy
Had stain'd the virgin soul with sin ;
Ere passion, or polluted deed
Had caused thine anguish'd mind to bleed,—
Heaven oped its doors, and let thee in !

Thus, while yon pensive chimes are pealing
Floats o'er my soul a sacred feeling,
Mournful, but mild, and full of prayer,—
A thought beyond what Creeds declare,
That thou, sweet babe ! art shrined in glory
'Mid saints and prophets, priests and kings,
A spirit graced with star-bright wings,
With innocents who died before thee.

Here, in this vale of time and tears
While we fulfil our fated years,
'Twill oft refresh the heart to dream
What living splendours round thee beam,
That issue from the Lamb who died ;
While lisping cherubs, like to thee,
Warble around the Deity,
Soft anthems to The Crucified.

THE DIVINE WALK.

“ Enoch walked with God.”—*Gen.* v. 24.

AND didst thou choose the narrow path
That sainted feet have ever trod,
And know the peace high virtue hath
When pillow'd on the breast of God?

Though all around thee crime and sin
Their moral desert made and threw,
Was thy religion felt within,
And outwardly embodied too?

Primeval saint ! seraphic man !
By ardent grace so fill'd and fired,
Thy blest eternity began
Before the common age expir'd.

No spectral glooms, no pangs of death,
Nor hollow cheek, nor sunken eye,
Nor pallid swoon nor panting breath
Betray'd the King of terrors nigh :

Bright trophy of Atoning Blood !

Thy doom escaped them, one and all ;
And as thou wert for earth too good
Thy native heaven did thee recall.

At once to glory upward soar'd

Thy being with unwar'ring flight ;
No kindred for thy death deplored,
No grave inhumed thee out of sight.

Thou wert not !—this seems all we know
Of thine unview'd ascent to bliss ;¹
What more relates to thee below,
Belongs not to a state like this.

In flaming cars with steeds of fire

Rapt in a whirlwind, didst thou rise,
To mingle with that harping choir
Who worship God with wing-veil'd eyes ?

Or, did some mission'd angel-bands

Speed from the bowers of blissful love,
To waft thee with encircling hands
To thy pure home prepared above ?

In vain of this and more we dream ;

Nor *how* can sainted Fancy tell
Thy soar outwing'd the solar beam,
And vanish'd through the visible !

Enough to know, in heaven thou art

The eldest of the saved who shine,
Because they choose that better part,
Which, tranquil Mary !² once was thine.

(1) "He was not, for God took him."—*Gen.* v. 24. (2) See *Luke* x. 42.

And could we, like calm Enoch walk
And closely with our God commune,
With more than angels men might talk,
And earth itself to heaven attune.

We should not seek for temple-roof
To overarch our heads in prayer,
But find in ev'ry scene a proof
Jehovah was enshrouded there !

The poet's walk through pensive scenes
Companion'd with God's love must be,
When doubt, nor darkness, intervenes
To hide his heart from Deity.

All beauty would more beauteous grow,
All music more melodious sound,
Did moral hues of heaven below
More freshly in our ways abound.

It is because the Cain-like heart
To selfish pride retreats alone,
That God and glory dwell apart
From that cold bliss we call our own.

But when, like Enoch, men can muse,
And with our Maker's smile array
The path of life they rightly choose,
What gleams from heaven adorn their way !

Jehovah's will, Jehovah's word,
Within, without, rules everywhere ;
And Conscience is obey'd and heard
Till man becomes incarnate prayer.

Abroad, at home, in sun, or shade,
By rocky shore, or mountain-stream,
Divinest thoughts the soul invade
And nowhere can we orphans seem.

For, like the Patriarch we can feel
No crowds before Omniscience stand,
Nor, merely that the public weal
Depends on some Almighty hand ;

But, Faith *applies* vast providence
To each peculiar grief and groan,
And grasps believed Omnipotence
As though it ruled for Her alone.

Behold a secret !—when Faith draws
Into the focus of one mind,
And learns to concentrate the laws
Which overhang all human kind.

Awake and sing then, christian soul !
If, like the saint before the flood,
Under the Spirit's true control
A christless world thou hast withstood :

Enoch was not ;—to God he soar'd,
Left the low earth defiled like this,
Sought the Bright Parent he adored
And melted in almighty bliss !

So, more and more to yonder fount
Of perfect glory thou wilt glide ;
And nearer still like Enoch mount
To regions ne'er by sin descried.

As He was not, thou wilt not be
 Discern'd by what the world calls sense ;
 Thy dwelling-place is Deity,¹
 And simple Faith thy sure defence.

STRIVE NOT WITH THE SPIRIT.

“ My Spirit shall not always strive with man.”—*Gen.* vi. 3.

Most awful is the word
 Rolling its cadence deep,
 Till the roused heart is inly stirr'd
 From out its iron sleep,
 When God regrets he e'er created man,²
 And like one giant sin, the earth to ruin ran !

Can mortal passion tell
 How heaves th' Eternal Mind,
 When these divine emotions swell,
 Commoved by human kind,—
 “ With man My Spirit shall not always strive,
 For it repents Me now that such I made alive? ”

In this the harvest see
 By Adam's sin first sown !
 All vices reign, all virtues flee,
 And from His watching throne
 When scans the Godhead our apostate race,
 No hallow'd feature there can His omniscience trace.³

(1) “ Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.”—*Psalms* xc. 1.

(2) “ It repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth.”—*Gen.* vi. 6.

(3) “ The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men . . . there is none that doeth good, no, not one ! ”—*Psalms* xiv. 2, 3.

For, not one thrill of thought
That plays within the soul,
That is not with rebellion fraught
Now sin hath seized the whole
That flesh and spirit, heart and will include,
With utter hate of God, and dread ingratitude !

Evil, and nothing more,
Behold ! man's nature now ;
Blest Angels, did ye not deplore,
When Earth her Cain-like brow
Lifted beneath you, in yon spheres of light,
And showed her branded front, of old so pure and bright ?

Thus dark the contrast grew
Between us and our God ;
And such the hell that met His view
Where once His Image trod,
That oh ! it grieved Him with a godlike pang,¹
The lyric stars of heaven Creation's birthday sang.

But, lo ! the hour of wrath
At length was full arrived ;
Stern vengeance o'er the sinners' path,
With whom the Spirit strived,
Shall burst in ruin, and the godless world
See thunderbolts of death from His fierce anger hurl'd !

Billows shall rise and roar,
The clouds a sea contain,
Havoc shall howl from hill and shore,
And Chaos come again,

(1) " That He had made man . . . it grieved Him at His heart."—*Gen.* vi. 6.

Till in one floating sepulchre be seen
A flooded world of death, where living forms had been.

Insect, and man, and beast,
Whatever lives and moves,
The lofty sinner and the least
Who madly crime approves,—
The broken fountains of the deep shall burst,
And sweep them into gloom, like things by God
accurst!

And is the record dead,
Which here unveils to man
The ruin early vice had bred,
When lawless will began
Reason and Conscience both at once to sway,
Till like embosom'd fiends, bad passions had their
play?

No! judgment never dies,
But lives as long as Sin
The law of love and truth defies,
And renders man within
A jarring discord, out of tune with heaven,
A wreck of sinful woe, by darkest vices driven.

Go, rebel! take thy stand
On some steep rock, that frown'd
In fearful gloom above the land
By God's vast deluge drown'd,
As if thou heard'st the desolating roar
Of billows when they lash'd th' uncoffin'd dead they
bore,

And there, let Conscience learn
A lesson for all time,—
That God must e'er with anger burn
O'er unrepenting crime:
He cannot, will not, on the sinner look,
Until the weeping Heart hath guilt for grace for-
sook.

He will not aye contend ;¹
Nor can The Spirit aid,
Those fiendish souls that will not mend,
But their own hells have made ;
Thus speaks the Holy One, whose words decree
Whate'er in final depths of future doom shall be.

Come, then, celestial grace!
Like dew of Hermon steal
O'er the dry souls of our sad race,
Until they pray and feel,
That so Thy Spirit, when He plies His love,
May not, by us aggrieved, return to Thee above.

For His deep coming watch
With list'ning heart of prayer !
And ever lift the inward latch
That bids Him entrance there ;
That less and less His strivings may be known,
And God's bright Spirit thus seem blended with thy
own.²

(1) " I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth."—*Isa.* lvii. 16.

(2) " He that is joined unto the Lord is one Spirit."—1 *Cor.* vi. 17.

Then, like a temple built
By some celestial hand,
No more shall atheistic guilt
His ent'ring grace withstand,
But each pure heart a living shrine will be,
Where Angels view enthroned the worshipp'd Trinity.

A BELIEVER'S WISH.

“ To depart and to be with Christ,—is far better.”—*Phil. i. 23.*

I WISH I lived where Jesu reigns
In yonder sinless world above,
Where not a pang the bosom pains
And all is light, for all is love.
There, with rapt seraphim, how sweet
The anthem'd strain of bliss to blend,
And thus with white-robed ¹ myriads greet
In glory's form, the sinner's Friend.
No self will there the soul defile,
No shadows o'er remembrance steal,
But conscience, purged from guilt and guile,
Shall all the heaven of virtue feel.
Those fever-dreams of sense and time
Which now profane our purest bliss,
Shall not infest that hallow'd clime
With stains that mar a world like this.

(1) “ Arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints.”—*Rev. xix. 8.*

Oh! bright excess, beyond all thought,
When saints have reach'd that radiant goal
Where Man, to full perfection brought,
In God shall ark his wearied soul !

For, what can sense-born pleasure give
When most the world itself imparts,
But bribes to let base passions live
Like satans in our selfish hearts ?

The chastest scene, the calmest home
By poet hymn'd or reason blest,—
Who has not felt his fancy roam,
And image forth a finer rest ?

Our dream for some diviner world
Can never pause in realms of time,
When Hope's fair wings, by faith unfurl'd,
Would waft us to that pangless clime.

Safe in the shadow of Thy throne,
Reveal'd Almighty! let us dwell,
And in yon circling rainbow ¹ own
The hues that our redemption tell.

Thou art, O Christ! the sinner's heaven;
Without Thee, man is death and gloom,
And only with that word, "forgiven,"
Can hearts descend the dismal tomb.

(1) "There was a rainbow round about the throne . . . in the midst of the throne. . . and in the midst of the elders, stood a LAMB as it had been slain."
Rev. iv. 3 ; v. 6.

Be Thou the vital sun and shield
To light our path and guide our souls;
Nor let our tempted bosoms yield
Except to what Thy will controls.

Life of our life! be all our bliss,
Torn from Thy truth, since none are blest;
Without Thee, men and angels miss
That centre where the creatures rest.

But, taught by grace, pure spirits burn
To share in Thy deep glories all
Those hearts desire, that heat and burn
For more than dreams perfection call.

And can we doubt, if Godhead find
Complacency¹ in Christ the Lord,
That He excels whate'er the mind
Creates in thought, or calls by word?

Ye heavens! though bright your splendour be,
Emanuel forms your living fount,
And none can rise to Deity
Who do not through His merit mount.

Then, hail the hour! that summons man
Beyond our sullied earth to soar
To Him, Whose finite heaven began²
When first for sin the cross He bore.

(1) "Behold! My servant, whom I uphold, Mine elect in whom My Soul delighteth."—*Isa.* xlii. 1.

(2) "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me."—*John* iv. 34. "I delight to do Thy will, O my God: yea, Thy law is within my heart."—*Psalms* xl. 8.

HERE WE HAVE NO ABIDING PLACE.

“ Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”—*Heb.* xiii. 14.

“ They that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.”
Heb. xi. 14.

SINCE all we love on earth must die,
And swift as hues of morning fly
 The hopes young bosoms store,
Oh, softly let thy feelings twine
Round the rich Heart thou callest thine,—
 For soon 'twill beat no more !

When first our virgin senses wake
And of fair Earth a prospect take,
 Her treasures, homes, and smiles,
A false eternity arrays
The scene that mocks our dazzled gaze
 With its ambitious wiles.

And yet, might reason's colder truth
Unveil dark facts to wayward youth,
 Creation doth not hold
A perfect semblance to her past;
But everywhere dim shades are cast
 On what she was of old.

The clouds of heaven for ever change,
The tints of earth and ocean range
 Through colour's varied gleam ;
And all which eyes enamour'd view,
Reflect on man that restless hue
 That hints our life a dream !

The sweetest notes bland music brings
To vibrate o'er those moral stings

Which make the heart a lyre,—
E'en while we listen, lo! they die
In lulls of languish, like the sigh
Some Angel might respire.

And, look upon the face we love!
More eloquent than skies above

When clothed with chastest light,—
Its spell of beauty is the change
Expressions leave, as there they range
And fascinate our sight.

Thus, all we view of scene or sound
With sad instruction doth abound,

And preach;—"Prepare to part!"
For souls can have no resting-place
Where sin hath left a with'ring trace
And shadow on the heart.

Too many tears our eyelids wet,
Too many graves are open'd yet,
To leave the mind at peace;
And where the soul, without a thorn¹
To probe it, till it bleeds forlorn
And yearns for heaven's release?

And blest are they whom Grace hath brought
To bow content before the thought,—
Earth's dearest ties are frail;

(1) "There was given to me a thorn in the flesh . . . for this thing I besought the Lord thrice."—2 Cor. xii. 7, 8.

Such will not, in the rending hour
When Death unveils his darksome power,
Like unbelievers, quail !

Here breathes true wisdom,—so to live
In the glad sunshine God may give
To soothe each dark alloy,
That gratitude with awe may blend,
And gleams of heaven and hope descend
That promise purer joy.

Woe ! for the wistful hearts that cling
To whatsoe'er wild passions bring
With fulness, fire, and force,
Till idols mount the bosom-throne,
Where God and grace should rule alone
The soul's most secret course.

And, woe to young Affection's eye
That half adores what soon must die,
And melt in mortal clay !
Eternal beauty dwells not here,
And ill becomes that tainted sphere
Where Death demands his prey.

But did we, like the saints of old,
Hereafter through this Now behold,
What pangs our hearts would save !
Eternity our home would seem,
And life become a brilliant dream
Dissolving o'er the grave.

Wild Heart of wasteful youth ! begin
At once to cool the thirst of sin

For ever here to bide;
Life, love and earth can flatter thee,
But cannot thy salvation be,
Nor death, nor judgment hide!

Ah! wert thou touch'd with heavenly love,
Did Christ, thy magnet, far above
Attract thy veering eyes,—
How would the wing'd affections mount
And flutter near that blissful Fount
Who all our heaven supplies!

Unwav'ring hearts, that pant for bliss,
Will feel their perfect treasure is
Where nothing false is found;
And since in heaven Messiah dwells,
Such will not dread those bleak farewells
With which dark years abound.

“Gone to prepare a place for you,”¹
Hosannah to that promise true!

It opens heaven for prayer;
If in our souls one pulse there beat
Of Godhead at the mercy-seat,
They long to worship there!

For heaven is not a desert cold
That can no human feeling hold,—
Where Christ as Man is seen;

(1) “In my Father's house there are many mansions . . . I go to prepare place for you.”—*John* xiv. 2.

They populate that region bright
 From earth redeem'd, array'd in white,
 Who once like us have been.

Then lift thy soul, anointed one,
 Dart thy pure gaze beyond the sun
 Right into glory's world !
 This orb is far too base for thee,
 Adopted child of Deity,—
 And be thy wings unfurl'd

Ready to rise, whene'er the word
 "Hither come up!"¹ from God is heard,
 "Thy mansion there behold;"—
 Though all below must die the death,
 Eternity prolongs thy breath
 And Christ receives thy soul.

THE SOUL'S TRUE COMPANION.

PART I.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."
Luke xxiv. 29.

ABIDE with us ! sustaining Lord, abide ;
 Without Thee, vain is all the world beside ;
 When Thou art vanish'd, nought true souls can see
 But the sad loneliness that sighs for Thee.

The life we bear is oft a burden'd thing
 Fill'd with a load of varied suffering,

(1) "The first voice which I heard, was as it were of a trumpet talking with me ; which said, Come up hither."—*Rev. iv. 1.*

Though, mask'd with smiles, the forehead seems to say
"My heart is sunshine in its golden play,"

A thousand shadows from the soul arise
Casting a tinge o'er all young natures prize;
E'en from the centre of consummate bliss
We inly murmur, "breathes there truth in this?"

Without, works mystery; within, the same;
And truths, profounder than deep words can name,
Float through the mind, like seraph-whispers sent
From the far glories of God's firmament.

Loft but low, abased and yet sublime,
With hearts eternal in a home of time,
Sinful, but sainted, doom'd on earth to walk,
And yet with seraphim in spirit talk,—

Extremes of contrast! such our being rule;
And fever'd Life, with contradiction full,
Can echo back the bleeding Soul who cried,
"Breath of our souls, for ever with us bide!"

The beautiful and bright creation yields
From rock and dale, from forest and from fields,
Lacking Thy presence, want that master-grace
That prints the earth with each diviner trace.

Oft o'er yon heav'ns when strays the poet's eye
While soundless evening steals along the sky,
That Afterward, to which no after comes,
Seems to salute him from ideal homes

That pale and pensive, from each pilgrim star
Gleam through the air, and glisten from afar;

Oh then, dear Lord! amid the vast and lone
 Deep thought discerns Thee on creation's throne.
 Thy solemn grandeurs, Thy nocturnal scenes,
 How oft 'tween us and them there intervenes
 A troubled shadow, which our guilt must throw
 On all which manifests mere power below.
 But oh, amid the struggle, toil, and tears,
 And blighting anguish of our baffled years,
 The hush'd religion of a grief-worn heart
 How does it love Thee,—Healer as Thou art!
 But when life's fitful days are spent and gone,
 And calm eternity is coming on,
 Ere the wing'd soul shall take its awful flight,
 Abide with us! and death will be delight.

PART II.

“ Abide with us.”—*Luke xxiv. 29.*

ABIDE with us, dear Lord! abide;
 No hearts can beat, and be untried
 With pangful woe or care;
 But, if Thy shielding arm o'ershade
 The trial which Thy will hath made,
 Hell cannot harm a hair.¹

Around us Powers of evil throng
 That fain would hurry souls along
 The wilds of sin and gloom;
 And principles within us rage
 In blood-warm youth, or colder age,
 That haunt us to the tomb.

(1) “ The very hairs of your head are all numbered.”—*Matt. x. 30.*

But Thou, abiding Lord of peace !
Art light, and liberty's release
 To all meek sons of faith,
That to Thy word divine attend,
And listen to the sinner's Friend
 Whatever truth He saith.

The sinful earth looks sad and lone,
And guilty breasts around us groan,
 And graves how fast they rise !
As added years their hist'ry bring
Of havoc, change, and suffering,
 What sadness loads our sighs !

But should Thy presence be supplied,
What calming powers of truth abide !
 Our cross is meekly borne ;
Though spent our noon, and night appears
To darken through our spirit's tears,
 Life will not be forlorn.

When sickness shades the soul with dread,
And fever moans with throbbing head
 Till wild the pulses play,
Abide with us ! blest Lord, and be
A balm beyond all sympathy
 And awe the Fiend away.

Or, should it be our lot to keep
Night-watch beside the precious sleep
 Of parent, child, or friend,—

There, as we note each ebbing breath
And scan the chill of coming death,
Thy dews of mercy send.

Or, when the churchyard's gloom we pace,
And there with tearful silence trace
The tombs of friends no more,
Abide with us! that Hope and Prayer
May warble words of glory there,
Which back the dead restore.

But oh, dear Lord, of all the wounds
With which man's wearied life abounds,
Not death, nor sickness, they
That most disease the mind with pain,
Or bid us view the world as vain,
Where grief and anguish sway;

But, hollow tongues and heartless smiles,
And glozing friends who were but wiles
Of falsehood lightly drest,—
These melt us into more than tears,
And make us feel our martyr'd years
A burden on the breast;

O then, abide with us! and calm
Our spirit with that sacred balm
Pure grace alone imparts;
Thy Presence like a heaven will be
When all the false ones fade and flee,
And soothe our sunken hearts.

Abide with us !—why pray we so,
As if disciples did not glow
 With Thine own promise sure?—

“Lo ! I am with you, till the chime
Of Ages sounds the last of time,
 While earth and man endure.”

Yes, Thou art “with us” in Thy word ;
Thy Voice in sacraments is heard,
 And prayer and praise reveal
How through the soul Thy blessings glide,
As o’er the heart’s most gloomy tide
 Thy radiant comforts steal.

Dejection oft, but not despair,
In this tried world of woe and care
 It may be ours to face,—
Only be Thou the sleepless guide ;
Morn, noon, and night with us abide
 Till we complete our race.

We ask not blissful calms to dwell
Around us with unbroken spell,
 Nor seek a pangless lot ;
But, by the breathing of Thy word
Be our faint bosoms freshly stirr’d,
 Nor sigh, as if forgot !

OUR MORROWS BELONG TO GOD.

“Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.”—*Matt.* vi. 34.

OUR morrows unto God belong,
 This day can be our own
 If on the Stronger than the strong
 We lean our hearts alone;
 Casting on Christ our grief and care
 By constant power of heaven-breathed prayer.

But, Gentiles with a christian name
 We gravitate to earth,
 And thus o'eranxious, cloud with shame
 The glories of our birth;
 As sons who God their Father call,
 To Him why trust not all in all?

Oh, could we like the Saviour be,
 Whose meat and drink it made
 Heaven's will alone in life to see
 In what He did, and said!
 No longer would base Mammon find
 A temple in our care-worn mind.

Behold! th' organic world of sense
 Rebukes the carking race,
 Whose creedless hearts of Providence
 Discern no living trace,

Though earth and sky and choral sea
Are featured with divinity :—

The fowls that populate the air,
The lilies of the field,
Fed and adorn'd without a care,
Divine instruction yield;
They teach us what wise Nature can,—
The arms of God environ man.

And vain too that prophetic thought,
Whereby the fretted soul
Is oft with morbid dreams o'erfraught,
The future that control;
Our being's age and body's growth,—
The Lord alone predestines both.¹

Why, for mere raiment, meat and drink,
Our future so precast
As though like Pagans we could think
This life were first and last;
Forgetful that one thought sublime
Outweighs a world of sense and time!

Our little faith, alas! tis less
Than what the least should prove,
Making our scene a wilderness
That might be one of love;
Like orphan'd souls in solitude,
Denying Him we call The Good.

(1) "Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?"—
Matt. vi. 27.

Gaze upward, Soul ! on God the true ;
Each burden cast on Him,
Believe Jehovah cares for you
Not less than Seraphim :
The very hairs of men are number'd,
Why then be with woes o'ercumber'd ?
But still these boding hearts, like seers
On whom the future lowers,
Project themselves o'er unborn years,
And crowd the coming hours
With destinies that haunt the mind,
Till weaken'd faith grow wan and blind.
Condemn'd be such unhallow'd care
Which lets to-morrow's weight
O'erburden with some black despair
What cheers our present state ;
As if each day on life's dull road
Were harness'd with too light a load !
Sufficient for the day when born
Is each new pang that sighs :
Let those that will not sink forlorn,
In Jesu's name arise ;
Since ye belong to Heaven's control
Foreseen to-morrows !—quit the soul.
Simplicity is wisdom when
Baptismal minds obey
The law which God ordains for man,—
Our duty is to-day !

Our burden too, *that* cross to bear,
And not forecast imagined care.
And let thy teaching grace, oh Lord,
Such perfect sway impart,
That faith may have this haunting word
To mottoe the meek heart,—
Sufficient is the moment given,
Leave to-morrow safe in heaven !

SILENT PRAYER.

“ Now Hannah, she spake in her heart ; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard.”—1 *Sam.* i. 13.

WE do not pray, because we move
Our lips in oral speech,
For there be depths of deeper love
Than words can ever reach.
Nor is it prayer, when utter'd thought
With ardent feeling glows,
As though th' excited breast were fraught
With flame that overflows :
For words may flow from fluent powers,
And prove a dubious sign ;
'Tis only when the truth is ours,
The heart, oh Lord, is Thine !
The raptured tongue whose tones arise
Like sparks of mental fire,
Not ever breathes those contrite sighs
Deep thoughts of sin inspire.

And oft when o'er moved fancy rolls
Soft melody of speech,
No inward awe the mind controls
With truths words cannot reach.

True prayer is that mysterious breath
The Spirit from above
Breathes through the heart in life, and death,
And is the pulse of love!

'Tis God within, imparting grace,
'Tis heaven come down to earth,
That man may look in Mercy's face,
And feel his second birth ;

A sense of want, of woe, and sin,
A creed that Christ is All,
A faith whose filial voice within
Can God "My Father!" call ;

Reliance on Atoning Blood,
Convictions true and deep,
A feeling that the Lord is good
Who bids us smile, or weep ;

With aspirations pure and high
That souls, like saints, may be
Both while we live, and when we die,
From guilt and Satan free,—

Behold a prayer ! a breath divine
Whose sacred throb and thrill
Believer, can that heart of thine
With tongueless worship fill !

In such high mood of heavenliness,
 Upon thy spirit's chords
Devotion feels a magic stress
 Beyond translating words :
But He, benign Interpreter !
 Who hears an inward groan,
In heaven perceives the voiceless stir
 Of souls He calls His own.
Unbreathed, unspoke a prayer may be,
 Nor vocal lips proclaim
What God alone can hear and see,
 When Love adores His name.
Then, cheer thee ! sad but sainted Heart
 That pines for spoken prayer,
Be sure, if child of God thou art,
 More love than lips declare
Dwells in thy depths of being still,—
 Howe'er the baffled word
Breaks down beneath those thoughts that fill
 The soul where God is heard.
True Christians live beyond their speech,
 And faith is more sublime
Than syllables of breath can reach,
 Framed out of sense and time.
Eternity, that dream of awe !—
 'Tis felt, but undefined ;
And he who most of glory saw
 Hath least unveil'd his mind.¹

(1) "He was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words."—
2 Cor. xii. 4.

And thus when dying voice decays,
 And pulse and motion cease,
 Heaven marks the speaking eye that prays
 For mercy's last release.

Yes, God and Christ, and Sin and Grace
 Hold myst'ries each and all,
 The ransom'd learn, when on their face
 Before the Throne they fall ;

Lo ! as we lie in dust and shame,
 Our souls are silent prayer,
 And He Who calls them by His name
 Can see devotion there.

MUSIC AND THE EVIL SPIRIT.

“ Seek out a man who is a cunning player on a harp : and it shall come to pass, when the Evil Spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand, and thou shalt be well.”—1 *Sam.* xvi. 16.

PART I.

Two worlds around us act and move,
 Though one alone we hear, or see ;
 And they whose souls are born above,
 Will not repulse that mystery
 Binding them both in one harmonious law,
 Which Faith believes, though Fancy never saw.

The world we see, 'tis fair to sight,
 Though touch'd all o'er with taints of sin ;
 Gay Morn, and Noon, and magic Night
 Accost the charmèd soul within,
 And, like faint beams in Memnon's fabled stone,
 Draw from our spirit some responsive tone.

Mountain, and field, and forests wide
With their green coronal of trees,
And Ocean, with his billowy tide
Rolling in wave-born ecstasies,
Cities, and hamlets, and the high-wall'd town,
And sculptured marble, breathing dead renown;

Yea, all bright streets, where busy men
Whose ways and works around us throng,
Rebuke some earthless poet, when
His fancies dare assert in song
That all is painted shadow, though it seem
A stern reality which none can dream:—

Yet, who believes our eyes behold
The *all* that round us reigns and lives?
Since e'en those outward forms enfold
A meaning, which no token gives
Save to purged hearts, whose inward eyes can see
Symbols that charm the faithful, and the free.

Another and a holier sphere,
A viewless world, unheard, unknown,
More awful than Religion's fear,
Around embodied minds is thrown;
And while the earth-bound walk by sense and light,
That orb engirdles them by day and night!

Angels, and Spirits of the blest,
Stern attributes and sacred powers
Nature and Providence invest,
And circle this vex'd life of ours:

Myst'ries and motions, whence we cannot tell,
Thrill through the flesh, did we but mark them well.

And thou, deep charm of sevenfold grace,
Sweet Music! Thou art more than sound ;
For melodies from God's bright place
Within thy blissful spell abound,
Like broken echoes, that have thus o'erran
Angelic lyres, and trembled down to man!

Oh! call not music by a word
Terrestrial minds alone approve,
For in it more than tone is heard,
A something deep as spirits' love ;
Painting, and poetry of sound are there,
Blent with the lulling pause of secret prayer.

Such was the minstrel's art divine
When David struck the chorded lyre,
Where earth and heaven in one combine,
And by commingled sway inspire
Soft airs, before whose superhuman spell
The Fiend shrunk wither'd to his native hell! 1

And he, the dread and dauntless seer
Whose word could seal and open skies,
The awe of music did revere,
And bow beneath those harmonies
That gush'd around him, soft, serene, or grand,
Like air-chords thrill'd by some celestial Hand.

(1) " It came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp and played and the evil spirit departed from him."—
1 Sam. xvi. 23.

'Tis true, indeed, all nature's tones
Of thunder, storm, or sea,
The wave-voiced winds, and tragic groans
That tune creation's melody,
By instrumental art may oft appear
To haunt the strains Emotion loves to hear;
And harmony can also bring
What mental visions love to view,
Pictures beyond what poets sing,
When most they make the world untrue,—
Landscapes of beauty, isles of bloom and balm,
Elysian verdure, and ambrosial calm.

PART II.

But music wields a nobler spell
Than nature can alone impart,
And with far more than tones can tell,
She oft inspires the echoing heart;
To her belongs Association's power,
That haunts remembrance in its purest hour.

Melodious counterparts of mind
How often do some chords impress
When Genius, with a hand refined,
Creates the sounds we inly bless !—
All passions, hopes, all principles and fears
Melt into music, and entrance our ears.

Thus, harmony to man may seem
A soul in sound, express'd and heard,
Or like an Angel in our dream
Who whispers some celestial word,

Till o'erfraught minds, with feeling's warmest glow
Thrill into tears, and softly overflow.

And oh, ye dead! who never die,
For though removed from outward gaze,
Your resurrection is the sigh

Pure mem'ry to your virtue pays,—
Though unbeheld, how oft in music's strain
Your deep eyes look into our hearts again!

Yes, chords are touch'd, whose tones awake
And strike the soul's electric string,
That vibrate, till they seem to break
With those intense appeals that bring
Youth, home and childhood, fields, and faces dear
Back to the soul, which bathes them with a tear!

Thus music, like religion, oft
May purify the springs of mind,
By lifting it to realms aloft,
For peace and purity design'd;
'Tis inspiration, though mere sound it seems,
Prompting the good to more than glory dreams.

We praise Thee, God! for this fine spell
Unfathom'd harmony can wield;
Oh, teach us to employ it well,
That it may grace and grandeur yield,
Whether by organ-chant, or choral hymn
That rolls and deepens down cathedrals dim.

And when responding hearts conspire
In blissful home, to hear and feel
True melodies that never tire,
But with soft myst'ry round us steal

Like silver drops of some melodious shower,
Heard in the dewy trance of morning's twilight hour,—

Then, doubt we not, while passions melt
Beneath what wizard sound excites,
That men, in such high moods, have felt
A deeper charm than earth's delight;
For who can tell *whence* harmonies descend,
Or how their spirit with our own can blend?

There's something more than common air
Through instrumental skill awaking
Pure notes, resembling dying prayer,
Or sighs from hearts half-breaking;
When such deep myst'ries in a strain abound,
Some feel as if a Spirit framed the sound.

Thus, music proves a sacred thing,
A power no earth-born word can tell,
A heaven of sound it seems to bring
On earth awhile to float and dwell,—
A breaking forth of melodies above,
A speech of Seraphim, on lips of love!

And oft methinks the tones that die
And soundless grow to mortal ear,
May re-ascend their genial sky,
From whence they sank to our low sphere,
Like that bright choir who soar'd from Judah's plain,
To chant in heaven what Earth ne'er heard again.¹

(1) "A multitude of the heavenly host praising God . . . it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven."—*Luke* ii. 13, 15.

MAKE THEE AN ARK.

“ Make thee an Ark . . . Behold ! I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth . . . Come thou and all thy house into the Ark.”—*Gen.* vi. 14, 17 ; vii. 1.

THOUGH youth's bright world looks fresh and fair,
 And high the pulse of feeling dare,
 While syren Hope sings everywhere
 Of promised bliss to come,—
 Yet be there signs of sternest woe
 Which tell young hearts how all below
 Doth yet the primal ruin show,
 And prove earth not our home !

Oh, darkly chill the cruel grave,
 As oft the burning tear-drops lave
 The cheeks of Love that mourns the brave
 And beautiful who die;
 The bloom and breath of dawning life
 Are each with slow consumption rife,
 And hint how soon the parting strife
 Will close the sunken eye !

Scarce dies a day, but rings the knell
 O'er something that we love too well,
 Or cling to with so close a spell
 That when it droops, we bleed;
 While Pride and Passion round us throng,
 And Pleasures with voluptuous song
 Entice warm souls that way along
 Which ends in wrath decreed.

Hence, life is peril; and how blest
The minds that in some ark can rest,
Secured and safe, howe'er distrest,
 From final wreck and woe!
The storm may rise, the surges roll,
Rude whirlwinds seem to rend the soul
Which mortal sway cannot control,—
 Yet none that ark o'erthrow!

“ Make thee an Ark,” of old was heard,
And, yielding to that vital word,
Noah at once to God deferr'd,—
 The echo of His will;
At once his floating ark began
To build above the fears of man,
Responsive to that mystic plan
 Taught by celestial skill.

And thus, when sea and sky were blent,
While raged the roaring element
Until each vial's wrath was spent,
 Safe o'er the storm he rode;
Around him cries and corpses were,
And oft was yell'd man's howling prayer,
Mix'd with the wild beast's in his lair,
 By furious waves o'erflow'd.

And so with saints of light 'twill be,
When taught, oh God! by Grace and Thee,
At once to that retreat they flee
 Where shelt'ring mercies bide;

No ark they need to frame or form,
To shield them from each rushing storm
Round life and death that spreads alarm,—
For that Thy Truth supplied.

And dost thou seek, where stands the ark,
That, when wild tempests, stern and dark,
Engulph and wreck each human bark,
May waft thee safely on?
Behold it, in the Church of Grace,¹
Prepared for each believing race
Who thither find, with contrite face,
The shelter Jesu won.

Here babes, besprent with sacred dew
Ere sin and sorrow yet they rue,
Baptismally a nature new
From God's own Spirit gain;
On their white brows a mystic sign
Behold it tell this truth divine,—
Yon infant, Christ! is sealed for Thine,
Blood-wash'd from guilty stain.

And onward as progressive life
Encircles man with clashing strife,
Howe'er the world with sin be rife,
And dangers round us roll,—
Ark'd in thy founded Church, O Lord!
Thy promis'd grace, Thy precious Word,
If by our prostrate will preferr'd,
Shall keep unwreck'd the soul.

(1) "God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing . . . wherein few, that is eight souls, were saved by water: the like figure whereunto, even baptism," &c.—1 *Pet.* iii. 20, 21.

Safe in the Ark by Jesus built,
Beyond the flooding waves of guilt
We float, and, through the blood He spilt
 On Calv'ry's deathful tree,
Victoriously our spirits ride
Over the sad and surging tide
That welters o'er the world beside,
 Unanchor'd, God, in thee.

And blest are they, who all unskill'd
By rebel pride to plan, or build
Some ark beyond what Christ hath fill'd
 With sacramental love ;
Safe in the Church they sweetly rest,
A peace divine becalms their breast,
And howsoe'er by storms distress'd
 A haven reach above.

OH THAT I HAD WINGS !

“ I said, Oh that I had wings, like a dove ! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.”—*Psalm* lv. 6.

BIRD of beauty ! upward soaring
 On thy plumes of lustre white,
Far beyond the tempest roaring
 And the gloom of gath'ring night,
While they watch thee speed away
Where no awful lightnings play,—
Many an earth-chain'd heart will sigh
“ Lend me wings, and let me fly !”

“ Dove-like let me, proudly rising
 Out of sin,—and woe, and crime,
Feel my winged soul despising
 Fetters wove from earth and time,—
Thoughts that fain would mount and see,
Shrines that glow with Deity,
And in bowers of glory find
Bliss of heart, and calm of mind.”

Men, whose hearts by grace enlighten'd
 Once in heaven with concord beat,
Have a taste by truth so heighten'd
 That no more in earth's retreat
They contentment can perceive,
But for ever pine to leave
Scenes where passion's fires abound,
And, like fiends, our faith surround.

Lo! the godless earth is reeking
 With the blood of martyr'd saints,
And infuriate bands are seeking
 Vict'ries more than horror paints!
Crime, oppression, wrong, and woe,
Bann'd by Heaven, do o'erflow,
Guilt and anguish prompt the prayer,
“ Grant me rest! and tell me, where ?”

Not by creedless foe and stranger
 Are disciples wrong'd alone,
But apostate crews endanger
 Those they once have loved and known,—

Who amid the morn of Youth
Both pursued and prayed for truth,
And along Time's ancient road,
Calmly sought the house of God.

Oh! beyond all pangs distressing
Is the piercing one that finds
Friends of old in faith caressing,
Chill'd in heart, and changed in mind;
Each to each an alien grown,
All fond smiles of welcome flown,
Heart-breathed wish and household word,
Never more in union heard!

Not again behold them taking
Counsel sweet and sacred talk,
But their holy Church forsaking
For some wild sectarian walk :—
Who can mark such sever'd friends
When their love in loathing ends,
Nor, like David, long to soar
Where the saved are gone before?

He whose heart true light discerneth
In Thy beams, Incarnate Love!
At Thy footstool deeply learneth
Lessons that will last above ;—
Will not, in such bleak distress,
Sigh for some lone wilderness,
But in prayer true solace finds,
Opening heaven to sainted minds.

Wearied, worn, and oft benighted,
Want and weakness round us spread,
But the Lord, on whom alighted
Dove-like virtue, gently said,—
“Cast thy burden on My breast,
Here the weary drop to rest;
Harass'd pilgrim, hope and pray,
Learn of Me, and love the way!

THE WANDERING DOVE.

“The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark.”—*Gen.* viii. 9.

THE ghastliness and gloom of death
Cover creation like a pall,
Without a pulse, without a breath,—
Sepulchral waters bury all;
Like a huge corse the dead Earth lies
A floating mass beneath the skies!
It must have been a wild'ring sight
That roll'd his palsied heart-tide back,
When Noah for the raven's flight
Open'd the ark, and in the track
Where the black deluge spread its wave
He only saw one human grave!
But, hark! a mild and gracious breeze
Like a wing'd mercy floats along;
The music of imagined trees
Has never shed so sweet a song,

For where its fresh enchantments play
The floods decrease, and die away.
The fountains of the Deep were closed,
The windows shut of wrathful heaven,
And, safe on Ararat reposed,
The resting ark to Noah given;
Judgment is o'er, and grace seems nigh,
And green Earth soon shall hail her sky.
He sent the raven, and on wings
Of fierce delight it hurries forth,
Yet, ah ! no olive branch it brings,
But east, and west, and south and north,
Flutter'd about by night and day,
And banqueted on carrion-prey.
Black emblem of those Belial hearts
And canker'd minds, debased and dead,
Who feed on what foul earth imparts
Of loathsome passion born and bred ;
For, raven-like, such haunt the scene
And revel most where vice hath been.
But Thou, sweet dove of radiant white !
Methinks I watch thee in the beam
Wave Thy fair wings with free delight,
And glisten in that snowy gleam
That round about thee glances mild,
Decking thy plumage undefiled.—
Hither and thither wing'd the dove,
And sought in vain some verdant tree ;
The waves beneath, the sky above
Were all its virgin eyes could see ;

So, backward to the ark it flew
And nestled in that shelter true.

And, trace we not a symbol here
Of that unrest the holy feel,
When doom'd to haunt some alien sphere
Where nothing reigns but carnal zeal ;
Where all looks selfish, low, and base,
And time and sense our God displace ?

Oh! how they yearn for lone retreat,
Some temple where religion dwells,
While, sitting low at Jesu's feet,
Their bosom with his doctrine swells ;
For Christ is their celestial ark
That lifts them o'er Life's ocean dark.

Dovelike, amid the haunts of sin
Howe'er the saints are forced to roam,
There is a pure unrest within
That pants for some more perfect home ;
And *that* the Saviour's Church hath proved
To all who have her counsels loved.

And e'en as once the dove brought back
To Noah's hand, at twilight hour,
The branch of peace, that on its track
Was pluck'd from some diluvian bower,—
The soul of saints on earth may see
Tokens of tender Deity :

And as that bird, when once again
The flooded soil began to rise
Till green apparel robed the plain
And crystal sunlight clad the skies,—

No ark required, but in wide air
Found a pure freedom ev'rywhere,
So, when this ruin'd earth recedes,
Our perfect spirits will not ask
A local church, where sorrow pleads
For shelter from life's whelming task,
Since heaven will prove one church of praise,
And each true soul a temple raise.
But ye unblest ! of men deceived,
Who think this world a good imparts
Beyond what Christ-like men believed,
And welcomed in their wounded hearts,—
Be sure of this, ye cannot find
From heaven apart, the peaceful mind !
Go, child of sin ! pursue each path
That opens on thy restless view ;
Prove all which gain, or glory, hath,
Admire, enjoy, exhaust them too,
But, still unreach'd is that repose
That sainted virtue only knows.
Ambition, pleasure, pride, and pelf,
What gilded fame, or fortune gives,
Feeds but the gnawing worm of self
That on contentment preys and lives ;
Remote is that ideal rest
Whose home becomes a hallow'd breast.
Man was not made for finite good,
The Infinite to Him pertains !
Heaven's manna forms his genial food,
And sin alone from such refrains :

O, that in Mercy's ark of peace
The erring mind would seek release !

Return unto thy rest, return
Thou arkless soul of sinful man !

For until chaste affections burn

With ardour pure as spirits can,
Thy life will be a discontent,
In fitful dreams of folly spent.

Deep Spirit of divinest calm !

Descend, and soothe unquiet hearts ;
Breathe o'er each ruffled mind the balm

Thy perfect nobleness imparts,—
And then, oh Lord ! Thy saints will be
Sublimely ark'd in heaven and Thee.

THE BOW OF PROMISE.

“ The bow shall be in the cloud ; I will look upon it that I may remember
the everlasting Covenant.”—*Gen.* ix. 16.

THOU liquid bow of beauty and of grace

That o'er the calming heavens dost curve thy way
Religion cannot mark thy gleaming trace

And muse not, how the mighty God did say

That when Thy sacramental arch should span

The hills beneath, or paint the heavens above,
He would recall His covenant with man,

And feel the vastness of forgiving love.

Summer, and seed-time, harvest, winter, spring,

Whate'er the seasons in ripe mercy bear,—
Each unto ransom'd earth shall ever bring
Tokens of peace and God's paternal care.

And thus, thou art a symbol and a sign
Of what no wisdom in the schools can teach ;
A sacred emblem, preaching truths divine
More eloquent of Christ than angel-speech.

'Tis not alone that Childhood's greeting eyes
When first thine arching loveliness they see,
Gladden beneath it with entranced surprise
And hail the miracle of hues in thee !

Nor is it, that our Priests of earth and heaven
Who at the altar of the Muses stand,
To whom the glorious privilege is given
To summon beauty when they wave their wand,—

The gem-like radiance of thy form admire
And liquid blending of thy rainy hues,
Or, oft to hymn thee, strike the hallow'd lyre
And into words thine opal gleams transfuse.

Still less can Science, with her colder gaze,
Suggest what thy prismatic splendours mean,
When dim and delicate with tearful rays
I watch thee outlined in the storm-veiled scene.

But, Faith alone thy sacred magic feels
Mild grace and glory of the firmament !
When o'er the heart a shaded mem'ry steals,
And grateful love with tender awe is blent.

For, dost thou not that covenant express
Whereby the fruitful law of things remains ?
Hence, none can fail thy circling form to bless,
Spanning the deep, or arch'd above the plains.

No, not a pulse of life in earth or sea
That should not in thy graceful symbol find,
A token which our God declares in thee,—
His curse has roll'd away from wreck'd mankind !
Pure arch of triumph ! wove through Nature's tears
In rain-like gems reflected as they fall,
Bright may thy bow beyond our mortal fears
Preach the vast mercy that encloseth all !
And, deeply touching to the soul made wise
Is that great truth Mosaic words declare,—
That when a rainbow consecrates the skies
Both God and man commingle glances there.
Mercy The One in that soft omen sees,
Viewed in the promise which of old He swore,
How earth shall witness what His will decrees
And not be deluged as she was of yore.
And man, the monument of sparing love,
When he beholds the arch of beauty form,
Saint if he be,—recalls the Christ above
Who rescued Nature from her ruin-storm.
But, high o'er heaven's purpureal ether mount
To that sunn'd region where no storms prevail ;
And even there, at Mercy's crystal fount
The rainbow of our human past we hail.¹
Round the white Throne where sits the Prince of Light,—
Glory beyond all glories to express !
Lo, the same rainbow gleams like emerald bright,
And girdles Him with awful loveliness.

(1) " There was a rainbow round about the throne," &c. &c.—*Rev. iv. 3.*

And oh, believer, does not this declare
 How covenants divine are still the same?
 That saints of old, as living christians are,
 Were rescued by the One Redeeming Name?

Lord of our souls! Thou Saviour ever dear,
 Be still our rainbow in the clouds of life;
 In thy chaste sunlight melt each rising tear,—
 Our arch of triumph in the scenes of strife.

Radiant with mercy, calm the sinking heart, [gloom,
 And beam through sorrow's night and suff'ring's
 A deathless Iris, that will not depart,
 But shine immortal o'er our destin'd tomb!

DEPARTED, NOT DEAD.

[C. H. E. M., BORN MAY 4TH, 1848: DIED JUNE 8TH, 1848.]

“As one in bitterness for his first-born.”—*Zech.* xii. 10. “Redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb.”—*Rev.* xiv. 4.

THOU art not dead, my vanish'd one!
 But living in the light
 Of some pure world, beyond the sun
 Where death creates no night,
 And sunless babes are smiling now
 As bright and beautiful as thou!

When first I saw thy baby form
 With eyes of tearful love,
 I little thought a deathful storm
 Was looming from above,

So soon to blast my May-born flower
Beneath the blight of its dark power !
The Lord who gives, hath ta'en away,
 And blest be His high name !—
Oh, that with calm I this could say
 And feel God's hallow'd claim,
Cease, rebel heart ! be calm and still,
And bow beneath a Father's will.

Pale relic ! now enrobed for death,
 Nurseling of hopes and fears,
How did I watch each ebbing breath
 And kiss'd thine infant tears,
When throbs of suff'ring o'er thee came
Thy wordless tongue could never name !

Departed babe ! how many a dream
 Brighten'd thy father's heart,
When like a vision thou didst seem
 In life to take such part
That o'er my hours there breathed a spell
More exquisite than tones can tell.

With thy soft features round me glowing
 Amid the world I went,
And with a heart to heaven o'erflowing
 Bless'd thee, bright innocent !
And felt, howe'er my path should roam,
My little star-beam shined at home.

Already Hope's prophetic eye
 Beheld some future spot,
And underneath life's vernal sky
 Pictured thy maiden lot,

Where truth and grace would be thy guide,
And all thy wants by Heaven supplied.
I dream'd, if God thy life should spare,
 How blessèd it would be
To hear thy budding lips declare
 Young words of Deity ;
To watch thy spirit, day by day,
Rise into speech, and learn to pray.
I fancied how my hand would lead
 Thy tiny feet along,
By placid shore, or sunny mead
 Where brooklets sing their song,
While gay-wing'd breezes round thee flew
And clad thy cheeks with vermeil hue.
And oh! I dared, through Him, to hope,
 To Whose baptismal arms
I gave thee,—that thy mind would ope
 Each year, with sacred charms ;
As more and more The Spirit taught
Thy gentle soul what Jesu wrought.
And often did thy mother dear
 Her azure eyes bend o'er thee,
Which glisten'd with a grateful tear
 That if she died before thee,—
Shielded by grace, whate'er thy lot,
Thou couldst not be by Christ forgot!
But thou art pale,—a perish'd flower,
 A blossom on Life's tree
Nipp'd in the bud, before the power
 Of sin corrupted thee :—

Wash'd in the blood of Jesu white,
Babe, art thou not in glory bright?
Cold, cold, my child! I view thee now
Like sleep in marble lying,
With paleness on thy placid brow
That sets my heart a-sighing;
And round thy lips there linger still
Dead smiles that shall remembrance fill!
My first-born! God has call'd thee back,
His gift He doth resume,
But o'er thy father's blighted track
Darkens thine early tomb,—
A haunting shade of more than grief
To which this world brings no relief.
From room to room I wander on
Where thou hast been of yore,
And all mine eyes can gaze upon
Recalls a child no more;
As though each object would declare
Thy darling glances rested there.
Beloved and beauteous wreck of all
That warm'd this aching breast
With hopes, that when the fun'ral pall
Should o'er thy parent rest,
There still might be a loving one
To think of him, whose course was run,—
Farewell! farewell! my precious child,
Sweet darling of the soul,
Gone to the grave, ere sin defiled
Thy conscience with control;

I mourn, my babe! but not for thee
Becalm'd in Christ's eternity.

Before me lies a perill'd way
Of trial, change, and tears;
If short, or long, life's future day
Rests with the God of years,
Who measures our appointed span,
And deals the thread of time to man.
Yet I shall smile, and act, and speak,
As though thou ne'er hadst been;
And they who scan the brow and cheek
And judge by outward mien,
Can little dream how much we hide
Under the heart's unwitness'd tide!
The purest thoughts lone spirits bear
Are marr'd by being spoken,
And more than speech-born tones declare
Lives in some heart half-broken;
A transient grief glib tongues can tell,
But cloister'd Anguish keeps her cell.
A thousand things must wake the sigh
That shall remember thee,
And raise before the mental eye
Those tombs of memory,
That o'er the churchyard of the heart
Cast inward shades that ne'er depart!
The beam, the bud, the blooming grace
Of some infantile flower
That smiles into a poet's face
In nature's conscious hour,

Oh! each and all will oft restore,
A mental gleam of her no more.

But melody, beyond all charms,
The buried past regains ;
And oft the spoiling tomb disarms
By resurrection-strains,
In whose rapt tones the dead revive,
And untomb'd years become alive.

Thus will thy sylphlike features float
Before mine inward gaze,
Form'd into life by some sweet note
The harp of feeling plays;
Across my soul thy shape will beam,
And smile like some incarnate dream !

Farewell, my child ! but not farewell
For ever ;—we shall meet
When sounds Creation's dooming knell
Before the judgment-seat ;
And I shall know thy little face
Amid the world's assembled race.

Thrice happy babe ! thou beauteous Soul
To some bright world ascended,
How glorious that celestial goal
Where thy brief course is ended!—
And most divine that hour will be
That bids me mount, and follow thee.

PREVAILING INTERCESSION.

"I will speak, yet but this once: Peradventure ten shall be found there. And He said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake," (*Gen.* xviii. 32), compared with, "Ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you."—*Jer.* xxix. 12.

PART I.

THOU dost, O God! transcend the All
 Creative thought can into vision call,
 When most enrapt and raisèd mind
 Darts through the regions of the undefined,
 Conceiving there the beautiful and bright
 In the deep centre of ideal light;
 Eternal! Thou art perfect good,—
 Such glory, who but Thou, hast understood?

And yet, may soul-breathed prayer ascend
 And with those anthems of Thy worship blend,
 Which round that unpierced glory dwell
 Where Thou art shrined in shades invisible:
 Not dearer to Thine ear of love
 The hymns and hallelujahs heard above,
 Than is the contrite sinner's cry
 And broken cadence of his burden'd sigh!

O myst'ry! fathomless to thought,
 With truths august how infinitely fraught!
 That He, The Essence Uncreate
 Throned in the blaze of His almighty state,—
 Should bend to hear the stammer'd praise
 We sinful earth-worms to His wonders raise,

And so in Christ can condescend
To call the dust of woman born, His Friend !¹

Thus prayer becomes a pious wing
By which we soar to where crown'd angels sing,
Ensphered in realms surmounting time;
Through the dread vastness of the heavens sublime
Souls cleave their flight, until they see
The mercy-shrine of prayer-moved Deity ;
There, ent'ring in behind the veil,
Our suppliant Hearts may breathe their sorrowing
tale.

And, what a privilege for those
Foundlings of grace, o'erwhelm'd by frequent woes,
Whose God-taught souls with seraph zeal
Rise to That Heart in heaven, which learn'd to feel
In this rude world where sorrows reign,
The direst throbbing of terrestrial pain!—
Who, though on high He weeps no more,
In bliss remembers what on earth He bore.

Yes! Sympathy beyond the skies
Reigns, feels and acts for souls renew'd, that rise
And with adoring boldness ask
Due strength to aid them in life's weary task.
There Christ, our elder Brother, lives,
And echoes back whate'er the suppliant gives
Of low-breathed sigh, or sorrow's tone,
As though the Churches' trial were His own.

(1) " Art not thou our God, who gavest this land to the seed of Abraham,
Thy friend, for ever ?"—2 *Chron.* xx. 7.

Hence, pray thyself beyond each doubt ;
Believer! let thy full devotion out,
For God is honour'd when we pray;
In the rich glories of their guardian sway
His Attributes we then confess
Alone can blast us, or supremely bless;
A sigh, or look, or breath of prayer
Brings Heaven to earth, and proves God ev'rywhere.

Arm'd with the strength true prayer bestows,
How fearless martyrs triumph'd o'er their woes!
The sworded despot, fire and chain,
The dungeon's midnight, and the exile's pain,
With all tyrannic horrors press'd
Through the deep gloom of some o'ertortured breast,—
Melted, like shades, before the sense
That prayer on earth was man's omnipotence!

Devotion guides the soul to God
By the same pathway blest Emmanuel trod;
Its power may range all nature through,
And in deep realms of Providence can view,
All cover'd with celestial light
Calm spots of glory, which exclude the night,
And grasp, while griefs around expand,
The feeling guidance of their Father's hand.

Who lives on this lone earth of graves
Will find, bare wisdom nought from ruin saves :
Sorrow and sin encompass all
Which men of flesh their finest rapture call,

Without,—delusive spells abound,
And fiends, unview'd, our holiest shrines surround ;
Within,—behold the traitor's will !
With some dark lust that dares besiege us still.

In vain will unanointed eyes
Seek for a halcyon bower below the skies :
Gay Inexperience there will find
The ruin'd conscience and the restless mind,
And marvel, as swift years advance,
How many a tombstone hails their tearful glance ;
And busy homes, once bright with glee,
Soon will cold death's eclipsing shadow see !

Most blest are they, whom Christ hath taught
To seek that home true saints have ever sought,—
E'en that pure orb of perfect rest
Where sin nor sorrow clouds the aching breast :
Yet, who are these, but men of prayer
Who unto God committed grief and care,
And on the heart of Jesu laid
Each burden down, which lighten'd as they pray'd ?

They knew, how such alone were strong
That felt sad weakness will to saints belong,
Who to the last corruption feel,
Like a slow plague-spot o'er sick Nature steal :
Their wisdom was themselves to know,
Whose guiding law was God revered below ;
Their lives were liturgies of love,
And Christ the loadstar they obey'd above.

And so with us 'twill ever be,
If true to heaven our hearts beat loyally.
What souls to living bodies are,
To faith heaven-born becomes the pulse of prayer,—
The spirit's life that throbs within,
And gently masters an embosom'd sin,
Reigning victorious over all
Which back to earth the mounting soul would call.

True prayer is thus Religion's breath,
That hallows life, and haunts her until death;
Without it, holiness expires,
Dark grow our hopes, and sensual our desires;
For not a grace the Gospel gives
But in the power of prayer it moves, and lives,
And Christ His perfect image sees,
When He beholds him on adoring knees.¹

PART II.

But, let no reas'ning sceptic dare
To stand between the Godhead and our prayer!
A mental antichrist, too oft
Madly presuming Mind will soar aloft,
And from dread Jehovah draw
A reason why we should reject His law!—
That all who would Heaven's pardon claim
Must clasp the mercy in Emmanuel's name.

God is not changed by hearing prayer,
But *would* be changed, if our petitions were

(1) "And He was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed."—*Luke* xxii. 41.

By Him unheard ; Whose page inspired
Hath said, " For this My Throne shall be inquired." ¹

Thus, end and means together meet
When bows the sinner at Heaven's Mercy-seat :
To this God's changeless purpose tends,
And with His glory our own welfare blends.

Avaunt! ye hell-breathed doubts, away!
Morn, noon, and night, let true adorers pray;
Precept, and promise, doctrine, all
To this vast privilege our being call.

No saint in earth, or heaven is found,
Who did not in such glorious work abound ;
His prayer, whatever path he trod,
Drew God to man, and lifted man to God.

Prayer conquers scene, and space, and time,
Entreats no temple, and demands no clime,
But, like an omnipresent charm
Can shield the saints from all corrupting harm ;
Howe'er remote from genial home
The surging waves of life may bid them roam,
Oft riven Friendships pray afar,
Each thrilling each, beneath some alien star.

Elijah, Moses, Jonah, pray'd,
And how those heroes of The Spirit sway'd
Nature, and Providence, and Man !
As though the movements of almighty plan,
However fathomless they were,
Hung on the breathings of a human prayer ;

(1) " I will yet for this be inquired of by Israel."—*Ezek.* xxxvi. 37.

Or else, that He whose will is law,
Were sway'd in heaven, by what on earth he saw!

And mark, thou prayerless Thing of dust!
If doubt, thy God, and reason, be thy trust,—
How Abram the elect of heaven
To whom the Church's promises were given,
With sixfold intercession bent
Before Thy wrath, enthroned Omnipotent!
And, when Thy bolt was almost hurl'd,
By prayer held back Thy thunders from the world!

But oh! if pure example can
Melt the cold mind of antichristian man,
Behold it, in the Saviour mild,
The God in flesh, the manhood undefiled:
For He, by whom the worlds were made,
In the hush'd midnight on the mountains pray'd,
And wintry stars from their high spheres
Blent their cold radiance with His awful tears!¹

Here let us pause; His finite will
Before the Infinite of heaven did fall;
Though spotless, Christ was human still,
And sorrow ceased not His God to call;
And none but devil-minds will dare
To doubt that He is moved by mighty prayer!—
My Saviour wept, and watch'd, and pray'd,
Be each unhallow'd thought by *this* o'ersway'd.

(1) "When He offered up supplications with tears."—*Heb.* v. 7.

And this, when worlds shall disappear,
Shall rock to slumber each tempestuous fear ;
All pangs without, all pains within
Yield to its spell ; and each tyrannic sin
Is vanquish'd by believing prayer,
That proves God greater than our greatest care ;
And calm will be each laden breast
That sees each burden on the Saviour rest.

LIFE IS A FADING LEAF.

“ We all do fade as a leaf.”—*Isa.* lxiv. 6.

CHILL o'er the heath autumnal shadows fall,
The dusky twilight reigns with deeper sway,
While soft dejection seems to mantle all
Like nature mourning for the death of Day.
As hectic hues on pale Consumption's form,
Red tints of ruin deck the flower and tree,
And low winds murmur like a wailing storm,
Or dirges o'er the dead entomb'd at sea.
Where is the flush, by vernal radiance clad,
That late o'er all the glowing landscape smiled,
Making the heart of hoary Age as glad
As though 'twere backward into youth beguiled?
'Tis gone, that bright and beauteous glow,
Which o'er the teeming breast of Nature threw
A charm that bids the bleakest mind o'erflow
With feelings exquisite, and fancies new.

There is a deadness, clothed by wintry awe,
Encircling now what then with bloom was bright ;
And where the freshness of young Spring we saw,
Mark the chill moisture of the coming blight !

Here as we roam adown yon woodland dell,
The stricken leaves in yellow showers descend,
And each one seems to sigh a sad farewell,
Like love-tones murmur'd o'er a dying friend.

Meet emblem this of transient life's decay,
How all things perish that we prize below ;
Where, like sear'd foliage, youth soon fades away,
And wither'd hopes bestrew the path of woe !

We learn mortality where'er we look,
The dust we tread subserves a moral plan ;
And when aright we read Creation's book,
Lo ! all its pages are address'd to man.

Summer and winter, autumn, and mild spring,
May each instruct us by their beauteous lore ;
Each to our soul a sacred lesson bring,
And buried warnings into life restore.

In some high mood of melancholy thought
Nature herself doth almost human grow,
And mirror back what mind to her hath brought,
And leave men wiser than their feelings know.

But oh ! how hard to realise a truth
That o'er creation throws a fun'ral pall,
And whispers in the ear of sanguine youth
How soon black death will shade our brightest all !

The bounding heart which like a young wave beats,
Leaping in light beneath the fresh-wing'd air,
The gush of life, and glow of bliss that greets
His onward path, and woos him everywhere,
Blent with those sweet attractions, sought
By each true child of promise and of joy,—
To such how rarely can the creed be taught,
That preaches darkness to a bright-soul'd boy!

Yet, would it temper with a sober hue
The gayest scenes that youthful passions find,
To cast o'er coming death a pensive view
And breathe the quiet of a prayerful mind.

Dejection makes the autumn of the soul;—
But let autumnal feelings have their sway,
And, shrink not Christian! from their just control,
But grasp their blessing, ere they glide away.

Yet may not wintry skies, nor leafless bower
Oppress the spirit with too damp a gloom;
For in man's being lurks a vital power,
By Christ obtain'd, victorious o'er the tomb.

Thus, though man withers like an orphan leaf
That lies forgotten in the lonely dust,—
His dead corruption is a moment brief,
For, hark the trumpet! and arise he must!

'Tis here the parable of Nature's death
Fails to adumbrate what our doom shall be;
Life does not perish with corporeal breath,
But live once more to look on Deity!

Earth, air, and ocean, woods and wildest shore,—
 Sleep in the dust where mortal embers may,
 When rings the trumpet, each shall back restore
 The deathless atoms of departed clay.

Creation finds an everlasting grave ;
 Where fall the dead leaves, they for ever lie,
 No resurrection-winds shall o'er them wave,
 And show their beauty to a new-born sky :

But, man shall triumph o'er an endless tomb,
 When God's loud clarion shall recall his frame,
 A dread eternity *must* be his doom,
 In heaven immortal, or in hell, the same!

GOD'S FOUNTAIN IN THE DESERT SPRINGS.

“ God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water.”—*Gen.* xxi. 19.

UNDER the lidless eye of heaven
 Breathless and bright as noon can be,
 Mother and child,—behold them driven
 O'er the hot wild in agony !
 While each heart throbs that dreadful prayer,
 “ Relieve me, Death! from black despair.”

Bathsheba's desert, lone and dim,
 Around them both lies grimly spread ;
 No cloudy eyelid veils the sun,
 And underneath, as on they tread,
 The fierceness of the flaming heat
 Doth blister their unsandall'd feet.

O, for the music of one breeze
 To warble through the windless air!
Or, cooling breath from some chance trees
 To mitigate the savage glare,
Which reddens like a furnace glow
O'er sky, and herbless soil below.

But still untam'd, the eastern noon
 Burns round them in a breezeless trance;
And, yellower than the harvest-moon
 The wither'd heath that meets their glance;
Above, below, where'er they gaze,
'Tis cruel heat, and cloudless blaze!

No bird-wings break the hush intense,
 No murmurs fall from leafy bough;
The very insects in suspense
 Have stopp'd their tiny descant now;
So dead the stillness reigning round
A man might hear his heart-beat sound!

Yon haggard mother lifts her eyes,
 Around the scene they wildly roll,
And who can bear the choking sighs
 That heave from out her riven soul,
And not believe, intenser pain
Could never cleave a heart in twain!

Foodless and fainting lags her child,
 Its bleeding feet can hardly stand,
Yet, fired with thirst, along the wild
 She guides it with a fev'rish hand;

The water spent, along her frame
 The shudd'ring of deep horror came!
 In vain her blood-shot eyes survey'd
 The arid heath and desert bare,
 To see if one lone streamlet stray'd
 In flow of mercy ling'ring there;
 But neither gushing well, nor brook,
 Replied to her despairing look.
 Oh, sad Egyptian! outcast one,
 By Sarah hurl'd from all thy bliss,
 Ten thousands death have now begun
 To mingle in a death like this;
 Methinks I mark thee, Hagar wild
 Shudder to see thy sobbing child!
 Fainter and fainter moves each limb,
 The parchèd mouth can no more speak;
 And when thy tears descend on him,
 They burn upon his sunken cheek;
 The swoon of death now coming fast,—
 The child beneath yon shrub is cast.
 Parental love! 'tis now the hour
 To testify how deep Thou art;
 Replete with superhuman power,
 Thy fountain is a mother's heart:
 Though fathom'd seas their depths unfold
 Down hearts maternal none behold!
 From God a mother's feelings rise,
 A fount divine is their deep source,
 And, purer than our thoughts surmise,
 They stream through life their endless course;

Outlasting all we love to see,
They blend with our eternity !

And such was hers, who could not bear
Behold her gasping child depart,
But laid him down in mute despair,

Then turn'd her eyes, but not her heart
From that dread sight !—behind a tree
She shrunk, and wept, how bitterly!

But as she wail'd, what sobs and sighs
Along her quiv'ring heart-strings came!
While closed her boy his fainting eyes,

And scorching thirst subdued his frame :
She dared not see, but how she felt
His throbs of anguish through her melt!

But God is nigh, oh! mother sad ;

Behold a mission'd angel's wings
Arch their rich glory o'er the lad,

And, this the mercy that he brings,—
“Hagar arise, God hears thy prayer,
Go, drink the well that warbles there !”

Her eyes were open'd ; from the ground
She saw the crystal water rise,
And then, as if from death unbound,—

Outburst a mother's ecstasies!
There gave her child that cooling stream,
And stood entranced, as in a dream.

And God be thank'd ! for this deep tale

Where grief and grace together blend ;
Never may such a record fail

Our own chill'd hearts to warm, and mend ;

For much is there, if right we read,
 To soothe us in dejection's need.
 Not from the bond-maid are we born,
 But children of the Church, and free ;
 Yet oft vex'd life appears forlorn,
 As though forsook by Deity ;
 Cains of the heart, we rove accurst
 Till life becomes one aching thirst!
 But in the gloom of this rack'd hour
 When all around turns bleak and bare,
 Betake thee to yon gracious Power
 Who listen'd to the weeping prayer
 Lone Hagar lifted in the wild,
 That brought down Godhead to her child.
 For, have we not a Living Well
 Of consolations deep as pure ?
 Nor are its waves invisible
 If love and faith our hearts assure ;
 Since Christ is our celestial Spring,
 Whom prayer to earth can ever bring.
 And minor wells from Him do flow
 Of comfort, joy and peace,
 Which calm the fever'd heart of woe,
 And give the mind a fresh release ;
 And such are found in that blest word
 Where God by faith is seen, and heard
 And those deep wells of grace abound,—
 The promises, which man console,
 And freshen life's hot desert round
 With streams that with rich solace roll ;

And praying heart and holy mind
May ever such refreshment find :

Thou Light of reason! Lord of grace,
Heaven's Paraclete, by Christ obtain'd,
Descend, and from our souls displace
Whatever throne the world hath gain'd ;
Our eyes unscale, and let them see
An everlasting Well in Thee!

MEDITATION AT EVENTIDE.

“ Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide.”—*Gen.* xxiv. 63.

I LOVE the still romance of lonely fields,
When shading twilight like a Spirit's wing
Broods o'er the landscape, and the air-tone yields
To the charm'd mind a pensive murmuring.

There, unbeheld by man's intrusive eye,
How exquisite to wind some willow'd path,
And in the silence of the Years gone by,
Feel the soft bliss a sacred mem'ry hath!

When the rude passion of the roaring winds
Louder and louder swells along the sea,
They can be echo'd by tempestuous minds
Who love reflections of themselves to see :

Or, climb some rock where cloud-born anthems peal
And hymning thunders all around thee roll,
And, throned in darkness thou may'st learn to feel
The dread foundations of the human soul.

But, wisdom most with tenderness doth dwell;
And silent eve, and solitary spot,
Will clothe remembrance with a lasting spell
When stern magnificence is all forgot.
So have they felt, who in thy realm sublime,
Heroic fatherland of 'Tell the free!
Helvetia, when they trod thy haunted clime
And drank the magic that inspireth thee,
There the huge mountains lift their billowy forms,
And glaciers whiten by the gorge's steep,
O'er rocks of icy gloom resound the storms,
And pine-trees rend as on the whirlwinds sweep :
And I have heard the Alpine thunder groan
Blent with the avalanche's crushing roar,
As though the Lord of nature left His throne
For chaos to resume its reign once more !
Darkness, and thunder, crag, ravine, and rock,
And precipice that strikes the pilgrim chill,
Send to the o'erawed mind a secret shock
And with terrific glories mem'ry fill :—
But, oh! how often when the stern and wild
Die into sadness like a tragic dream,
The loved impressions of some landscape mild
In fresh reality still glow, and gleam.
The lyric cadence of each choral breeze
Mix'd with the tinkling cow-bells' pensive tone,
The grazing herd, the chalets bower'd in trees,
And mellow'd calm upon the mountains thrown,

With deep-val'd haunts, whose vital beauty made
The heart o'erflow with loveliness profound,
While pine-woods round the curving shores display'd
Their forest-grace with leafy grandeur crown'd,—
Say, have not these beyond dread storms impress'd
On pure remembrance what thy past hath been,
And left a magic that serenest the breast
Like thy hush'd vale, thou unforget Orsine?¹
'Tis thus, the calm of beauty most appeals
To finer moods when sainted feeling reigns,
Which downward to the root of mem'ry steals
And all the softness of our spirit gains.
And oft when ruder life with stormful grief
Rocks the torn heart, till inward tempests rise,
Ideal landscapes lend a soft relief,
And smile upon us, like subduing eyes!
So felt the patriarch, when he wisely chose
The lulling hour of loneliness and shade,
To drink the freshness of that pure repose
A quiet evening round the meadows made.
He went to meditate, to muse, and dream,
Where nought broke stillness but the vesper song
Of some gay insect, bird, or babbling stream
That feels half conscious as it flows along.
What were the themes on which the muser dwelt
No archives of the Word to us unfold;
But, doubtless, peace and purity he felt
And prayer within him heaven's dominion hold.

(1) A valley of exquisite wildness and softness, between Martigny and Chamouni, near the hamlet of Couteraie.

Perchance, he mused on nature, man, and God,
Creation's wreck, and ruin'd innocence,
Of fortune's sunshine, or affliction's rod,
And all which grace and goodness here dispense?

Floated the hymns of angels on his ear,
As once they warbled over Eden's bower?
Or, did he vision, through a rising tear,
The star maternal of his childish hour?

We cannot tell: but yet, like him, we may
Wander at eve to meditate and muse,
Far from the hum of crowds and cities stray,
And Nature's quiet o'er the heart suffuse.

They cannot nurse nobility within
Who ne'er the solitudes of nature thread,
And, far removed from man's tumultuous din,
Recall the vanish'd, and revive the dead.

There is a wisdom in the wood and field,
A sacred meaning in the silent flower,
And shrines of loneliness instruction yield,
Did we but haunt them in a genial hour.

Cities of men and mortal baseness preach;
But sylvan dales, like holy things, impart
A healing quiet, which may conscience reach,
And bring God closer to an alien heart.

The open vastness of yon vaulted sky
When o'er our heads we view its arching sweep,—
There should we learn to lift a prayerful eye,
And muse on Mercy, till Remembrance weep!

And thus, disciple of that Lonely One
Who through the night-watch often wept and pray'd,
Do thou, like Isaac, when the day is done,
With God converse, and seek Him in the shade.
There will Emanuel to thy soul draw near
And bid thee more for saving glories yearn,
As on "the way" He soothed disciples' fear,
And reason'd with them till their hearts did burn !
One thoughtful hour with Nature, God, and prayer,
When the dusk Evening wraps her dewy veil,
Cools the hot fever on the brow of Care,
And cheers the soul when brighter prospects fail.
There, in the hush of meditation lone,
The still small accents of The Spirit speak
Truths, in the rush of life how rarely known,
And by dead conscience heard, as dull and weak !
Believer ! thus to silence yield the soul,
Be thy calm mind to sacred liveness given,
So may the earth-clouds from thy vision roll
And show thee glimpses of a Saviour's heaven.

THE REDEEMER'S SIGH.

" And looking up to Heaven, He sighed."—*Mark* vii. 34.

AND did the gentle Saviour sigh,
As once He wept a tear,
When sorrow dimm'd His mournful eye
Drawn from a mortal sphere ?

Then let the Church that breathing sign
Of Christ's unutter'd thought,
With all His spoken love combine,
For 'tis with meaning fraught !

He look'd to heaven, and deeply sigh'd,—
Behold ! mysterious love,
That e'en when mercy it supplied,
Must yet dejection prove.

Here, have we not a comment deep
Beyond what language tells
When most high Pathos bids us weep
Beneath her moving spells,

How Christ in sorrow, pangs, and tears,
Though social, stood alone,
Since while He wept for others' fears,
He only sigh'd His own ?

Yea, in that hour, when doing good
And making dumbness speak,
Dark sadness fill'd His solitude,
And shadow'd brow and cheek.—

When sinful men a boon bestow,
Bright gladness marks the hour ;
They do not sigh, but only glow
To feel their gracious power ;

But such the cup of anguish quaff'd
Our Saviour in His gloom,
He wept and sigh'd, but never laugh'd,
From manger to the tomb.

His Life was one celestial pain,
A martyrdom of care ;
Denial had its perfect reign
In each perfection there.

Through all some crucifixion ran,
The Cross became His will,
Where God beheld a faultless man,
And cries, " Behold him," still !¹

But when we think what speech can do,
And what our words have done,
As vain, or vile, or false or true,
Since Language first begun ;

How the vast soul it can empower
For fiends', or angels' work,
Then Death, or Life, must ev'ry hour
In their deep magic lurk !²

A speechless thought innocuous seems,
To all except the mind,
Through whose vague depths it acts, or dreams
For self, or for mankind ;

But when abroad, by speech, or press,
Our thoughts their course begin,
Conception cannot dare to guess
What conquest they may win !

Through regions, empires, heart, and home,
A trackless Thing it hies,
And through eternity will roam,—
For influence never dies !

(1) " Behold the Man whose name is The Branch."—*Zech.* vi. 12.

(2) " Death and life are in the power of the tongue."—*Prov.* xviii. 21.

To counsel, flatter, charm, or cheer,
How potent mortal speech !

To summon smiles, or mould a tear,
To pray, rebuke, or preach.

Thus life and death within the spell
Of living words reside,
And blest are they, who wield it well,
Rememb'ring Him who "sigh'd !"

And why? Because the Saviour knew
That since the primal fall
No tongues are to their glory true,
Except on God they call.

Eye, ear, and speech, each organ may
A ban or blessing prove,
According as we learn to lay
Their service out in love.

Thus did Emanuel sigh to know,
Perchance, that when he gave
To dumbness power the mind to show,
How little it would save

The man from sin !—but rather tempt
His tongue to many a crime,
That, but for speech, had been exempt
In silence half sublime !

He mark'd the victim, mute and sad
Who thus before Him stood,
And cried " Be open," not " Be glad,"
Though speech itself were good.

And so with us : 'twere better far
As dumb and deaf to be,
Unless in spoken life we are
From worded vileness free.
And never may we speak, or write
A word which others know,
Unless 'twill bear His searching light,
From whom all speech doth flow.
Let that deep sigh the God-man drew
Around us swell and heave,
And when we utter words untrue
That sigh will make us grieve.

DECEITFUL ABOVE ALL THINGS.

“ The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked : who can know it? I the Lord search the heart.”—*Jer.* xvii. 9, 10.

As Christ was God in flesh array'd,
So God in language is that word
Where man is inwardly portray'd,
As though his copied heart was heard.
For not a vital throb of thought
Vibrates within his viewless mind,
That is not to conviction brought
By heaven's dread Book, which reads mankind!
And is not this a crushing tone,
An avalanche of stern rebuke,
A thunder-peal from His high Throne,
Before whose glance Creation shook,—

That man is one incarnate lie,
 A living mass of low deceit,
 Baffling the search of mortal eye
 To scan the guiles that in him meet?

Beyond *all* creatures, and above
 What Sin and Satan can unfold,
 The venom'd coil around him wove,—
 The serpent depths no tongue has told!

And desp'rate too, if finite cure
 Be all our hopes pretend to bring,
 Those fell deceits which men allure
 And conscience into torture bring.

It is not that our conduct bears
 The same external stamp of sin ;
 But this the page of heaven declares,—
 That all alike hate God within !

The world, by its prudential laws
 And social taste, can oft refine
 The character, whose forming cause
 Is not the plastic word divine :

Nor were it just, if christian bile
 By overflow of morbid speech,
 Should call mankind the moral vile
Alike in what mere will can reach.

There still abide distinctions true
 Between degrees of social worth ;
 For some are tender, warm, and true,
 And some are iced as frozen earth.

And men exist, whose hearts expand
Open as waves beneath the sun ;
While some, with shut and selfish hand,
Have never yet to feel begun !

Gradations thus 'tween man and man
When measured by our moral test,
Are undenied, and Reason can
Detect them in each common breast.

But still, if heavenward we ascend,
And by the law of love divine
Discern how far our natures tend,
Apart from grace, oh God! to Thine,

Then may a thunder-peal like this
From out the clouds of Scripture roll,—
' Deceitful, and all desp'rate is
The life of unconverted soul!"

Yea, God Himself it would deceive,
If dread Omniscience *could* be foil'd ;
And often has the Spirit, grieved,
From such a human fiend recoil'd.

And can we dare this truth deny,
How Nature marks her hate with smiles,
And loves the most enamell'd lie
That polishes her venal wiles ?

And if, alas! ourselves we scan,
Deceitful prove we, to the core!
The child doth prophesy the man,
The man repeats the child before :

All, all, in youth, and age alike,
 Abroad, at home, for word or thought
 The bosom may with anguish strike,¹
 And be with full contrition fraught,
 If but a day we search, and see
 What broken vows condemn our ways!
 How fairest resolutions flee
 And we are charm'd by cheating praise!
 The very sins men weep at morn,
 And at the mercy-seat confess,
 Again before the night, are born
 And stain them with new loathsomeness!
 Well may we hang the head, and mourn,
 Nor doubt that piercing word is true
 Which saith, no hearts to heaven return
 Except by grace reborn anew.
 'Tis vain for Pharisees to smile,
 God's truth cannot be sneer'd away;
 The heart is one abyss of guile
 Whose throbs, like Judas, Christ betray.
 And in us all, by nature lurk
 The germs of every gloomy crime,
 That often dares the demon's work
 And crimsons o'er the cheek of Time!
 Yes, Adam, Cain, and Peter's Lie,
 Herod and David in their sin,—
 Let candour search and so descry
 Their secret prototypes within.

(1) "The publican . . . smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner!"—*Luke* xviii. 13.

Scripture the arch-deceiver brands
And as "The Serpent" paints him well ;
But yet, Himself He understands,—
His heart is undeceived in hell.

But we from dust and darkness sprung,
Are self-deceived ; and rarely know
How often the seraphic tongue
Conceals a bosom-fiend below !

Come Holy Spirit! mystic Dove,
Thine innocence from heaven impart ;
Our hate transform to heavenly love,
And build Thy temple in our heart.

Without Thee ('tis a thought that chills
And dries the blood-tide in our veins)
Deceit unfathomably fills,
And wickedness for ever stains

The purest souls pleased Earth admires!—
For, who can search or scan them all?
Behold! the Universe retires,
And prostrate Worlds in silence fall.

Who knows them? Echo answers, "Who?"
Created minds are bow'd and dumb:
"Jehovah,¹ I can search them through,
And enter where no creatures come :"

Tremendous thought! that God and man
By contrast both should searchless be ;—
The last too vile for thought to scan,
The First, unfathom'd Deity !

(1) " I, The Lord, search the heart."—*Jer.* xvii. 10.

EXPRESSIVE NIGHT.

“ Night unto night showeth knowledge.”—*Psalms* xix. 2. “ Even the night shall be light about me.”—*Psalms* cxxxix. 11.

SHADES of the soft and stealing night!
More eloquent than joyous light
Is your dark magic, deep and still
Descending over brow and hill :

There is a hush, a holy spell
Breathed o’er dim earth by Day’s farewell ;
A calm more chaste than words define,
A feeling that is half divine.

I love to watch the quiv’ring gleams
Of twilight, when they glance the streams,
Or with slant radiance hue the flowers,
That close their lids in garden bowers.

Now cold and mute Creation grows,
As drops her curtain of repose ;
The birds are songless, and the Air
Seems hallow’d into silent prayer.

Like music’s death, serene and slow,
Pale twilight yields its pensive glow,
And soon will turret, tree, and spire,
All viewless into gloom retire.

Now is the witching time for Thought !
Th’ elect of heaven have ever sought ;
By patriarch, saint, and poet found
With high-breathed instincts to abound.

Angelic bands may now descend
And with our souls their stillness blend,
Hover around them where they stray,
And thrill, when Thought begins to pray !
Thus, when the fev'rish day was o'er,
Rapt Jesu sought the quiet shore ;
Or, on loved Hermon, lone and still
Breathed, " Oh, my Father! do Thy will."
So, Christian, while the prayerless throng
Whirl time away in feast and song,
Be thine the sacredness and spell
That night and nature weave so well.

Creation, providence, and grace,
Let each assume its hallow'd place
In thought serene,—by heaven bestow'd
On all who trace the narrow road.

Night is the time when buried Days
Rise from their tomb, and dim our gaze
With tearful shades from scenes of yore,
And loving hearts which throb no more!

So rules the past, that faint and far
As Fancy eyes each vestal star,
Young poets dream that there abide
The deathless ones, on earth who died.

Night for the present, too, creates
A charm that oft the mind elates,—
A lone, but still a lofty dream
That men are more than yet they seem.

And on thy future let such hour
Look like a prophet, in his power
Predicting much that God and grace
Reveal to guide our erring race.

Nor be forgot, in heaven Thou art
A Priest, oh Christ! whose boundless heart
Thrills to each cry that all may dare
To utter forth in fervid prayer.

Now in the hush of holy night
Claim we, blest Lord! the glorious right
Before Thy Throne of grace to bring
All forms of human suffering:—

A Husband to the widow be ;¹
A Sire may orphans find in Thee ;
And to Thy sad and stricken poor
Let heaven unfold its waiting door ;
And where dejected hearts incline
To question, Lord, the Will divine,
The Blood of Sprinkling let it fall,
And while it cleanses, calm them all!

For church, for country, and for child,
A mother dear, or sister mild,
For all true souls and social ties,
Now let the God-breathed prayer arise.

And, cradled on maternal breast,
May each sweet babe in slumber rest,
And round pale captives in their cells
Hover dear homes, and native dells!

(1) "Thy Maker is thine husband; The Lord of Hosts is His name."—*Isa.* liv. 5.

Morn, noon, and night, oh God! are Thine,
 In whom their blended charms combine ;
 Nor is there scene, or spot, or hour
 Untouch'd by Thy mysterious power :

Yet, faith and feeling both declare
 That hour belongs to Thee and prayer,
 When stillness to the soul is given,—
 For night, not day, seems nearest heaven.

THE PRAYERLESS ONE.

“Thou restrainest prayer before God.”—*Job* xv. 4. “If thou knewest the gift of God . . . thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water.”—*John* iv. 10.

“My heart is cold, I cannot pray,”
 Methinks I hear the worldling say,—
 But is not this blind Nature's sin ?
 Thou graceless outcast ! lift thine eyes
 To where man's home of glory lies,
 And thou wilt hear the God within !

Did we but fathom more and more
 Our inward deeps, we should deplore
 Where unborn sins abide :
 With truthful anguish might we plead
 For God to help our sinful need,
 And cast us on The Crucified !

Who does not pray, our God unthrones,
 His word rejects, His will disowns,
 Till life becomes one guilty sigh ;

Pure Reason from her shrine is hurl'd,
And earth appears an orphan'd world,
 Whose Maker is no more on high!
O, creed of death! and cold despair,
Which thus repels the power of prayer
 By peerless saints and martyrs loved;
Since faith and reason both unite
To vindicate God's awful right,
 By prayer to have His Throne approved.
The very Power to whom we pray
Is He who prompteth what to say,¹—
 'Tis spirit more than word;
For thoughts are speech; and heard on high
The sadness of some low-breathed sigh
 When penitence by love is stirr'd.
Alas! for thee, thou prayerless one,
Thy living hell is now begun
 In passion blind, and base desire;
The torment of apostate will
Must ever make thy chosen ill,
 And fill thee with perdition's fire.
Could vain men see how vile they are,
Sublime would beat the pulse of prayer
 In temple, home, or field!
Believing thus with loving thought
What strength to Christ Himself it brought,—
 Pure bliss would high devotion yield.

(1) "We know not what we should pray for as we ought. . . . The mind of The Spirit, He maketh intercession for the Saints according to the will of God."—*Rom.* viii. 26, 27.

But, dost thou mourn thy heart is cold
And rev'rence truth divinely bold?

Then, undevout one, here it lies!—
Th' unfeeling soul and faithless mind
Oh, these be they which render blind
When upward turned, thy restless eyes.

This world is far too closely coil'd
Around a heart by pleasure soil'd,
Where sin, desire, and Satan dwell;
Ambition's guilt, and lust of gain
Within thee hold infernal reign,
And bind thee with a wizard spell.

But wouldst thou taste the bliss of prayer,
Breathing on earth celestial air?

Then, burst thy Belial chains away!
Each wand'ring thought to God call home,
And ponder on the world to come
Till conscience prompt thee how to pray.

Go, learn it of that martyr'd host
Who bled for Christ, and pray'd the most
Because they loved him unto death;
Hark! how their wingèd raptures rise
And catch the lustre of their eyes

Who praised him with departing breath.
Or, rather that pure Spirit seek,
Whose love can so uplift the weak

When dull they seem, and dead they grow;
That oft with mental groans unheard
Their souls by unbreathed prayer are stirr'd,
And with devotion overflow.

Transcendent Christ! while here we live,
Be this our prayer, "Forgive! forgive!"—
But who can fathom *all* we mean?
Eternity itself will prove,
A paraphrase of pard'ning love,
And teach Heaven¹ what the cross hath been!

THE DREAD SACRIFICE.

"Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him
for a burnt-offering."—*Gen.* xxii. 2.

AND must a father slay his only child?—

Dark thought in which ten thousand deaths abide!
Was ever parent with such blood defiled
Or such a victim to a God supplied?

O, crime unequall'd! murder's direst reign,
The gloomy climax of satanic guilt,
When did foul blood-drops crimson with their stain
A hand inhuman, as should now be spilt?

And Isaac too! the promised heir of age,
The child of covenant, by heaven bestow'd
To cheer the sire in his sad pilgrimage,
At whose glad birth his full heart overflow'd.—

'Tis thus whate'er in living depths of love
Haunts the pure heart, parental as profound,
Might well have shuddered from that voice above,
"Let Isaac for my human lamb be bound!"

(1) "Which things the angels desire to look into."—1 *Pet.* i. 12.

If dies the son, then how shall Abram's seed
Inherit Canaan's heaven-distinguish'd land?
Or, if the child must by the parent bleed,
How can the covenant in Isaac stand?

Reason and conscience, do they both arise,
And shrinking heart-blood grow with terror pale
When looks the patriarch in loved Sara's eyes,
And on his lip expires the awful tale?

The savage heathen, will they not abhor
A God of blood, and call his crime profane
Beyond the fury of the fiercest war
That strews a battle-field with tombless slain?

E'en thus, had reason been the sov'reign guide
Of what a patriarch in this hour should be,
Rebellion had the tempting God denied,
And doubt have shudder'd from Divinity.

But faith the hoary friend of God inspired,
And mortal will before a voice divine
Fell like a sacrifice, by love attired
And offered freely on Religion's shrine.

Obedience absolute, submission's law,
On this alone the patriarch's eye was bent,
And God was greater than the grief he saw,
Who back recall'd the mercy He had lent.

Perchance 'twas in the hush of holy night
The dread command to offer Isaac came,
E'en while the father, lull'd with fond delight,
In dreams parental murmur'd Isaac's name.

For, soon as Morning o'er the orient hills
Shook the bright dewdrops from her beaming hair,
Behold the sire his sacred work fulfils,
Strong with resolve, and sanctified by prayer.

But ah! forgive him, if to Sara's eye
His shrinking heart refused to take farewell;
He could not trust the cadence of a sigh
That might have hinted, what he dared not tell!

Three days they travell'd on, that son and sire,
And sought together Christ's prophetic hill,
Where *this* must bleed in sacrificial fire,
And *that* His own devoted offspring kill.

It was indeed a spectacle profound
And touched with majesty, and truth how meek!
When the hoar'd Patriarch on bland Isaac bound
The wood for sacrifice,—and did not speak.

PART II.

BUT when at length the mystic cloud reposed
On the lone hill, where God would have the deed,
Did not the hand which then a knife enclosed
Tremble, and all the father in him bleed?

And, hark! how piercing, like a thrill of death,
Clave through his soul that simple cry of love,
“My father!”—in the fondness of that breath
How did the patriarch seek for strength above!

“ My father ! ” and he answered, “ Here I am ; ”

“ The wood behold, and here the needed fire,
But where is found the sacrificial lamb

That God ordain'd should in them both expire ? ”

“ God will provide ! ”—’twas all he dared to speak ;

So went the pilgrims to their awful task,
The blood grew paler on the patriarch’s cheek,
But no deliv’rance did cold reason ask.

The Lord had spoken ! He who cannot err,
His fiat issued, “ Slay thy son for ME ; ”
True to his God,—rebellion shall not stir,
But Faith adore Him on submissive knee.

And ne’er did infant with its clinging form
And tiny limbs of tenderness embrace
The fondling circle of a mother’s arms,
When she enclasps it,—with a blander grace

Than did calm Isaac to the cordage yield
His frame for havoc on the burning pile ;
Not once outcried he at the gash of death,
But gazed on slaughter with religious smile.

His limbs are bound, and on the altar laid
Behold, the parent sees an only son !
And now, both hand and heart display’d
A faith unparagon’d, since time begun.

Angel of glory ! leave thy sapphired throne
On earth to learn, what heaven cannot surpass,—
A will, whose sacrifice exceeds thine own,
Though that be purest in its perfect class.

But God is mercy: hark! like thunder mild,
From clouds of golden beauty rolls the cry,
“Friend of Jehovah! spare thine offer’d child,
And mark yon victim, in the thicket nigh.”

Believer! Christ was in that angel-voice,
And His atonement typed in all the scene;
Child of Jehovah’s everlasting choice
Who hath the Isaac of Salvation been.

But would we in some lower range of truth
Search for the holy spells our hearts require?—
Then may we trace them in that sainted youth,
And see them mirror’d in his matchless sire.

By large devotion of our loving will,
Like the meek Isaac’s, let our spirit bend,
And with unreas’ning faith at once fulfil
Whate’er the fiat of our God may send:

To live, or die, be healthy, sick, or sad,
In wealth to bask, or poverty to bleed,
In gloom to perish, or in peace be glad,—
Let God decide, who understands our need.

And ye, who clasp with such intense desire
Of fond retention in life’s vale below,
The breathing idols whom your souls admire,
Think of the patriarch in some night of woe!
The fondest heart, round whom affection twines,
Is most obtain’d when most in God enjoy’d,
And happiness with sacred lustre shines,
When not by shades of selfish will alloy’d.

Disciples must not, like the godless, cleave
 To aught created in this world of sense ;
 Nor round the ruins of the present grieve,
 As though the future had no Providence !

The cherish'd Isaacs of our heart and creed
 Like a pure holocaust of grace must fall,
 And on Love's altar, while we inly bleed,
 To heaven and duty Faith must offer all.

The dearest sacrifice is aye the best ;
 And let us yield it, though severe the rod ;
 For on this truth may bleeding anguish rest,—
 We lose an idol, but we gain a God.

PERFECT PEACE.

“ Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee.”—
Isa. xxvi. 3.

HUMILITY doth mark
 The child of heaven within salvation's ark :
 Through all his hallow'd ways
 He harps the hymn of ever-deep'ning praise
 For mercies that surpass
 Whate'er arithmetic can count, or class ;—
 Yet, sins as sumless claim a constant tear,
 That God by prayer invoked, may hush all guilty fear !

But humble though the hearts
 Of God's own children, this their creed imparts,—

A boldness in belief
 That gives beyond a universe relief.
 Though each an atom seem,
 Lost in vast glories which around Him stream,
 Each individual heart and lonely mind
 In Christ a Brother clasps, and bears its doom resign'd.

No mere abstractions dead,
 By science out of arid reason bred,
 And call'd creation's laws,
 Which sense adoreth as presiding Cause,—
 A faith divine can own ;
 But o'er all life perceives the Saviour's throne :
 A God Tri-personal, believers love,
 And in Emanuel's name seek all they find above.

Though moral earthquakes shock
 The systems round us, till they reel and rock ;
 While mad Opinion rules,
 And Satan out of pride begets dark schools
 Of sentiment, or sin,
 Which mock without, and murder Truth within,—
 A more than halcyon in his bosom reigns,
 Who hath a Heart in heaven that echoes all his pains.

Unstable is weak Earth ;
 And nothing which in space, or time, has birth,
 A resting-place can give
 To souls that on this tearful world must live;
 Since wayward passions will
 Haunt the vex'd world, and never leave it still ;—
 The gnawing fever of some inward fret
 Is all that christless hearts from their false life can get!

But, there is peace divine,
A calm unrippled, which, O God ! is Thine ;
A rest of saintly thought
From out the deeps of heaven by mercy brought ;
It droppeth like a dew
The Hermon of the heart distilling through ;
And 'mid the reeling change Time undergoes,
That peace remains unmarr'd, above convulsive woes.

Salvation rears the walls'
Of that truth-keeping race whom Jesu calls ;
Under His shielding arms
The burden'd mind escapes from sinful harms ;
And while transgressors be
Toss'd in foul tumult like a turbid sea,
No dread concussion in the realms of Time
Can shake believing souls from out their calm sublime !

Descend then, Prince of Peace !
And with thy Spirit bring worn minds release ;
When skies and seas depart
Serene eternity of truth Thou art ;
Lord of Celestial Life,
Beyond our sorrows, and above our strife,—
Yet so benignant, that thine eye can see
Each pulse of loving prayer which throbs the heart to
Thee !

(1) " Call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise."—*Isa.* lx. 18.

STARRY DREAMS.

“Tell the stars if thou be able to number them.”—*Gen.* xv. 5. “He telleth the number of the stars: he calleth them all by their names.”—*Psalms* cxlvii. 4. “We have seen His Star in the East.”—*Matt.* ii. 2.

THEIR names and numbers who can tell,
 Yon quiv'ring gems of mystic light!
 That throb with such irradiant spell
 To fascinate our dreaming sight;
 So countless looks their burning throng
 No finite thought their sum can hold;
 For, like a secret, they belong¹
 To Him by numbers uncontroll'd.
 And so ideal is the power
 By star-born myst'ries aye inspired,
 That genius, in its worshipp'd hour,
 Is like an orb of heaven admired.—
 How beautiful their lustres are!
 Whether on infant eyes they gleam,
 Which often, like some pensive star,
 Glance moisten'd with a mournful beam:
 Or when in elder life we gaze
 On each faint pulse of throbbing fire,
 Till feeling hearts reflect the rays
 And mirror back what they inspire,—
 So fair to each and all they shine,
 Stars often seem responsive eyes
 That greet us from their calm divine,
 And answer our ascending sighs.

(1) “Secret things belong unto the Lord our God.”—*Deut.* xxix. 29.

Attracted out of earth and time
The starry vault of air we roam,
And dream the poetry sublime,
Which makes each orb a Spirit's home :
A home, perchance, where, bright and blest,
The loved, but not the lost, remain,
Whom there embower'd in blissful rest
Our souls will clasp in heaven again.
Ye dead ! whose tombs are loving hearts,
Whose epitaphs, memorial tears,
Whose image from no scene departs,
But shades the colour of our years,
Not seldom, when the noise of day
Beneath the trance of dewy night
Is hush'd, and softly swoons away
The last wan smile of waning light,
Lone martyrs of dejection steal
From the harsh scene of crowd and care,
Religion in the stars to feel,
Both God and glory preaching there.
How voiceless is that unview'd hour !
Holy as if Creation knelt,
Or mute, before her Maker's power
Thrill'd Earth some adoration felt.
And ye, dull earth-clods ! cold in mind,
Forgive those tearful thoughts that well,
Should sacred grief when o'er-refined
Peruse the stars, as if a spell

Were in them,—like a ray of love
 That still the bodiless united
 With souls on earth to souls above,
 Who feel for hearts now bare and blighted !
 Yet, would that in primeval days
 These orbs of speaking light had known
 The worship that mere wonder pays,
 And orient verse hath ever shown ;
 But oh! their beauty, radiance, power,
 Which seem'd oracularly bright,
 Such myst'ry wove at midnight hour
 That gods they grew to heathen sight !
 Yet not by us, in Christ renew'd,
 Pure members of His Body made,
 Are heaven's bright miracles so view'd,
 Though deep the dazzling spell display'd.
 We love them! for indeed they look
 So placid, mournful, pale and mild,
 That when we read Night's starry book,
 We spell it, like a lisping child.
 Like gleaming apparitions sent,
 They beckon man on high, to see
 His home enspheres yon firmament,
 That shines in starr'd eternity.
 And tears will often through the eyes
 Distill the heart, and make us seem
 As though we sail'd cerulean skies,
 Unbodied in some astral dream !

But more than sentiment and song
The host of heaven from hearts excite,
Who feel that to such orbs belong
Deep lustres which excel the light.

For shined there not that herald Star,
Whose guiding radiance gently led
Nocturnal sages from afar

Beside the new-born Saviour's bed ?

Thy vestal mother, Babe divine!

Oh! did she view the quiv'ring ray
When pausing o'er that crib to shine,
Where God in flesh, an Infant lay?

Truth cannot tell ; but this we know,
Seven magi by clear radiance guided,
Obey'd the star's prophetic glow,
And brought love-gifts by faith provided.

And can *we* not some incense bring
To Him, the bright and morning Star,
And anthems round His cradle sing,
Surpassing eastern magi far ?

They brought Him their symbolic gift,
Pure frankincense, and myrrh, and gold,—
But be our hearts to God uplift,
And He will sacrifice behold

Beyond all jewell'd mines to give!
Not ours, but us, Emanuel claims ;
And if on him by love we live,
His breastplate bears our chosen names.

Be ours the incense of a soul
 Through faith and fellowship divine
 Rising beyond where planets roll,—
 And richer than Arabia's mine.

True sacrifice is love alone :
 The worship of unwav'ring hearts
 To Him who wields creation's throne
 A throb of finite bliss imparts.¹

Without it, vile are myrrh and gold,
 And vain the swell of soaring word,—
 For He who can the thought behold,
 A heartless lip has never heard !

So may the church to Christ present
 Our body, spirit, soul, and all
 That truth and grace omnipotent
 May us elected children call.

Such worship will be hail'd on high
 Where uncreated glories shine,
 When heavenward soars the love-wing'd sigh
 That meekly warbles, " Christ is mine,

" In life and death, my Lord, Thou art,
 Celestial Prophet, Priest, and King !
 True incense is a grateful heart,
 And Thou wilt take the love I bring."

(1) "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be SATISFIED."—
Isa. liii. 11.

CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S PORTION.

“There is none on earth I desire besides thee.”—*Psalm lxxiii.* 25. “The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance.”—*Psalm xvi.* 5. “Your life is hid with Christ in God.”—*Coloss.* iii. 3.

WHOM have I in the heavens but Thee
Adoring faith desires to see,
Divinely pure and perfect fair
Whom all Thy works and words declare ?

The heavenliness of heaven art Thou,
Who bor'st the curse upon Thy brow ;
And round the Throne no glories shine
That issue not from Thee, or Thine.

Imbruted Minds, that think, nor pray,
Basking in pleasure's sensual ray,—
No cloud appears to shade their sky,
And nothing tells them sin must die !

Yet, soon the lying spell recedes,
The worm awakes, and conscience bleeds
When sickness chokes the ebbing breath,
And life is darken'd into death.

Oh! in that hour of shudd'ring prayer
Eternity from God may glare,
And luridly emerge from hell
Secrets, and shapes no tongue can tell !

Lord of true bliss, in joy and health
Be Thou our wisdom, hope, and wealth ;
Without thee, vain are creatures all !—
A universe we nothing call

If centr'd not in this high creed,
That God alone can help our need.
Christ in the creature,—'tis the goal
Of all that should attract the soul.

The Lord our true perfection is,
Both law of being, and the bliss;
Dark, dead, and cold creation seems
If not enrobed with sacred gleams

Caught from the Presence and the power
Of Christ, who hallows scene and hour,
Matter and mind, and makes them good
By having each with heaven imbued.

Friendship and love, though pure and deep,
Can echo not lone cares that sleep
Unsyllabled within the mind,
And shun the gaze of mortal kind.

And shifting hues there be of thought,
And feelings full of grandeur fraught,
Dejected hours, and voiceless moods
When souls are thinking solitudes ;

Sigh, tear, nor language then reveals
The awfulness such moment feels,
When man's o'erburden'd heart within
Bows with eternity, and sin !

Alone we live, alone we die,
Unfathom'd by no human eye,
But search'd by Him, whose wisdom can
Anatomize the inward man.

Thus, orphan'd Souls who cannot see
On earth one source of sympathy,
Whose hearts unecho'd pray and beat,—
Are answer'd at the mercy-seat.

Intensely human, Christ replies
To each mysterious heart that sighs ;
And while unwitness'd teardrops fall,
His love descends, and dries them all.

Denial, then, cannot be meant
To fever man with discontent :
'Tis not the heaven-created " I,"
But earth-born self to crucify

That men are call'd, by Him above
Whose nature, like His name, is love,—
Since all the promises reveal
What faith can suffer, He can feel.

God in the mind makes glory there,
The spring of thought, the source of prayer ;
From Whom adoring saints derive
Stern grace against themselves to strive.

Let God then thy religion be,
And not religion, God to thee :
Without Him, worlds would leave us poor,
And with Him, who can want for more ?

ANGELS.

“Of the Angels he saith, Who maketh his Angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire.”—*Heb.* i. 7. “Some have entertained Angels unawares.”—*Heb.* xiii. 2.

YE bright-wing'd choir! who in the blaze
 That beautifies yon realm of glory
 Delight to read, in rich amaze,
 The archives of redemption's story,—
 More magical your lustres seem
 Than ever crowded poet's dream!

Before the countless stars began
 To glisten through the dewy air,
 Or Heaven perceived adoring man
 Ascend her crystal height with prayer,
 Your beaming shapes, around the Throne,
 Ages of wordless joy had known.

Serene, and passionless, and pure,
 Unshaded by the hue of sin,—
 No discord can the will allure
 To mar that moral tone within,
 That melody of sainted love,
 The pulse of bliss that beats above.

Dread Angels! who excel in strength
 And sung creation's birthday song,
 And through the universe's length
 In viewless splendour wing'd along,—
 At God's command, they glide and go,
 With speed that proves the lightning slow!

Stern ministers of sacred wrath,
How often their avenging hands
Emptied God's vials o'er the path
Of guilt, and atheistic lands,
When blood and blasphemy began
To render earth a hell for man!

Yon cities, cinder'd by the burst
Of red destruction's rolling flame ;
The myriads by the plague accurst,
Whose ruin darken'd David's name ;
And banner'd hosts, that in one night
Were blasted by resistless blight,—
Oh ! these reveal how dread and vast
In bodiless and bright array
Such Angels be, who have not cast
Their crowns of innocence away ;
But ranged before the Godhead, still,
Brighten as each obeys His will.

And when we turn to that high word
Where Christ, and Church, and Christian meet,
Are not emotions deeply stirr'd,
To mark above the Mercy-Seat
How studious Angels bend and strain,
To see what truths its depths contain !
Confirm'd, but not redeem'd by Him
Lord of the radiant hosts above,
Legions of loyal seraphim
In Christ concentre all their love ;
Thus saints and angels both combine
To chant the praise of Blood Divine.

And bless'd as beautiful the thought,
That when man's rebel heart they see
Repent for sin the soul hath wrought,
They arch their wings in ecstasy ;
While louder, louder swells the tone
These harpers thrill around the Throne !

Nor let cold Science mock the dream,
If dream we call, what scripture proves,—
The vast earth can no desert seem
To him whose eye of rev'rence loves
Something beyond a second cause,
And those dead idols, nature's Laws !

Creation is the haunt and home
Of deeper far than sense descries,
Where viewless spirits round us roam,
That must not greet embodied eyes ;
So, that which Science never saw,
Seems more an angel than a law.

The motions of material things
So wonderful, involved, and vast,
Each hue and harmony that brings
Expression, where our looks are cast,
Serene, or exquisite, or grand,—
Some working angel may have plann'd.

And, when amid the flushing noon
Faith wanders forth in woods, or fields,
Or hearkens to that breezy tune
A choral landscape round her yields,

And thus with calm contentful eye
Drinks the deep spell of earth and sky,—

Then, tell me not how abstract laws

Achieve what conscious mind must do ;
If each effect must have a cause,

Let Nature have her guidance too ;
For all her work, beneath the sun
Seem duties by sent angels done.

The meanest object men can view,

A herb, a pebble, or a ray
That tints the grass with golden hue,
May prompt poetic minds to pray ;
For nothing can they coldly see
If there angelic spell-work be.

And, ah! how solemn turns the scene
When not beheld as dumb and dead,
But where live spirits intervene

And such a consecration shed,
That like a temple, common air
Inspires religion everywhere!

As features in some lovely face

Express the soul, eye cannot see,
And shadow forth with speaking grace

Each line of sorrow, hope, or glee,—
Moved elements may oft reveal
What angels from cold sense conceal.

Thus, sun and air, and cloud-graced heaven,

The lisping wave, or laughing wind,
With whatsoe'er to earth is given
Attuned to man's accordant mind,

Should make us dream where'er we stray
Unvision'd angels throng the way.

The sunbeam in its happy toil,
The breeze that fans an infant flower,
Those dew-falls that refresh the soil,
Or beautify a sylvan bower,
Pure minds with peaceful wonder fill,
Who trace them to angelic skill.

The motion of mysterious storms
That glance and play with hectic gleam,
May be the flutter of their forms,
The glory which their garments beam,
When, summon'd by their vast control,
The fiery tempests flash and roll!

ANGELIC MINISTRY.

“Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”—*Heb.* i. 14. “He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.”—*Psalms* xci. 11. “The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.”—*Psalms* xxxiv. 7.

BUT should our sceptic hearts decline
In nature thus these powers to view,
We cannot trace the word divine,—
But angels there attend us through;
Salvation's heirs they watch and keep
Both when they wake, and while they sleep.
And how could perill'd infants rove
Light as elastic breezes play,
Secure as if in heaven above
They tripp'd along some crystal way,

Unless beloved by angel-powers¹
Who hover round their sunny hours ?

All Nature feels a lovely awe
 Encircling round the aidless child ;
And fancy dreams her iron law
 Before it grows relax'd and mild ;
E'en the stern brute a babe will spare,
And why ?—some angel watches there.

When shepherds on the midnight plain
 Of Judah, kept their flocks at night,
Who hymn'd that heaven-reecho'd strain
 At which God's universe grows bright,
But angels ?—whose ethereal tongue
The glorious Incarnation sung.

And when the fiend of darkness tried
 To wrestle down that perfect will,
By which the Prince of Peace defied
 His threefold power of lying ill,
Behold ! yon seraph leaves his throne
To soothe him when the fiend had flown.

But, turn to dread Gethsemane !
 That garden pall'd with spectral gloom,
Where, moisten'd o'er with agony,
 Messiah bled, before his doom,
The bloody sweat, the crimson dew
That stain'd his tortured spirit through !

(1) " Despise not one of these little ones in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father."—*Matt.* xviii. 10.

E'en then, from yon bright hosts above
A sympathetic angel came,
Who o'er him warbled tones of love
That dropt like balm upon his frame ;
For, dread to think!—imputed sin
Convulsed His finite soul within.

But when before the radiant morn
The Lord of Resurrection rose,
Winding the graveclothes death had worn,
As though just risen from repose,
Two angels there, as guardians meet
Where lay His awful head and feet.

And, like a sunburst from the south,
On wings of archangelic sheen,
To roll from that sepulchral mouth
The rocky stone where Christ had been,—
Two creatures of celestial light
Came speeding down from worlds of light.

So when at length Emanuel soar'd,
And, star-like, lessen'd out of view,
While their ascending glance adored
Their Lord, who back to heaven withdrew,—
Did not their bosoms bound and burn,
When angels said, "He shall return?"

MAN'S INGRATITUDE TO THE ANGELS.

AND must we, now the God-man reigns
 In regions where no senses roam,
 Refuse to hear angelic strains
 Float through the heart, and fill our home?
 Have seraphim quite ceased to walk
 Man's world, and with man's spirit talk?

'Tis true indeed, nor eye nor ear
 Their shapes discern, nor hear their voice;
 But still they haunt a human sphere,
 To make baptizèd Hearts their choice;
 And round them sumless angels be,
 Though nothing but blind earth they see.

Oh ! never till the clouds of time
 Be rent by riving death from man,
 And he from yonder heaven sublime
 Shall look back where dark life began,—
 Will gather'd saints in glory know
 What blessings men to angels owe !

This earth is but a thorny wild,
 A tangled maze where griefs abound,
 By sorrow vex'd, by sin defiled,
 Where foes and fiends our walk surround ;
 But does not dread Jehovah say,
 Angelic guardians line the way ?

It is not when gigantic woe,
Or crisis unforeseen assails
Our earthly doom, that most we glow
To feel heroic faith prevails
When perill'd by that bitter shower
Temptation pours in sorrow's hour.

The precipice men rarely find ;
On us no avalanche may fall ;
But petty woes distract the mind
And take sweet temper from us all ;
As some by thickets are o'erthrown,
Whose feet escaped the crushing stone.

Mean trifles our true dangers make,
Weak'ning the spirit unawares ;
And tiny griefs would often break
The heart unbow'd by pond'rous cares,
Did not our guardian angels glide,
And watch, unseen, the naked side.

Some pebble in our daily path,
The little stone we scarce behold
A world of secret ruin hath,
O'er which might trip the brave and bold,
Should not blest angels' saving arms
Upbear the soul from sudden harms.

And moods are felt no words define,
When earth and heaven appear to meet,
While Faith half hears a tone divine
From out yon orbs of glory greet

Each praying heart, and placid soul
That echoes to such sweet control.

When gracious beams of holy light
From out eternity do play,
And from our scene of suff'ring night
Melts half their haunted gloom away,—
Each doubt, perchance, some angel sees
And hovers o'er our bended knees.

Sickness and sorrow, too, may have
Ethereal hosts whom none perceive,
Whose golden wings around us wave
When all alone men seem to grieve ;
And while we sigh, or shed the tear,
Their sympathies may flutter near ;

Or, by some law to man unknown,
Their spells may o'er us act and steal,
And strengthen Faith upon her throne
When fury-passions make us feel
How Self and Sin would monarchs be,
And give the law to Deity!

Thus human life from them may take
Some moral tinge, or mental hue,
Which not till dust the soul forsake
Elected saints will value true :
Before God's throne, and only then
These guardians will be thank'd by men !

And when at length this wearied life
 Of toil and danger breathes its last,
 Or ere the flesh with parting strife
 Is down to clay and coldness cast,
 This Creed we learn from Christian story,—
 Bright angels waft the blest to glory.¹

RELIGION GAZING ON THE SEA.

“ Fear God, and worship him that made the sea.”—*Rev.* xiv. 7. “ Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.”—*Matt.* xiv. 25.

ETERNITY of waters! there Thou art,
 Dear to the eye, and glorious to the heart !
 Bounding in brightness as they plunge on shore,
 I greet thy waves, and gladden in their roar.

Alone in grandeur, ever-living Sea!
 Thou swelling anthem sung to Deity
 When thy deep thunders with a dying fall
 Roll like hosannahs to the Lord of All.

Religion only to thy power replies
 And echoes back thy solemn harmonies,
 That seem to tell with supernat’ral tone,—
 Here God is reigning on His ocean-throne !

And ever, O thou element of might !
 Hast thou administer’d a dread delight
 To all who hear thy loud pulsations beat,
 Till shores embay’d seem throbbing at their feet.

(1) “ The beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham’s bosom.”—*Luke* xvi. 22.

Before the birth of billow, or of wind,
Thou rolledst through the Everlasting Mind,
In waves hereafter destined to be seen
In swelling glory, such as they have been.
Man rules the earth, but God upon the sea
By vast distinction doth appear to be,
While there th' Eternal in a mode of time
O'erawes the conscience, like a creed sublime.
Kindred with man, deep Ocean! movest thou,
Baring to heaven thine ever-dauntless brow;
In all the murmurs of thy mighty heart
A mystic echo of his mind thou art.¹

Passion intense, and melanch'ly profound,—
In thee some answer to such moods resound ;
While haunted sadness, tender, deep, and lone,
Thrills to the pathos of thy pensive tone.

Genius and glory, both in thee delight,
And read thy language in religious light,
When, like a Psalm, thy billowy tongues proclaim
How Nature murmurs with her Maker's name !

And has not Painting, from thy myriad views
Of liquid grace and oceanic hues,
An inspiration for her colours caught,
Making immortal what thy spell has wrought ?
The Poet, too, in ev'ry age hath been
A solemn haunter of thy wizard scene ;
In breeze or blast, rich noon, or balmy eve,
To him thy waves cathedral anthems weave.

(1) "The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest."—*Isa.* lvii. 20.

He can interpret thine orac'lar mood,
And sympathize with sea-made solitude ;
By rock and bay, or sanded beach can roam
And feel immensity his proper home.
Nor need we tell how Commerce hath supplied
An empire's storehouse from thy wafting tide,
Since on thy waters, far as winds can flee,
Her boundless income is enrich'd by Thee.
Still less doth valour claim victorious lyres
To sing how Britain's heart the sea inspires :—
The Isle of Freedom is the friend of waves,
The field of battle where the world she braves !
And will not heroes of the Cross, who roam
Far from the spells which bind the heart to home,
To tell the heathen how the Lord is King,
Chants of true glory to old ocean bring ?—
Majestic, lone, and melancholy Sea !
Sprung from thy God in dread immensity,
For aye thou art, to reverential mind,
A floating myst'ry by no words defined.
A vast eternity in endless flow
Thine image wears ; and in thy depths below
How sleep the young, the beautiful, and brave,
Till the last trumpet shall uncloseth their grave !
Farewell ! thou symbol of almighty grace,
Whose deeps adumbrate¹ what for our lost race
Mercy provides, when Pardon's hush'd abyss
Engulphs the guilt that loads a world like this.

(1) "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea."—*Micah* vii. 19.

Eternal seem'st thou, till the Archangel rings
 A blast that summons all created things ;
 Then rise the dead from out thy dismal roar,
 And Time shall gaze upon the sea no more !¹

IDOLS IN THE HEART.

“ These men set up their idols in their heart.”—*Ezek.* xiv. 3. “ Little children, keep yourselves from idols.”—1 *John* v. 21.

THERE was a time, in ages dead,
 When temples huge and vile
 Their horrid fronts of darkness spread
 O'er Albion's sea-wall'd isle.

But Christ by His apostles came
 To preach the word divine,
 And, lo! before truth's living flame
 Dissolved the idol-shrine.

And now, our cath'lic Mother opes
 Her arms of holy love,
 Embracing with their new-born hopes
 Bright children for above.

And by her sacraments and rites,
 Her discipline and care,
 Calm vigil, fast, and chaste delights,
 And pure diurnal prayer,

With whatso'er of secret grace
 The Lord to her commits,—
 She strives to rear a heavenly race,
 And each for glory fits.

(1) “ There was no more sea.”—*Rev.* xx. 1.

But oh, these hearts we poorly scan
If idols none are seen,—
Their temple is that inner man
Where God's own gaze hath been!
Eye cannot pierce, nor ear perceive
What buried thoughts avow ;
Yet souls who can the Spirit grieve,
Must to some idol bow.

We pity those Christ's heroes find
Immersed in pagan gloom,
With poison'd heart and palsied mind,
And conscience like a tomb :

Each tale some holy mission tells
Demands the Church's tear ;
And who can hear of fiendish spells
Nor throb with sacred fear?

But, are not souls baptized a home
For God enshrined within ?¹
Father and Spirit, do they come
To reign o'er self and sin?

But, what if our base idols be
Desires, instead of God ?
Proud will,—a strong divinity
That rules us with a rod ?

Say, are we not, before the eye
Of Him who fathoms thought,
Idolaters, whose hearts deny
The God our fathers sought?

(1) " My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—*John* xiv. 23.

We need not by the stumbling-block
Of wood, or stone, or gold,
Discerning reason madly shock
By shapes which men behold :

Idolatry depraves the Will,
Our idols are desires,
When once our breast some passion fills
That all, save God, inspires!

It may be, that the crown of praise,
The wreath proud Genius wears,
That warrior's plume or poet's bays
Excite ambition's prayers ;

Or, forms of love, whose grace becomes
The bloom and breath of all
We value in these earthly homes,
May weave our inward thrall ;

A husband in the wife may see
A heaven of human charms ;
Or, he to her, life's angel be,—
A shield from daily harms ;

Or infant beauty, like a ray
From her own being sent,
To mother's love may night and day
Impart too deep content ;

Yet boots it not, whate'er the name
Our bosom-idols take,
Strange incense with our altar-flame
Is blent, when we forsake

That God who claims the heart alone
For His peculiar shrine :—
A creature must not mount that Throne
Where rules a Love divine !
Supremely must pure Godhead reign
Where idols none can be ;
And they who wear the Spirit's chain
Are sons of heaven, and free.
Not Mammon with his golden dreams,
Not Belial with base joy,
Nor all that in earth's bosom teems
Must faith from Christ decoy.
If on false worship from the Jew
Our God of old look'd down,
And when he saw their walls,¹ withdrew
From Isr'el her bright crown,
Oh, will not His omniscient eyes
Our damning idols scorn,
When not for Him our deepest sighs
Of master-love are born?
Heirs of the Spirit, are we not
Anointed sons of grace ?
Alas ! if our celestial lot
By treason we efface.
To some base darling of desire,
Some earth-made god of sin,
Shall censers hold unhallow'd fire,
By passion breathed within?

(1) "Behold the wicked abominations that they do here. So I went in and saw . . . creeping things, and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, pourtrayed upon the wall round about."—*Ezek.* viii. 9, 10.

Oh, better far that love and life,
With hope, and peace, and joy,
Howe'er with mercy rich and rife,
A blast from heaven destroy.

Better be friendless, aidless, lone,
With none to weep our woes,
Than let some idol seize the throne
Sworn faith to Jesus owes :

For what is there, on this side hell,
That so like hell appears ?
A doom of dooms ! no tongue can tell,
Thus rolling on our ears, —

“ Ephraim¹ to idols hath his heart
From God and glory turn'd ;
Let him *alone* ! and be his part
The solitude he earn'd ! ”

INFANTS AND INFANCY.

“ Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.”—
Matt. xxi. 16.

THE dew-drop, in whose mirror lies
A miniature of morning skies ;
The violet-bud that blooms in spring,
The flower-bee on its fairy wing,
The broken lisp of some shy brook
That babbles in a shady nook, —

(1) “ Ephraim is joined to idols, let him alone.”—*Hos.* iv. 17.

All that is fragile, coy, and fair,
As types of beauty, may declare
The winning magic that beseems
To mantle those embodied dreams,—
Sweet infants ! when their baby forms
Come forth to face life's gloomy storms.

Oh ! I can watch, and almost weep
To view some angel-child asleep,
To mark the alabaster brow
Where sinless calm is brooding now,
Or see the silken fringe that lies
And covers its innocuous eyes.

So have I stood, and heard each breath
Like music in melodious death,—
As soft and slow it swells and heaves,
And at each fall such cadence leaves,
As may to pious fancy seem
A sigh for glory in its dream !

There is a purity that plays
In the quick gleam of infant's gaze,
A liquid innocence of light
That beams for vulgar sense too bright,
A lustrous depth whose dazzling spells,
'Tis richer than the blue gazelle's.

'Tis now the budding dawn of mind,
Ere the worn heart turns weak and blind ;
The orient blush of radiant thought
Ere life is with those shadows fraught
Experience into manhood brings,
Or sorrow round cold mem'ry flings !

To see them in glad sunbeams play
As bounding and as bright as they,
Or, like young wavelets laugh and sing,
Or romp, like breezes wild of wing
Exulting over fields and flowers
When matin leads her lovely hours :—
Oh, this doth melt the heart, and make
Maturer life new colour take,
A sentiment of vernal hue,
Which softens down each deeper hue,
Till Age becomes a child again,
Encircled by some infant train !

But yet a holier chain there is,
The glory of maternal bliss !
When first the blossom'd mind is heard,
In pretty lisp and prattled word,
While, peering through a curious eye,
It longs to measure earth and sky !

And, beautiful beyond compare
An infant kneeling down to prayer !
When, lifting up its little hands,
The soul beyond the age expands,
And, touch'd by God's baptismal grace,
Adores bright Mercy face to face.

Nor let the hoary saint decline,
To think The Spirit's ray can shine
And with illapses softly come,
To make an infant heart His home ;
For, said He not, the Saviour mild,
Heaven's type, behold !—a tender child ?

And, infancy hath inward speech,
 A mental life man cannot reach ;
 And intercourse of grace may be
 Between a babe and Deity,
 Too rapt and rais'd for outer sign,
 And deeper than mere thoughts divine.

There's something holy in a child,
 Ere yet by darken'd years defiled,
 When lip, and brow, and cheek declare
 'Tis fit for Jesu's arms in prayer ;
 And when to God and glory given,
 Though born on earth, it breathes of heaven !

THE PARADISE OF THE DEAD.

"He is not a God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto him."—
Luke xx. 38. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."—*2 Cor.* v. 8.
 "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."—*Luke* xxiii. 43. "The
 general assembly of the first-born—the spirits of just men made perfect."—
Heb. xii. 23.

PART I.

THE dead in body are in soul alive ;
 Distinct locality to them belongs ;
 No more, like us, with sin and wo they strive,
 But in those bowers, where rest the white-robed throng
 With garments by atoning Blood made clean,¹—
 Let faith behold them, who in flesh have been.
 In years departed, Superstition dared
 That veil to ruffle with irrev'rent hand

(1) "These have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—*Rev.* vii. 14.

Behind whose folds lie undeclared

Myst'ries no bodied nature understands ;
For, there in awful shades our God alone
Wields His dread sceptre, and holds back His throne !

But we are sense-blind ; and too much adore

The painted dreams that time and space befall ;
Full seldom do the dead our hearts restore
Or back their features into life recall ;
Their tombs like portals to oblivion were,
That closed upon them when we laid them there !

Material life the sad horizon makes

Of what the worldling's creed pronounces true ;
In soul a Sadducee, his reason takes
No holier vision and no higher view,
Than poor realities which Flesh discerns
And earth-sprung feeling into glory turns.

But, Minds there be to whom the dead are dear ;

Still in warm mem'ry breathes th' unburied past ;
Their grief is something nobler than the tear
Impassion'd feeling on the coffin cast ;
The disembodied to the heart and home,
Oft in pale dreams of resurrection come.

Shame on our souls ! if narrow earth enclose

Spirits which have eternity to range ;
If ne'er beyond the tomb a Christian throws
A thought that images their blest exchange,
Who, neither bound nor barr'd by blinding sense,
Reap in rapt bliss what Light and Love dispense.

A conscious portion of the Church are they
Who speed before us to the realm unknown ;
Although no longer in the beams of day
They lift their brow, and call this life their own,
Yet do they all to that one Christ pertain,
Who out of dust shall rear their forms again.
Nor, let the worshipper of sense who binds
To this base world the eagle-spirit down,
And only in the realm of Epicurus finds
His grandest sceptre and his brightest crown,—
Reflect on Hades, where the dead repose,
As whelm'd with darkness in a land of woes !
'Tis worse than pitiful, when men presume
Our God to limit to this world of crime,
As if 'twere vacancy beyond the tomb,
And man's eternity must yield to time !
Whereas the spirit, when unearth'd and free,
Is far diviner than this life can be.
Think on the numbers who to Christ have fled,—
From babes too beautiful on earth to stay,
To those departing with a hoary head,
Beside whose couch 'twas heaven to watch and pray ;
Myriads, which no arithmetic can count,¹
Complete the glory of that great amount !
And, could we gaze beyond this fleshy screen,
No barren solitude our eyes would view ;
But, all empeopled with a host serene
The world of spirits would emerge as true,

(1) "A great multitude which no man could number."—*Rev.* vii. 9.

And far more vital, glowing quick with mind,—
Than this dull orb the dead have left behind.

And oh ! bethink thee, pilgrim, sad and lone,
Musing through capitals, where Ages dead
Lie sepulchred, and rifled arch and stone

Reveal what desolation's curse hath bred,—
That all who throng'd some immemorial street,
Are mingled souls that now in Hades meet.

So, when thou linger'st on some battle-plain
Dyed by red carnage once, where nations fell,
While banner'd thousands heard the iron rain
Of death-shot round about them roar, and swell,
The spirits who that crimson light did face,
Are yet alive, and fill their destined place.¹

Nor in the churchyard, where some grassy mound
In trampled ruin all unweeded stands,
Or sculptured aisles, where marble tombs abound
And mem'ry ponders while the mind expands,
Till saints and warriors, heroes, martyrs, all
Speak out of stone and to the living call !—

(1) As the Author finds he has here unconsciously copied from himself, he ventures to append the passage, which may be probably unknown to the readers of this volume :—

“ Between the living and the dead, our life
Throbs like a brief vibration ; and how soon
This pendulum of anxious being stops !
E'en in a moment, by some touch, or tone
Arrested, lo, the life of sense concludes,
And we are launch'd beyond the tracking eye
To follow—by the INFINITE absorb'd,
And *in* the secret of eternity !

“ But yet, as though REALITY were here
Alone authentic, how the hollow show

Forget not, while the vaulted nave is trod,
 That each unbodied is a thinking Soul
 Under the blessing, or the blast of God,
 Replete with life, as when their felt control
 By sceptred majesty or moving speech
 The heart of empires, and of men, did reach.

Of things, which eye or ear can apprehend,
 O'ercomes, and with monopolizing charm
 The cheated mind, attracts; and blunts the edge
 Of fine perception, for the spirit's world
 To come! And oh, how rarely hoping youth
 Turns to the future a prophetic gaze
 Beyond this earth of shadows! Tomb on tomb
 O'er life's descending pathway flings a shade;
 And many a heart-ache to some fev'rish dream
 Must pay sad homage, ere the mocks of time
 Be scatter'd, and our nobler dreams of soul
 Their reign commence, and teach the gay to think,—
 Shaping a destiny beyond the bounds
 And mean horizon of this mournful world.
 Then, throbs the immortality of thought
 Within us! Then adown the gulf unknown
 Of being infinite, but undefined,
 Our spirit looks with introverted eye
 By faith made holy; while we learn to feel,
 That Body forms the prison-house of Soul,
 And *out* of it the dead indeed are free!

“ And *these* are round us, in ethereal hours
 When earth recedes, and through the rents of time
 Beyond the visible we dare to gaze,
 And gather wisdom from a world unseen,
 But not unshadow'd, by prophetic mind.
 Then do all clouds of Sadducéan tinge
 Dissolve; and, placidly our dreams recall,
 And the loved features of our dead, recast!
 For they are round us in our moods enwrap:
 By lonely shores, by melancholy seas,
 At moonlight's trance, or sunset's dreamy close,
 Down vaulted aisles, or churchyard's cypress-gloom
 Slow pacing; or, beneath some pictured face
 That *looks* our mem'ry into mourning sighs,—
 How often bend we o'er some form beloved!
 Or, by that resurrection which the heart

Thus should we speculate on parted Mind,
 And speak with tones of reverential truth
 Whene'er the screening veil of sense behind
 Religion enters, and on age and youth,
 Dreams with pale awe, and hails the sumless host
 Who still are loved, and not to faith the lost.

Rehearseth, we can bid their cherish'd tones
 To wake, and hear their wonted footsteps glide !

“ But, deep the thought ! momentarily sublime
 To think,—that not one pulse of conscious mind
 That WILL DIVINE hath ever cause to play
 In human being, hath a single rest
 Experienced, since the primal throb began !
 The spirit-people of the LAND UNSEEN,
 Millions on millions though the number be,
 Are conscious,—more than when by flesh encased,
 And clogg'd in action : not a Soul's extinct !
 Still Adam thinks ; still Alexander feels ;
 Cæsar hath being, Cleopatra lives,
 And, those crown'd butchers whom the world calls brave,
 Are feeling more than when they battles fought :
 Yes, all who *have* been great, or good, or vile,
 Patriarchs, prophets, and the lords of mind,
 Heroes and warriors, and those laurell'd priests
 Of truth, the poets of eternity,—
 All are a living, though a sightless, race ;
 Each *in himself* a hell, or heaven, become !
 For MIND is everlasting ; and the MAN
 Is there in essence, when all adjuncts fail.
 Thus may the dead a more than sermon preach
 To awe the living, and this truth impress,—
 That *as* we die, for ever we *endure* !
 The same in principle the heart abides :
 For MORALS in their root continue ONE
 And changeless, though the soul hath taken wing.

“ Two worlds thus claim us, by a sleepless law ;
 But, one moves round us, palpably instinct
 With life and passion, and, alas ! absorbs
 In the wild vortex of its vain delight,
 What to the other, (though unseen) we owe
 Of faith, and conscience. Thus, *for* time we live
 As well as in it ; thus, our hearts deny

Yes, be our epitaphs of brighter cast,
 And breathe our elegies a purer tone!
 Nor speak, as if corporeal life surpass'd
 The consciousness a spirit calls its own:
 Mere flesh can moulder, yet the Soul survives,
 And in that thought there live ten thousand lives!

Eternity that waits behind the VEIL;
 And, when the living from our gaze retire,
 We talk as though they *lived* not; but were quite
 From BEING parted, as to sight no more!
 But, this is madness in the garb of sense;
 The blinding mock of Epicúrean dreams,
 Dilating time into eternity,
 And which eternity to time contracts.
 For faith and reason round this truth converge,—
 The dead are living; but, this life unheard,
 Unfelt, unknown, beyond our dreams to shape,
 Or thought to model,—can but little move
 Man by the flesh imbruted, and enslaved.

“ Yet, be there moments when the heart exclaims,
 ‘ Where are the DEAD? the MINDS who once look’d forth
 In light from eyes, in language from kind lips,
 And, by the daring of immortal deeds
 Breathed on our own, like inspiration? Where,
 Where be the SPIRITS, who once felt, and fear’d,
 Who dream’d, desired, and acted like ourselves?
 Where have they fled? In blank absorption, lost?
 Merged in the infinite, engulf’d, or gone?
 Melted to nothingness? Is *this* their doom?’
 Oh! wait awhile: for, e’en as wintry Earth
 By the green outburst of her glorious spring,
 Hidings of heavenly power in nature’s breast
 Infolded, proves—so this material scene
 Of earthly visible, and sensual vain,
 With hidden radiance of celestial life
 Our God will garment; for the reign of saints
 Shall yet be witness’d, shining over all
 Conspicuous, with a glory undescribed:
 The shell of Matter shall at once remove,
 Like a strange dream the Visible depart,
 And lo! at once the quick on earth will stand
 By angels circled, and by saints enthron’d,
 And in the midst,—CHRIST paramount appear!

PART II.

Pity the dead!—nay, rather mourn for those
 Who battle on through Life's harsh scene of care,
 In whose grieved breast the thorn of trial grows,
 While in the crowd all echoless they are:
 Bearing some poison'd shaft within the heart,—
 They feel, bad World! the hollowness thou art.

“ Meanwhile, the bodiless in secret live,
 Till all be ripe for this revealing act
 Of sudden, swift, and strange apocalypse !

“ HOLY OF HOLIES ! in thy shrine august
 High o'er all heavens, ethereally removed
 From man's conception,—dwell the dead redeem'd.
 There the saved myriads of the seal'd first-born
 Present with CHRIST, from Him perchance acquire
 (As to and fro the beatific host
 He moves, and ministers the food of thought)
 Truths, which on earth experience did not gain.
 Patriarchs who dimly on the distant CHRIST
 Gazed in a promise, now with clearness look
 On HIM they long'd to worship ! prophets, too,
 The meaning and the majesty of strains
 Mysterious,—these by ACTUAL Christ expound ;
 Types are resolved ; and shadowy rites unveil'd ;
 The mystic LAMB on typing altars laid,
 And gospel, by Aaronic priesthood taught,—
 The great ORIGINAL doth here unfold,
 And proves HIMSELF sole archetype of all.
 While they who died in dimness, or dismay,
 (Haunted by fears, and harrow'd to the last
 By many a tremor,) in restoring beams
 Of comfort, look upon their LORD, and live.—
 And there, is CONCORD !—all those hostile notes
 Of human dissonance, which now destroy
 The solemn harmonies of sainted Minds,
 These doth the LORD by melodizing grace
 Attune to oneness, till all souls agree.
 Thus may that world, where parted spirits meet,
 A school of saintship for the church elect
 Be found : there may Christ his priesthood act,
 And God's magnificence of truth unveil ;

Pity the dead!—no, rather weep for them

Who on vex'd earth must suffer, toil, and sin,

And pray, their passion's burning tide to stem

And keep close watch o'er waywardness within;

Who hour by hour repentance must renew,

And mourn how little for their Lord they do!

But oh! the dead, the justified and saved,

Children of glory wrapt in Jesu's arms,

The darkness of the sepulchre they braved,

And there are shielded safe from earth's alarms;

Pure in the brightness of ethereal bliss,

They would not change it for a scene like this!

The spirits of the just made perfect now

Have each in heaven their beatific calm;

Serenity arrays each kingly brow,

And through each heart distils celestial balm;

Their hope as cloudless as their peace divine,—

Secrets of splendour round them reign, and shine.

And He is there! the kingdom's Light and Lord,

Who out of time and toil has call'd them home,

And now fulfils each wise and glorious word

True faith believed, when doom'd on earth to roam, —

Or, more and more the MERIT of His blood

Teach to the Spirits, who around Him throng.

And, bound they not with throbs of burning joy

Their hearts within them, while th' INCARNATE shows

His wounds, how deep! His mercy, how divine!

Till round the SAVIOUR rapt hosannahs rise,

And, in the minstrelsy of heaven, we hear,

' WORTHY THE LAMB! FOR HE WAS SLAIN FOR US,'

Down the deep ages of eternity

Roll like a torrent of melodious praise."

*From " LUTHER, or, THE IDEAL OF THE
REFORMATION." Fifth Edition.*

E'en Christ, who beautifies the spirit-throngs,
'Mid their deep worship of adoring songs.

But, ah! fond Nature, in thy bosom yearn
Feelings that oft our passive faith o'erflow ;
And with such flame intense affections burn
That time, nor truth, can quench their secret glow ;
Down the deep heart some unvoiced thoughts remain,
And bid us sigh to see our dead again.

“ My beautiful, my bright, my darling child!
Her smile was eloquent with soul to me ;”
Thus the wan mother in her anguish wild
Echoes the regions of eternity, [breath
When round the heart-strings thrills the seeming
Of some loved daughter, tomb'd in early death !

“ And thou, my dead, my unforgotten boy!
Prop of our home, and pillar of our race,
Genius was thine, and brow of princely joy,
And more than beauty clothed thy classic face ;
How did I dote, and for thy future build
Schemes that parental hearts alone have fill'd !”

So grieves a sire, when love's ideal hours
Roll their sad cadence o'er his dreaming brain,
When the dead Past resumes a living power,
And with such resurrection smiles again,
That hand in hand his child he seems to hold,
And hear the voice that lull'd him so of old !

And thou, lone sister! who pale watch didst keep
Night after night, around some fairy child,
Marking each dimple that in rosy sleep
Sunn'd the pure face, as though an angel smiled,—

When Death withdrew it to th' unseen abode,
'Thy heart to madness almost overflow'd !

But, peace ! fond mourners : calm your souls to rest,
The dead you weep are still alive to Him,—
Lord of those mansions, where the bright and blest
Are pure and peaceful as the seraphim ;
No sin infects, nor sorrow clouds that scene
Where the saved dead since Adam's death have been.

Here, while we travel through the dust of time,
Dark imperfections oft the soul defile ;
Whate'er the circumstance, or change, or clime,
Creation's noblest is but vain and vile :
What are *our* woods and fields, our mountains, glens,
and streams,
To God's bright landscape, that in glory beams ?

Then, hush thy moan, Affection ! curb thy will ;
Think of the dead as to perfection brought,
In heart all holy, as the conscience still
Feels the rich calm the "Blood of Sprinkling" wrought ;
No cloud to tinge the colour of their days,—
They harp the anthem of redemption's praise.

Dead though their forms in dust sepulchral lie,
Ecstatic faith the spirit loves to view,
And longs to vision with prophetic eye

What awful raptures must pervade them through ;
For, on Eternity's unwrinkled brow
They feel the glorious dead are gazing now !

REPENTANCE.

“ Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.”—*Matt.* iii. 2.

WAKE, power divine, awake!

Arm of the Lord! arise,

And from our spirit take

The mist that round it lies;

Each blinding shade of self dispel

That veils the sin we love so well.

Stern Preacher of the wild!

Enrobed with camel's hair,

Convince cold hearts defiled,

And melt them into prayer;

Through conscience be thy thunder sent,—

“ Arise! cold sleeper, and repent.”

Bold lightnings of reproof

Through each dead conscience dart,

Till we no more aloof

From heaven shall hide the heart;

E'en as of old Judéa heard,

Be all our souls with anguish stirr'd.

Lift, brave Elijah, now

That voice of burning truth!

Till shame upon each brow

Of weeping age and youth

Shall print the scarlet blush, that tells

What pang in deep repentance dwells!

Thine axe,¹ Conviction, lay
 Down to the roots of thought,
 Until Remorse shall pray
 O'er what vile sin hath wrought ;
 For, all which love doth not inspire
 Must perish in God's penal fire.

And let Repentance prove
 Its vigour by the fruit ;
That cannot spring from love
 Which doth not bud, and shoot,
 And by a life of tears and prayers
 Attest the change God's will declares.

Thy fan, O Spirit ! wield,
 And purge the chaff-strewn floor,
 Until the garner yield
 Of wheat a precious store ;
 Baptized with fire, so let us be,
 And bid our hearts resemble Thee.

“Repent ye !”—’tis the cry
 By Conscience echoed back ;
 From earth and vaulted sky
 Along our sin-worn track,
 We hear its awful cadence roll
 Like thunder, through our warnèd soul !
 Nor let religious pride
 On fruitless names repose ;
 For heaven hath aye denied
 A faith of forms and shows,

(1) “Now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees.”—*Matt.* iii. 10.

And rather than rank falsehood own,
Will raise a seed from out the stone.¹

“Repent!”—again we hear
That cry of just alarm;
And let it shake the soul with fear,
To rouse that opiate charm
That lulls the hypocrite to death,
And cheats him to his latest breath.

Repentance!—what is life
But matter fit for tears?
Since, all we are is rife
With worse than what appears :
If tried without, men are but sin,
Yet, God doth weigh the heart within !

Our virtues oft are self
In bland disguise conceal'd ;
Our charities to pelf
Some wretched incense yield ;
And, holy graces are at best
But weakness by religion dress'd.

But when to this we add
The lying dreams men live,
And to the base and bad
Their blood-bought moments give,—
Oh! must we not the Baptist seek,
And vengeance on our vices wreak ?

(1) “God is able of these stones to raise up children.”—*Matt.* iii. 9.

Repent we then,—yet, where ?
 Not as Iscariot did ;
 But by the Cross in prayer
 Be our deep anguish hid :
 On Jesus gaze we,¹ till the sight
 Shall melt our hearts, and make them white.
 Repentance stern and true
 Exceeds all common wo :
 Despair for crime may rue
 And scalding tear-drops flow,
 But Self in this alone abounds,—
 Repentance rests on higher grounds.
 What is it, but a change
 By Godhead work'd within ?
 A principle whose range
 Subdues the love of sin?
 'Tis man renew'd, and heaven resought,
 With hate for what our guilt has wrought.
 And what can such create?
 Not all the powers of earth ;
 The perfect forms of good and great
 In wisdom, truth, or worth ;
 Not heaven with glories, hell with pain
 Could sinful man for God regain!
 The faintest sin defies
 A universe to crush
 The strength which in it lies;
 And so, 'twill madly rush

(1) "They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and shall mourn."
 —Zech. xii. 10.

Downward, to face th' infernal Deep
 Where blasted spirits burn and weep !
 But, oh, there is a Power
 This granite of the heart
 To soften, in that hour
 Ere conscience quite depart,—
 Atoning Love, through guilt forgiven,
 The rescued heart can raise to heaven!
 Such pure contrition springs
 From Mercy's bleeding charm,
 Whose inward magic wings
 The soul with safe alarm ;
 And thus, when wrought by Christ above
 Repentance works by weeping love.¹

THE SUBLIME OF PRAYER.

“ I beseech thee, shew me thy glory.”—*Exod.* xxxiii. 18.

HEROIC guide of Judah's race
 Who saw Jehovah face to face,
 Sublime of men !—behold him now,
 As here enshrined, within the cloud
 Which wraps him, like a burning shroud,
 He boldly puts the prayer, “ O God, unveil Thy brow !
 “ Eternal ! in the flaming sign
 What though I saw dread beams combine,
 When Sinai's bush transform'd to fire,

(1) “ Faith which worketh by love.”—*Gal.* v. 6.

Or, on Thy cloudy pillar gazed,—
Yet, when the legal mountain blazed
With thy descending pomp, I dared for more aspire!

“ And I have fasted, pray’d, and felt
For forty days my being melt
 With wond’ring awe, as thou didst trace
That ‘ Pattern ’ whose mysterious plan
O’erveil’d the future Christ for man,
And prophesied, in types, the hidden truths of grace.

“ And, I have heard that thunder-tone
Which thrills high angels round the Throne,—
 The rollings of orac’lar Voice;
And seen Thy solemn lightnings play,
Which lit me up that rocky way
When Thy dread law decreed for life, or death, the choice !

“ And now, I would no symbol see,
But gaze on full orb’d Deity,—
 Thy glory let me witness now!
God of my soul ! before I die
Centre on Thee my thirsting eye,
And let thy lustres bright through all my being flow !”

So pray’d the meek, but yet the bold,
Giant of grace, who would behold
 The SELF ETERNAL !—God reveal’d
Not in the shadow, nor the sign,
But in deep radiance all divine,
Where dwells the viewless God, all gloriously conceal’d !

It was, indeed, a prayer sublime
Surpassing what hath soar'd from time,
Or nature,—scaling that dread Height
Where Attributes are searchless things,
And Seraphim reverse their wings,
And shrink, and shudder back before ESSENTIAL LIGHT !
Yet, God is moved by mighty prayer ;
And Moses found his answer there,
When, ark'd within the cloven side
Of Horeb's sacramental rock,—
Jehovah “ pass'd ” him, while the shock
Of glory shook the soul, till awed convulsion cried !¹
But we, who with reverted gaze
Can rend the veil of typic days,
May in the Church a glory view,
Outshining far what Moses saw,
When God in thunder gave the law,
And lightnings red and fierce around Mount Tabor flew.
And is not this the prayer intense
Of all, who soar above what Sense
With Self and Sin, combine to claim,—
That more and more meek hearts may rise,
And vision with prophetic eyes
What hidden splendours haunt Jehovah's hallow'd name?
Divine ambition must be ours,
That faith so form the mental powers
Under Emanuel's teaching grace,

(1) “ The Lord descended . . . and Moses made haste, and bowed his head toward the earth, and worshipped.”—*Exod.* xxxiv. 5, 8.

Till Love in earth, and sea, and air,
 May find reflected ev'rywhere
 The glories that effulged before great Moses' face.
 And, how seraphic proves the spell
 In those deep hearts, which love to dwell
 Within the inner shrine of things !
 Who can all scenes in Christ behold,
 And see, as in bright trance unroll'd,
 What charms He there unveils, or quiet rapture brings.
 Standard and type for all who pray !
 Be this the Liturgy we say
 To Him who hears the spirit-cry,
 " Thy deeper glories, God ! unshroud ;
 Break, I beseech Thee ! break the cloud,
 And on Thyself unveil'd, oh, let me rest mine eye !"
 The highest saint who heavenward soar'd,
 Prophets, or priests who God adored,
 In this vast prayer their motto find :
 Such hearts will hunger, Lord of grace !
 To look upon Thy perfect face,
 And in that light supreme to love all human kind.

INSPIRATION OF THE PAST.

" Your fathers, where are they ? And the prophets, do they live for ever ?"—
Zech. i. 5. " God in time past, spake unto the fathers."—*Heb.* i. 1.

PART I.

OUR fathers, where be they,
 The prophets of our past ?—
 Like solemn dreams, long flown away
 And with th' eternal class'd !

Those patriarchs of the soul,
Of lion heart and mien,
Scorning the world's depraved control,—
They hallow'd hist'ry's scene;

Heroes of faith and prayer,
They fought salvation's fight,
Ready to do, and boldly dare
When God reveal'd the right !

Such were those mental sires
Who made our English mind,
Whose page the saintly heart inspires,
Whose words entrance mankind.—

Yes! they, indeed, were men
Of loftiness divine ;
And not till such shall breathe again,
Will British glory shine.

We want heroic hearts
Like those who burn'd and bled,
When Rome, with her resistless arts,
Denied the church's Head.

The dungeon, steel, and stake,
A bloody doom, or block,—
Not one of these their vow could break,
When summon'd to the shock !

Peaceful as lambs, as lions brave,
The saints of hoary time,—
Still may we hear them from the grave
Preach with a voice sublime !

Their tongues are tipp'd with fire,
Their accent sounds the free,
And into us such men inspire
Their own eternity !

PART II.

OUR fathers, where be they,
The guides of vernal youth
Who taught our infant lips to pray,
And vow'd the heart to truth ?

The prophets, who foretold
What life's worn scene would be,
And bid us in our God behold
The hopes that make us free.—

All fled by, and fled
To orbs of bliss unknown ;
Their dust is with the countless dead,
And we,—must walk alone !

But in time's weary track
Of sorrow, change, and care,
How oft their words come rolling back,
And breathe us into prayer !

Oh! little did we think
What their hoar'd wisdom spake,
How soon our lofty hopes would sink,
And life's gay bubble break !

We call'd them gloomy seers,
Too boding, dull, and sad ;
And, when their eyes were dimm'd with tears,
Our own smiled ever glad !
They warn'd us of the world,
And gave each rose its thorn,
And when fond hopes their wings unfurl'd,
They often look'd forlorn.
They bid us walk with God,
And Christlike bear the cross,
Learning true wisdom in the rod,¹
And love from earthly loss.
And, have our lives gainsay'd
The warning truth, and word
That once, ere Time these hearts betray'd,
Would oft have conscience stirr'd ?
Ah, no !—in grief and gloom
Their counsels and their cares
Accost us from their distant tomb,
And tell, the truth was theirs !
And thus, while sage and sire
Wither from earth away,
If living Souls such worth inspire,
Their love may light our day.
Though mortal was their breath,
Immortal breathed the mind ;
For, how can That be sunk in death,
Whose wisdom rules mankind ?

(1) " As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten."—*Rev.* iii. 19.

Dead prophets, then, seem nigh,
And round us dwell and reign ;
And all who in the Saviour die,
Shall see their sires again.

HEARTS WHICH HAVE NO ECHOES.

“ The heart knoweth his own bitterness ; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.”—*Prov. xiv. 10.*

SOME hearts lie wither'd in their transient spring
Long ere the yellow leaf of change began ;
Seldom to them does human summer bring
A beaming welcome from the soul of man.

Cinctured as by a preternat'ral spell,
Languid their pulse of low dejection beats ;
Yet, none who mark their smile-clad face, could tell
How dark the mood that back from man retreats !

And what, though circumstance may seem
To gladden life with fortune's envied glow,
Or, on their brow some bright delusion beam,
Hiding the haunted gloom that reigns below,—

They bear a burden language could not speak,
They feel depression far too fine for tears,
And blush to fancy the betrayful cheek
Should wear the paleness of their inward fears.

Yet, say not such sad martyrs of the mind
Are fever'd by ambition's vulgar fret ;
Nor think they loathe the love of human kind,
Or, hate warm hours when echoing souls are met.

But in them dwells the deep and voiceless thought,—

That all which reigns without, or rules within,
With grave-like hollowness is ever fraught,

Or, canker'd through with selfishness and sin !

And oft the bitterness of secret pride

Rankles beneath the play of baffled will,
While feeling, wounded by some fate denied,
Bleeds at the root, though all without look still.

And, there be aspirations, strong and deep,

And wing'd desires that, eagle-like, would soar,
Which never waken from their wordless sleep,
But prey upon the spirit more and more.

And when quick minds, electrically strung

As though each chord of feeling moved on fire,
Some pang would tell, how oft the fearful tongue
Has felt each accent on the lip expire !

And thus, there is a loneliness of heart,

In all deep souls a never-enter'd shrine
Where neither love, nor friendship takes a part,
And no eyes witness, but, Jehovah ! Thine.

But shall we mourn, that each is circled round

With veiling myst'ry from the ken of man ?
That waters deep within the soul abound
No word has fathom'd, and no wisdom can ?

No, rather let such merciful disguise

Move the just thinker into grateful prayer ;—
For who could live beneath terrestrial eyes,
If such could witness *all* secreted there !

And if no mantle by our God were thrown
Round fallen souls, to hide man's world within,—
How should we hate, what now we love to own,
And cry for darkness to conceal our sin!
None are so chaste, unselfish, and sincere
As not to feel the taint of Adam's fall;
So, heaven in mercy hides that inmost sphere
Where each dreads each, and all would censure all.
Yet, beats ONE HEART all other hearts above,
Whose sympathy no human errors tire,—
E'en Thine, pure Lord of uncreated love,
Incarnate Semblance of the heavenly Sire!
There, may we prove deep tenderness divine,
And yet, so human that it wept and sigh'd;
And when to coldness cumber'd hearts incline,
Haste we to Him who loved us till He died!
There is no self in that almighty Heart,
No changing motion in the casual will,
For Thou, Lord Christ! celestial mercy art,
And though we shun Thee, Thou art gracious still.
O balmy thought! which like nocturnal dew
By stars distill'd upon the herbless plain,—
When worse than midnight shades all mental view
To think of Jesus, and our souls regain!
Others may gaze with half-averted eyes
Coldly to spurn, or scan the wo we feel,
But o'er His heart are breathed our inward sighs,¹
And through His breast our veil'd emotions steal.

(1) "In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence (Christ) saved them."—*Isa.* lxiii. 9.

Nor can one shade of sorrow clothe the cheek,
 Nor teardrop from the spirit's fountain roll,
 But He interprets what no tongue can speak,
 And reads the thinking volume of the soul!
 Here boast the Saints, what no bright Seraph can,—
 That they have sympathy upon the Throne;
 Christ loves the Angel, but he *feels* for man,
 Whose very nature hath become His own.
 No hearts beat echoless, if they believe
 A more than Brother¹ in yon heavens is theirs,
 Who loves them most when all alone they grieve,
 And with His incense doth perfume their prayers.
 His love is greater than our heart, and knows
 What secret burden loads our inward sigh;
 And wordless pangs to Him are open woes,
 Clear as the glories that emblaze the sky.
 Dear Lord! be ever thus our Friend divine,
 Our Anchor sure while rocking tempests roll,
 And, when departing into hands like Thine,
 Relume Thy promise,² and receive the Soul!

THE RELIGION OF THE YOUNG.

“Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth, while the evil days
 come not.”—*Eccles. xii. 1.*

AND wilt thou bring a virgin heart,
 And lay it on the shrine
 Of holy Love, that so the part
 Of Mary shall be thine?—

(1) “He is not ashamed to call them brethren.”—*Heb. ii. 11.*

(2) “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.”—*Psalms xxiii. 4.*

Retreat beneath the Saviour's eye,
And to His tones of heaven reply
With more than breath can say, or sigh
To Wisdom so divine ?

Then may thy youth securely rest
On more than earth bestows ;
Eternity within thy breast
Already throbs, and glows ;
Thou hast, ere sin thy breast alloy,
The colour of celestial joy
Which brighten'd o'er that sainted boy,
Whose cry, " Speak, Lord ! " arose.¹

He to the Temple, when a child
By his dear mother brought,
Ere manhood's guilt the heart defiled
With years of sinful thought,—
Like a young priest his ephod wore,
And on his girdled form he bore
The truth of what meek Hannah swore,²
When she the Lord besought.

Thus, in the vernal prime of youth
How blest are they who bring
Their souls a sacrifice for truth,
And round Christ's altar sing !

(1) " The Lord came and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel ! Samuel ! Then Samuel answered, Speak, for thy servant heareth."—1 Sam. iii. 10.

(2) " She vowed a vow, and said: If thou wilt give unto thine handmaid a man-child, then I will give him unto the Lord. . . . Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod."—1 Sam. i. 11 ; ii. 18.

Ere shades of evil darkness fall,
Like folds of that primeval pall
That soon or late envelops all
On earth now wandering !

Age has not loosed the silver cord,
Nor at the fountain-head
Doth weariness exhale that word,—
“ My pleasant things are fled !”
Far otherwise ; hope’s morning dew
Fall freshly on thy fairy views,
And nature wears those lust’rous hues
O’er life by feeling spread.

In youth there breathes a sunny bloom,
A buoyancy and glow
Which seem to triumph o’er the tomb
And gladden off dull wo ;
Elate as lofty, swells the hope
That longs with dangers firm to cope,
And ever round some daring scope,
An eager glance to throw.

When years have cast their blighting frown,
And wither’d prospects pine,
While on the head time’s hoary crown
Betrays old age is thine !—
Then, sinner ! ’tis a rueful sight
To view thee through thy heart’s deep night,
In horror seek that saving light
Which flows from truth divine.

It is not that a dread "too late!"
By mortal dare be sigh'd;
Nor ever to a brother's fate
Be hope of heaven denied:
But, oh! methinks when harrowing fears
Haunt the dark mind, and bitter tears
Like drops of anguish damp the years
Of those who God defied;

When mem'ry's weak, and conscience quails,
And life's gay tone is dead,
While hideous doubts the heart assail
That base experience bred,—
'Tis awful on death's couch to find
Some ruin'd Shape of wo reclined,
Sick of the world, but unresign'd
In dust to lay his head!

Divinest Spirit! truthful Lord,
May youth remember Thee,
And gladly in thy glorious word
A bright hereafter see:—
There, bloom the Canaans of the young,
There, fields with hallow'd fruitage hung,
Richer than God's own poets sung,
To wave in Galilee!

Thy grace bestow, that vestal hearts
May more and more be given
To Thee and Thine, ere youth departs
From God, by passion driven

Further and further, o'er that way
Where virtues into vices stray,
Which only leave the soul to say,—
 Bad earth is my best heaven !

THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

“ Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.”—*Psalm* lv. 22.

Go, cast thy burden on the Lord,
 Thou laden bosom ! dark and lone ;
Nor deem thyself by Him unheard
 Whose heart beats human on The Throne.

A Man of sorrows and of tears
 The Saviour once was like to thee,
And learn'd to face those mortal fears
 That fill'd His soul with sympathy.

'Tis thus we mark Him, homeless, sad,
 A pilgrim whose unpitied lot
Was shunn'd by all the gay and glad,
 And often by cold friends forgot !

Yet, learnt He thus from finite wo
 What heaven's calm glories could not teach,—
For there, no tides of anguish flow,
 And no dark cares that kingdom reach.

And, is it not a whelming thought,
 That Christ should leave His heavenly throne
To be on earth affliction taught,
 And suffer more than grief hath known ?

Oh, had He in yon realm of bliss
But simply fathom'd what we feel,
Could mortals from their sad abyss
To Him as brother, ere appeal?

But when we read His matchless life,
That wept, and sigh'd, and sorrow'd o'er
The heavy pangs of human strife,
And all which burning conscience bore,—

Such life becomes a lovely proof
That into his deep bosom pass'd
Experience, which can ne'er aloof
From pilgrims now on earth be class'd.

Nor deem, that when on high He soar'd
And o'er the radiant heavens retired,
By chanting hosts to be adored
Whose hymns are by His Blood inspired,

That what below as MAN He felt,
Is now engulph'd in bliss eterne ;—
Still through His heart emotions melt,
And in Him pure affections burn.

His regal crown is all divine,
And glory-flames engird Him now ;
But, Faith beholds Him still the same,
For human feelings line His brow.

And thus, O weary wand'ring soul,
By tempest worn, and toss'd, and tried,
Though surging waves around thee roll,
Thine anchor is The Crucified !

Thy sin confess, each sorrow tell,
Bold on His love thy burden cast,—
In heaven who yet remembers well
The storms through which on earth He pass'd.

A mother *may* her babe forget,
An exile ne'er his home recall,
Nor orphan'd child the hour regret
That reft him of parental all :

But, oh, whate'er the scene or clime,
Devotion may Immanuel see
Whose heart expands o'er man, and time,—
Who bled for our eternity !

Yes, sympathies intense and deep,
Surpassing what our souls contain,
Still through His breast in glory sweep,
And shall for ever glow and reign.

Sinless, and therefore touch'd in heart
With all which blighted moments bear,—
In heaven, O Priest divine ! Thou art,
A man-God, with our feelings,¹ there !

By gentleness, by grief, and grace,
By depth of sigh, and tears profound,
Faith views Thee to our fallen race
In links of loving union bound.

Both heaven and earth in Thee combine,
In whom the mystic wound² appears,

(1) "We have not an High Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."—*Heb.* iv. 15.

(2) "Every eye shall see him: they also which *pierced* him." . . . "In the midst of the elders stood a Lamb as it had been slain."—*Rev.* i. 7 ; v. 6.

That gash'd in death Thy Form divine,
And crimson'd it with gory tears.

Then, lay thy burden on the Lord,
Child of dejection! pale and lone;
Thou canst not sigh by Him unheard,
Whose heart can answer from His Throne.

NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED.

“There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.”—*Isa.* lvii. 21.

How like a spirit shrieks the startled Wind,
As though the Air to agony were torn,
When Conscience hears it with a haunted mind,
Waking at midnight, fearful and forlorn!

No peace apart from purity abides;
Deep in the heart some dark unrest will be;
Though calmest azure gild the ocean-tides,
Stern are the currents which no eye can see!

What, if the World, that sees by sense alone,
Seldom below the surface of our smiles
Surveys the secrets which to God are shown,—
Believes mock gladness which the truth beguiles,

Though laughing mirth and swells of dalliant joy
Ring from the wicked mouth, and worthless mind,
Be sure there lurks an unbetray'd alloy
Of sad rebuke, that gilded face behind!

The peace of sinners is the trance of death,
The stagnant quiet of some horrid tomb ;
Or, like the pause before a parting breath
That shakes and shudders o'er eternal doom !

But oft this lulling opiate of the heart,
By passion drunk when principle expires,
Fails in some hour to do its fiendish part,
When Vengeance lights her agonizing fires.

And thus, the wicked have no vital peace,
Nothing that reason, truth, or knowledge makes ;
The Blood of Sprinkling hath not brought release,
Nor calm'd the tempest which dark conscience shakes !

In vain may riches, rank, and power, and pride,
Fawn round the creedless heart and christless will,—
There is no heaven but in bad self denied,
And less than Godhead can no bosom fill.

Man's peace is grounded on majestic truth, [prayer,
Enlightened conscience, hope, and faith-breathed
And they who seek it in hoar'd age, or youth,
Yearn for God's Holy One to guide them there ;

There, to that harmony of thoughts divine
Breathed from Jehovah into heaven-born souls,
Where all bright properties of bliss combine
To make the calm no outward storm controls.

Pure Lord of Peace ! Thou Saviour high and dear,
Till Thou serene us with Thy saving word,
Dejection haunts us in our gayest sphere,
And nothing smiles where no rebuke is heard !

Cold gnaws the worm that on pale conscience feeds,—
A darksome pang of dreariness within ;
And oft in silence sad remembrance bleeds
O'er bosom'd stores of unrepented sin.
The grave ! the grave ! its hideous gloom appals
The craven souls which no atonement seek,
And from hereafter comes the hell that calls
The blood of gladness from a blooming cheek !
To guilt eternity a dread appears,
And God Himself is vision'd as a foe ;
And how the Throne dark retribution rears
Shades a bright present with prophetic awe !
Martyr in soul ! with all thy painted smiles,
Hie thee at once to free Salvation's ark,
And shun the snare of those satanic wiles
That dazzle myriads into regions dark.
Lo ! where The Church with mild maternal tone
Thy soul invites to share mysterious peace,¹
Pure as Emanuel once proclaim'd His own,—
Born of The Blood that purchased man's release.
Such is the rest, divinely rich and deep,
Beyond tempestuous waves of wo to break ;
Soft as the trances of that blissful sleep
That lull'd the Saviour on the storm-rent lake.
Let but the Spirit of The Lord descend
And o'er our bosom brood with dovelike sway,
Then shall Jehovah be our guardian friend,
Point to glad Zion, and protect the way.

(1) " Peace I leave with you ; *my* peace give I unto *you*." — *John*
xiv. 27.

So will the hollow rest poor worldlings love,
No longer o'er the cheated bosom reign ;
But Peace, descending from her Prince above,
Becalm our conscience, like His breath again.¹

AN INFANT'S DEATH.

“ Rachel weeping for her children.”—*Matt.* ii. 18. “ Thus saith the Lord,
Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears . . . they
shall come again from the land of the enemy.”—*Jer.* xxxi. 16.

PALE mother ! art thou weeping
Beside yon cradled form,
That now reclines, unsleeping,
In fever's raging storm ?
Fair mourner, let me feel for thee,
Engulph'd in such an agony !
Thine eyes are red with sorrow,
And sunken back with wo ;
Or ever dawns to-morrow,
Thy heart will overflow,
While tears of burning anguish lave
The victim of an early grave.
Such death seems like the rushing
All sudden, fierce, and strong,
Of chainless whirlwind, crushing
The forest-boughs along ;
As onward sweeps that rending blast,
Wild ruins tell its wings have pass'd !

(1) “ Then said Jesus unto them, Peace be unto you . . . and when he
had said this, he *breathed* on them.”—*John* xx. 21, 22.

Yet, mother ! when caressing
Thy darling in thine arms,
While brooding o'er the blessing
It treasured in such charms,
Did not this dream thy soul appal,—
“ Perchance my living flower must fall ? ”

And often, when surveying
Its mournful depth of eye,
A something seem'd arraying
Soft features for the sky,—
A pensive meaning, sad and mild,
Too earthless for an earth-doom'd child !

But since the soul hath parted,
Above that baby face
Thou bendest, broken-hearted,—
For, cold as sculptured grace,
The whiteness of that cherub brow
Maternal teardrops moisten now !

Yet, wilt thou be repining,
And nurse the pang unmeet
Because, no longer shining
Thy glow of love to greet,—
Infantile charms and elfin ways
Are welcomed by thy doting gaze ?

Oh ! picture, then, what anguish
Thy child escapes, and grief,
How life prolong'd would languish,
When none could bring relief,

What sin and sorrow, care and crime
They shun,—who die in dawning prime !

Like cherubim surrounding
The Throne where Jesu reigns,
With more than bliss abounding,
And touch'd by no earth-stains,
Unbodied infants, in the blaze
Of Godhead, lisp their perfect ¹ lays.

Nor dream, because unspoken
In flesh, the word of grace,—
Thy darling had no token
Of God's paternal face ;
Baptismal myst'ries oft unfold
A germ of Christ no creeds have told.

Think not, that when translated
To realms of hallow'd bliss,
An infant can be rated
By such base world as this :—
By heaven transform'd, its mind expands,
And *more* than scripture understands.

Then, cheer thee ! stricken mother,
Let praise ennoble tears ;
Thy babe has found a Brother
In yonder heaven-bright spheres ;
For God's Elect, the Undeiled,
Was once on earth a cradled Child !

(1) " Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast *perfected* praise."
Matt. xxi. 16.

Though now enshrined in glory,
What here below He felt,
As read in awful story,—
Doth yet remembrance melt ;
As if the babe His bosom press'd,
For ever thrill'd That gracious Breast !

Though viewless, yet not banish'd
To spheres unconscious now ;
Thine infant hath but vanish'd
In heaven to lift its brow,
Where babes redeem'd, in radiant white
Girdle the Throne, with angels bright.

God soothe thee ! broken-hearted,
Who to the font didst bring
The child that hath departed,—
Hark ! sumless infants sing
Anthems that reach Emanuel's soul,
Whose Blood was shed to save the whole.

A babe by death thus taken
Embodies Christian truth ;
And with no vow forsaken,
Nor broke by sinning youth,
But wearing God's regen'rate sign,
In beauty soars to bliss divine.

CHRIST THE PERFECTION OF OBEDIENT WILL.

“ Then cometh Jesus to be baptized Thus it becometh us to fulfil
ALL righteousness.”—*Matt.* iii. 13, 15.

THOU, who didst rend the heavens to be
THE MAN, in whom God's eye could see
A breathing Antitype of all
His wisdom could perfection call,—
From thy sad manger to the tomb,
Through shades of grief, and storms of gloom,
Implicitly Thy passive will
Each dictate of the law did lovingly fulfil.

When Peter's rude and reinless zeal
Would fain have had him scorn to feel
The pangs a felon's death must bear,
How did the Lord of Life declare ?—
“ Get thee behind me, Satan ! thou
Of man, not God, dost savour now ;
Disciple if thou dar'st to be,
Martyr thy human will, and meekly follow me !”

'Twas thus the Eremite who saw
How Christ obey'd baptismal law,
And lowly as a lamb descend
Beneath a sacrament to bend,
And in God's mystic waters lave
A form which was the world to save,—
At once recoil'd with holy dread,
And, gazing on the Lord, aloud his wonder said :

“Wilt Thou, by God and angels prized,
 Prince of all peace ! be e’er baptized
 By one like me, whose atom worth
 Is but a speck of sinful earth ?—
 Rather, baptize me with that fire
 Of holiness Thou dost respire ;
 Too abject am I thus to stand,
 Or on thy sandall’d feet to lay my soilèd hand.”

So spake th’ Elijah of the wild ;
 But He, of woman born, and mild
 As moon-lit water, when a breeze
 Tones the soft accent of the seas,—
 Bent o’er the Baptist His meek brow,
 And answer’d, “It becomes us now ;”
 And lo ! at once the laving stream
 Shed o’er His awful face its sacramental gleam.

But, as He riseth from the bank,
 The heavens that scene of wonder drank
 Into their depths, who saw their king
 To God such ritual glory bring !
 Obedience then received a crown
 Surpassing all sublime renown,
 The Law obtains from perfect will
 Bodied by angels forth, who all His work fulfil.¹

But, while by yon enraptured Heaven
 Peals of divine applause are given,

(1) “Ye his Angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.”—*Psalm ciii.* 20.

And downward on His wings of love
 Descends the everlasting Dove,
 And ere that thunder-voice hath ceased
 Proclaiming how The Father's "pleased,"—
 Let the saved Church a truth discern,
 And man's o'er-reas'ning heart a lofty science learn !
 Subjection is our love divine ;
 Believer ! let such law be thine :
 " *All* righteousness," however small
 Cold reason may its canons call,
 Compliant Faith will yearn to do,
 Finding in Christ her model true ;
 Nor dare to dream men suffer loss
 When duty points the way, and God provides the cross.
 They err, who think 'tis christian love
 If men perform what minds approve
 When moral science can perceive
Why Godhead will indulgence leave ;
 Such only in plain duties see
 Connexions with eternity :—
 Yet, what we trace not, Heaven may find
 To be of laws the best to educate mankind.
 We glorify self-will alone,
 When reason *that* divine will own
 Which plainly man with God connects,
 And so, all else with pride rejects.
 But, Cains in mind ! recall it well,—
 Proud reason once in Adam fell,
 A fruit by shunning not to eat,
 Because it could not *prove* that such was just and meet.

And, turn we to our gracious Lord
 Who, though He was th' Incarnate Word,
 Did yet the circumcising seal
 In babyhood submit to feel ;
 And show by sacramental blood
 How Jew and Gentile equal stood,
 To Him related by a rite
 Where patriachs of the past with us in church unite.

And thus in Jordan's haunted wave
 The condescending Lord did lave ;
 And in baptismal waters bend
 Because He was the sinner's " Friend !"
 And would inaugurate the love
 That God had mission'd from above,
 And thus the " righteousness" complete,
 Whence sprung our mercies all, and all our graces meet!

And, wouldst thou like thy Master be ?
 Go, find Him at that ancient sea,
 Where the awed Baptist on His head
 The sacrament of water spread ;
 There, as thou wander'st, seek a will,
 That would *all* rectitude fulfil,
 And consecrate thine inmost soul
 To that unfathom'd law no reason can control.

And then may He, whose glory came
 On mystic plumes of dovelike flame,¹
 That Spirit, who on Christ did pour
 The sevenfold grace His priesthood bore,—

(1) "Lo! the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him."—*Matt.* iii. 16.

Some drops of saving unction give
 By which believing martyrs live ;
 Till thou, in all thy works and ways,
 Shall unto God devote the priesthood of thy days.

DIVINE THIRST.

“ My soul thirsteth for God.”—*Psalm* xlii. 20.

As pants the hart for living brooks
 So pines my soul for Thee ;
 Away from this lone earth it looks,
 And longs Thy face to see.

Thrice Holy One ! athirst I am
 From man's false world to fly,
 And on the glories of the Lamb
 To feast my fasting eye.

'Tis here, a bleak and barren land
 Where hearts and hopes are vain ;
 But Faith perceives at Thy right hand,
 Supernal wonders reign !

There, pleasures bloom which cannot lead
 Compliant souls to sin ;
 And all celestial Love decreed,
 Victorious martyrs win.¹

No shades of guilt or sorrow now
 Athwart remembrance roll ;
 Eternity unveils its brow,
 And God enshrines the soul.

(1) “ Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”
Rev. ii. 10.

Those pulses of ethereal bliss
 That here so feebly play,
 Shall throb within a realm like this,
 Divine beyond decay !

At length we find our purest dreams
 Of finite rapture flown,
 When saints are basking in the beams
 Which glorify Thy Throne.

The Past will not return in sighs,
 The Future ne'er appal,—
 The Present charm celestial eyes¹
 With Christ, the All in All !

And dared men like rapt David feel,
 Our frigid hearts would be
 On fire with archangelic zeal,
 Thine heaven of Heavens to see !

CHIEF OF SINNERS.

“ Jesus came to save sinners, of whom I am chief.”—1 *Tim.* i. 15.

DEEP in the dust, oh, let me lie,
 And thence behold the Saviour's eye ;
 'Twill radiate my soul with heaven,
 As gleaming through that word—“ Forgiven !”

The more I think, the more I feel
 This heart hath proved in wo and weal,
 A Cain-like rebel to my God,
 Whate'er the path experience trod.

(1) “ Now are we the sons of God . . . but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him ; for we shall *see him as he is.*”—1 *John* iii. 2.

It is not that gone life hath been
By outward act, or inward scene,
Tinged with those tragic hues of hell
Beyond the gloom of words to tell ;

It is not that blind Passion dared
To argue down what God declared,
That Reason, Law, and Truth, in vain
Begirt me with their blended chain ;

Nor is it thus, because I dread
To muse on all I've done, or said,
Till back the heart-tide seems to gush
And bid my harrow'd conscience blush !—

Oh ! not for such keen anguish burns,
As more of heaven my spirit learns ;
But *this* is what I dread to see,—
How SELF dethroned the Deity !

Ay, Self has proved the spring of all
Enamour'd eyes perfection call ;
Thought, will and motive, deed and word,
In each, vile Self has been preferr'd.

Here, is the Upas-blast of sin !
That poison-blight that acts within,
That venom'd source of vicious life,
With treason to the Godhead rife.

'Tis that by whose defiling breath
The soul deserves eternal death ;
A taint whose superhuman power
Contaminates man's purest hour ;

In vain the Pharisee may dare
To voice his arrogance with prayer,
And scorn like him to be distress
Who bowed his head, and smote the breast.¹

For Sin is Self, howe'er disguised ;
And what applauding wonder prized,
To Him who bares the spirit through,—
Is rank with treason, and untrue !

It matters not, what form it takes
When human will our God forsakes ;—
The essence of a fiend we find,
Not in the flesh, but in the mind.

When passions nurse their lava fires,
Or brutal lust the blood inspires,
Or vice and vulgar riot reign—
There, sin reveals its coarser stain.

But oh ! believe not in the soul
Where bland Refinement wields control,
Where Art, and Taste, and Beauty dwell,
And Culture charms with graceful spell,—
E'en thus, while nature's glories rise
To fascinate our partial eyes,
Where Painting, Poetry, and Speech,
New thrones of regal magic reach,
Where private zeal, or public worth
Adorn the land that gives them birth,—
Believe not, in such bright display
That sin and self have died away !

(1) "The publican . . . smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner!"—*Luke* xviii. 13.

Yea, rather doth refinement shroud
 A godless will beneath a cloud,
 And lull the conscience, till it fails
 To learn if God, or man, prevails.

Thus, "chief of sinners!" forms the cry
 Of saints who have that purgèd eye
 By grace bestow'd, their souls to see
 Stand front to front with Deity!

On such adoring minds will dart
 The eyes of Him, who bares the heart,
 Till each fine chord of feeling there
 Thrills into dread, and throbs with prayer.

THE TREASURE AND THE HEART.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."—*Matt. vi. 19, 21.*

MEN of faith's heroic mould !
 Who your birthright have not sold,
 But the heirship of God's truth
 Have preserved to age from youth,—
 Let the freedom of your soul
 No debasement draw from earth,
 But the Law of heaven control
 What you deem of peerless worth.

Glory, God, and Grace alone
 Must ascend your spirit's throne ;
 Idol-dreams should never dare
 Encroachment on high conscience, there ;

Christ is jealous in His love,
And no half-devotion bears ;
If we seek a crown above,—
Listen, what His lip declares !

“ Let not earth your treasure be,
Ne'er from rust and robber free ;
But in heaven behold a mine
Where the gold is all divine ;
That which mortal love doth measure
As in time the truest spell,
Ere becomes the witching treasure
Where false hearts delight to dwell.”

Miser! with thy golden heap
Glaring through perturbèd sleep,
In thy wealth no wisdom lies,
But thy soul doth sacrifice
Heaven and hope, with all the bliss
Which on high the pure await ;
If dead gold thy treasure is,—
Cursèd seems thy canker'd state!

Worldling ! who for earth-prized gain
Creed and conscience both wilt strain ;
Fill'd, and fever'd o'er with cares
Doom'd to be but Sorrow's heirs,
Dwarf'd and mean thy nature grows,
Day by day intensely vile,
Deeper far than Virtue knows,
Coils the serpent in thy smile !

Patriot ! in whose haughty plan
Is reveal'd a heaven for man,
Madly dreaming time and sense
All in all for man dispense,—
 Brain may work, and genius build
 Schemes of most colossal name,
 But o'er visions unfulfill'd
 Thou wilt sing the dirge of shame !

Student ! cloister'd in the cell,
Haunted with the hoary spell
Books of sages and of seers
Breathe from immemorial years,
 Rich and radiant are the hopes
 Round thy soul that beam, and play,
 But ambition with thee copes,
 And of this thou art the prey !

Poet ! thou art priest of song ;
Heaven and earth to thee belong ;
Beauty, grandeur, love and grace
Circle round the bardic race ;
 Seize thy harp, and sweep the chords
 Till they glow with mental fire,
 And like oracles, rich words
 Roll from thy melodious lyre ;

But if gold, or gain intrude
On thy soul in solitude,
If mere passion for renown
Should assail thy minstrel-crown,

Should thy chant, debauch'd and base,
E'er for some foul end be sung,
Angels weep for thy disgrace,—
Would thy harp were never strung!

Lord! and must affections be
Fill'd with dust and dead to Thee
If around one heart they twine,
Just as if it were divine?—

Then, 'tis true, no creature can
Saint, or seraph's heart enchain,
But it mars the mighty plan,—
God alone as God must reign!

Mother! 'tis a beauteous sight
When thou watchest day and night
Fondly round some elfin creature
Budding with maternal feature,
Oft in cradled slumber rock'd,
Flush'd with fascination's dreams,
While each baby hand enlock'd,
Clasp'd in adoration seems:

But if love should Christ betray,
And devotion steal away
From the God of babes, and men,—
Wilt thou not be chasten'd then?
Or, perchance, when fever'd breath
From thy little one is heaving,
Thou wilt learn by infant's death
That thy soul has God been leaving!

If upon thy sailor boy,
Star of home and social joy,
Far amid the wild sea-waves
Where his head the tempest braves,
Thou art dreaming, when thy prayer
Heavenward should in faith be swelling,—
Canst thou hope thy God is there,
If no grace be in thee dwelling?

Wife, and parent, husband, child,
Let not feeling be defiled
By a worship that withdraws
Love from those celestial Laws
That in creatures claim the heart;
Here the Lord erects a throne
In whose glories none have part,
Where He reigns, and reigns alone!"

Hide our treasures, Lord, in Thee !
And regen'rate hearts will be
Glowing ever more and more
While they scan Thy heaven-born store,
With the bliss bright angels feel
When before the Lamb they bend,
Chanting with impassion'd zeal,—
"Glory's fount ! and sinner's Friend !"¹

(1) "They sung a new song . . . Thou art worthy . . . for thou hast redeemed us to God."—*Rev.* v. 9.

CONVICTION, AND CONFESSION.

“He will reprove the world of sin . . . because they believe not on me.”
—*John* xvi. 8, 9. “O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?”—*Rom.* vii. 24. “Wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.”
Rev. iii. 17.

THERE *was* a time, when earth appear'd
From each cold mist of sorrow clear'd,
A landscape clothed with calm and grace,
Whose flowers conceal'd the serpent's trace.

Then, Nature seemed a fairy world
Where beauty all its wings unfurl'd,
Till soil, and sea, and sun, and sky
Entranced me with their poetry !

Brightness and bloom o'er objects threw
The witch'ry of that wond'rous hue
That makes the very ground to glow
With gladness beaming hearts bestow.

And as with Nature, so with life,—
It look'd with radiant magic rife,
Where hearts, and homes, and friends, and smiles,
Around me group'd their dearest wiles.

I did not hear the booming knell,
Nor let the tomb its wisdom tell ;
Sickness and sorrow, change and grief,
Appear'd too dark for my belief !

And when from Heaven's most awful book
My blinded heart some utt'rance took,
The God I worshipp'd was my own,
Without a sceptre, law, or throne !

'Twas thus, religion's peerless claim
A sentimental lie became,
It touch'd the fancy—but the heart
From ruling grace beat all apart !
But He, who bowed the heavens in love,
Beheld me from His shrine above,
And so my sensual trance awoke,
With legal Sinai's lightning-stroke !
Then, dread conviction through me burst,
And I sunk down, accurst ! accurst !
No more I lived, but seem'd to die¹
Like them who dare their God defy ;
Both blood and brain with horror felt
Vengeance divine my being melt :
What once I loved, grew loathsome now,
And stamp'd, like Cain's, my branded brow !
Creation's glories ceased to shine
Upon a heart depress'd as mine ;
And round her fairest landscape stole
The blight and blackness of my soul.
Where'er I went, whate'er I saw,
The haunting Curse of holy law
Came like my shadow ; dread and deep
It quiver'd o'er my harrow'd sleep !
And there were moods, so darkly tried
And with such shades from hell supplied,
That earth around my conscience reel'd,
While God and Guilt stood both reveal'd !

¹ " I was alive without the Law once, but when the commandment came I died."—*Rom.* vii. 9.

Matter and mind, and time and space,
Sun, air, and sea, with heaven's bright face,
Whate'er I saw, or felt, or heard,—
Echo'd The Law's condemning word!

“ Oh wretched man ! ” (thus breathed my groan)

“ The body of this death to own ;
As though the corpse from out its grave
Were fasten'd to some living slave¹

I bear without, and drag within
The clinging weight of woful sin !—
Who can deliver, and my soul
Rescue from this abhorr'd control ? ”

My virtues, now, to vices turn'd,
As more enlighten'd reason learn'd
The pureness of that perfect Law,
Which sees what Conscience never saw.

Eager with light from God's own eye
It can the shades of sin descry ;
Nor could one pulse of feeling play
That throbs not in its searching ray !

And thus, gay sinner ! down to dust
Be all thy tow'ring virtues thrust ;
The law of God is legal death
By guilt inhaled at every breath.²

(1) “ Who shall deliver me from the body of this death (or dead body) ! ” —
Rom. vii. 24.

(2) “ In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. ” — *Gen.* ii. 17.
“ The commandment which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death. ”
Rom. vii. 10.

Go, cultivate a grief divine ;
A noble wretchedness be thine ;
A heaven-born pang, like Paul's, profound,—
The bleeding of the spirit's wound.
Nor fancy, as we Godward rise
And grace soars nearer to the skies,
Our sainted calm will deeper grow,
As if we had true heaven below.
Insatiate Conscience, strong and stern
Will evermore this wisdom learn,—
That our perfection is to prove
Imperfect is man's purest love !
Oh ! bless we God, for gracious tears,
For sunken hopes, and shadowy fears ;
Those Hearts are not for glory meant
Who feel no glorious discontent :
Enough for souls this truth to gain,—
In Christ alone we live and reign ;
And all who would perfection find
Must seek it in the Saviour's mind.

THE BELIEVER'S DESTINED WORK.

“Ye are the salt of the earth ye are the light of the world let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.”—*Matt. v. 13, 14, 16.*

THE World exults to crucify
That truth it loathes to feel ;
And thus, all time repeats the Cross,
And Christians must through shame and loss
Maintain a martyr-zeal.

Such cannot on this christless earth
Expect a brighter doom
Than what the Prince of Glory bore,
When he rebuked the world of yore
And gain'd a borrow'd tomb!
But not for this, with craven hearts
And love of selfish ease
Shrink they from conflict, or the crowd,
And in dull cloisters bent and bow'd
Enjoy a bad release.
Alas! for their religious mock,
Whose creed is SELF disguised;
Our sacrament of second birth
Anoints us to contend with earth,—
Have we our unction prized?
The heavenliness of blissful calm
In some poetic shade,
Where Nature is the nurse of thought,
And all seems with religion fraught,
And for devotion made;
For such indeed mild spirits yearn,
And long for dove-like wings
Away to flee, and be at rest,
With God and angels purely blest
Above sublunar things.
And, most divine to musing hearts
When sick of toil and strife,
Monastic bowers of peace and prayer
Where time intrudes no fev'rish care
To fret the saintly life.

But, where is then the martyr's will?—

That oath by which we vow'd
Under Christ's banner, in His name
To battle for His crown and claim
Amid earth's warring crowd?

Mistaken victims of themselves!

Who violate their creed
And fly with recreant heart and will,
Instead of facing stern and still
The front of battle's need!

'Tis not by flight, or fear we gain
The jewel'd crown of bliss;
But by enduring unto death,
And battling to our latest breath,
We reach reward like this.

The world is dark, the world is dead,
Corruption broods in all;
Those painted splendours which appear,
Glitter like spangles on a bier,
And worse than gloom appal.

Hero for heaven! baptized and brave,
The vow is on thee,—fight!
Full at the Fiend, the flesh, and world,
Be all thy weapon'd graces hurl'd,
And God shall guard the right.

Or, if thou wilt the mystic words
Of "light" and "salt" translate,—
Then, shine by contrast in the dark,
And by correction probe and mark
The evils of our state.

We live in evil times ; and tongues
 Against the truth contend ;
When Motive, Principle, and Power,
Around us in rebellion tower
 And loud their challenge send !
Then, soldier ! put thine armour on,
 And wield thy weapons bright ;
With spear and breastplate, sword and shield,
Thus panoplied,—go, take the field
 And foremost fall, or fight !
How can we “shine,” unless we face
 A world of guilt and gloom ?
Or, be like salt’s corrective force,
By hallow’d deed, or high discourse,
 If life itself entomb ?
Earth needs the grace, and wants the beams
 Embodied grace imparts,
When worldlings view a valiant band
Maintain with hope and heart and hand
 The creed of sainted hearts.
A cloister’s gloom, a cowl, and cell
 May oft a mind conceal,
Where rancour pride and envy reign,
While Passion gnaws a viler chain
 Than what true world-slaves feel.
Lord of the church ! of creeds, and souls,
 Thy wisdom make our own,—
Not *of*, but *in* this world to be,
And hear the summons, “Follow me,”
 From manger to the throne !

Contention with a christless world,
Here is our law of life ;
The salt must spread, the light must shine,
Unless we cross the will divine
And shrink from duteous strife.
'Tis easy, when the flesh-born will
In solitude retires,
To choose the calm of constant prayer,
And thus avoid the fretting care
A public fate inspires.
Yet, social is the cause of God ;
And Christ demands a creed
That shall not seek monastic shade
Of all but righteous self afraid,—
But front the dreadest need.
True salt and sunlight make us, Lord!
Thy Spirit forms them both ;
So may we best Thy word obey,
And rev'rence thus by night and day
Our sacramental oath.
The crowded world Thy Sceptre rules ;
And Thou not less art there
Than in the lull of lone retreat ;
And saints may thy pure guidance meet
In duties ev'rywhere.
But while we seek to shine and act,
In all our words and ways
Thy veil, Humility ! bestow,
And over us protection throw,
Lest we aspire for praise.

The work, but not the worker, seen,—
 Behold ! a heaven-drawn plan¹
 For saints to lead their life in God ;
 Such path a Saviour's virtues trod
 And made it bright for man !

THE SACREDNESS OF FLOWERS.

"Consider the lilies."—*Matt.* vi. 28. "Glorious beauty is a fading flower."—*Isa.* xxviii. 1. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass."—1 *Pet.* i. 24.

PART I.

YE silent poems ! that from Nature's book
 Warble of Eden to our inward ear,
 Filling the thoughtful eyes that on ye look
 With the soft myst'ry of a sacred tear,
 Not the chaste stars, whose lidless eyes salute
 The musing gaze of man's poetic mind,
 Throned in their skyey radiance,—dare dispute
 The spell ye wield o'er every heart refined.
 Since God, from Whose ideal wealth of thought
 All that is bright, or beautiful, or fair
 By shaping wisdom into form was wrought
 And thus committed unto the sun and air,—
 Made the wild flowers like earth-sprung stars to shine
 With gleams of almost sacramental power,²
 Dull is the heart that hails no tone divine
 When such accost him from the vernal bower !

(1) "Let your light so shine that they may see your good works, and GLORIFY YOUR FATHER which is in heaven."—*Matt.* vi. 16.

(2) "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—*Matt.* vi. 28, 29.

Nor dream, that He who marks the sparrow's flight
Forgets the dew-fed darlings of the spring;
Angels are not more in His watchful sight [bring.
Than the soft flowers which breeze and brightness
For such adjustment doth His hand ordain
Amid all forms and faculties to be,
That 'tween the snow-drop and vast earth there reign
Proportions pure as Science loves to see.

Were the huge world one atom more or less
In gravity, from centre to the pole,
The flowers would lose their bending loveliness,
Like living sympathies with Nature's whole.

Despise not, then, Philosophy and Pride,
The golden king-cup and yon daisy small,
You could not from the universe divide
That infant bud, without deranging All!

And in man's world, where sin and wo prevail,
Harshness, and heat, and hurry so abound,—
How sweet the hush of some sequester'd dale,
Where slaves grow freemen upon nature's ground!

There can we hold communion meek and mild
With flowers, that deck some grove, or wood,
And guard their innocence as undefiled
As when their greeting Maker call'd them "good."

Orphans of Eden, their parental soil
Has long been wither'd, and by weeds o'errun;
While burden'd manhood, with a brow of toil,
Endures the desert, and outworks the sun;

But these, like babes whose mothers we deplore,
Still do their budding features love to keep
A soft sad trace of paradise no more,
And waken memories that well may weep !

Of old, before the God Incarnate came,
Oft did high song, and sentiment, and art
Borrow from flowers an ever-beauteous fame
That feeds the mind, and purifies the heart.

But since the hour a lily blush'd, and bow'd
Its head of grace beneath Emanuel's smile,
Divine and deep associations crowd
The dreaming soul that o'er them bends awhile.

“ Behold the lilies of the field ! and learn
From their sweet lives, who neither toil, nor spin, ”—
Well may such consecrating words return,
And waken truths whose echoes sleep within !

And might we shape one hallow'd dream of Him
Whose life was pure, mysterious, deep, and lone,
Whose glory to the wing-veil'd seraphim
Shone from the Cross, more wondrous than His
Throne,—

Thought may imagine hours of wordless calm,
When all unwatch'd, Messiah's human soul
Found in far meads a meditative balm,
And in bright flowers a beautiful control.

As God, He made them, and as Man, admired
The blooming product of His lovely power ;
And heaven's own poets, by their hues inspired,
Repeat, “ Behold ” them ! when they bless a flower.

PART II.

THE Lord, who thus celestial radiance threw
Round the gay lilies in their regal dress,
Hath long receded from the Church's view,
And Earth seems flow'ring in her loneliness :
But still the Saviour's cry, " Behold ! " remains
Deep in the ear, and haunts the spring-toned breeze,
Where pilgrim Thought along secluded plains
Roams by the flowers, beneath romantic trees.
Seems it, as though a consecration hung
On the rich bloom of each innocuous flower,
And grace beyond what minstrel lyres have sung,
Since Christ admired them in His teaching hour.
And they are beautiful as infant eyes,
Sparkling, or pale, when pensive, blue, or mild ;
Now, softly vocal, while the air-tone sighs,
And then, in breezy motion dancing wild !
And like pale visions view'd in mem'ry's dream,
So to the serious mind may flowers appeal,
As though beside them roll'd Life's hurried stream,—
And teach the sternest what the wise would feel !
For oft, like infants nursed on Nature's breast,
The dawning buds come forth in sun and dew,
Rosy as childhood in rich beauty drest,
When life enchants it with a fairy hue :
And beaming girlhood, in its beauteous grace,
Seems like a new-blown flower in bloom to be,
When fancy muses on that vernal face,
And thinks, how soon that spring of heart will flee !

And have not sentiment and soul-breathed song
From flowers a classic inspiration caught?—
Their spells of beauty to the bard belong,
And grace his lines with many a lovely thought.
In hoar'd cathedrals, solemn, huge, and grand,
Where tombs have tongues, and eloquently preach,
Who has not felt the wingèd mind expand,
Soaring to thoughts beyond mere earth to reach?
But, there hath Scripture traced those marble flowers
Which yet to fancy wear a stony bloom
That triumphs o'er decay's funereal powers,
On hero's cenotaph, and martyr's tomb.—
And since all matter ought to mind attest
Deep truths, significant of sacred worth,
Are not the lilies by their Maker drest
Types of the pure, unstain'd by sordid earth?
Emblems of those, the gentle and the good,
Plants of the Spirit, who delight to grow
And in the hush of hallow'd solitude,
Nurse the meek grace His will and word bestow?
There is an air of chastity and calm
Breathed from the pureness of a vestal flower,
Like a sweet mem'ry of gone Eden's balm
That shames coarse passion in its rudest hour.
And when on couch of languishment there lies
Some pale-worn victim of disease and pain,
Oft can a flower relume the sunken eyes,
As though they gazed on garden-walks again!

Or, when the boy by Circumstance is led
From the green hamlet where young life began,
And 'mid the large loud city round him spread,
For fields and groves, views artificial man,
If some chance flow'ret near his path should lie,
How does it thrill association's law,—
Making the heart for home and country sigh,
And tread the landscape rosy childhood saw!
So have I mark'd, amid some fever'd court
Crowded with dens where degradations hide,
Where passions vile with poverty resort,
And orphan'd babes have hunger'd, wept, and died,
Some lonely window, with a sickly flower
Pining as pale, still struggling to endure,—
And thrill'd to think how Nature's lovely power
Could thus the heart of wretchedness allure!
Contemn not this! for in bleak haunts of wo
Undying thoughts of sylvan life remain;
And many a poor man, while his tear-drops flow,
Hails a sad violet through a broken pane!
We bless Thee, then, Thou Lord of flowers and trees!
Bought by Whose blood, the whole creation lives;
Glowing with health, or martyr'd by disease,
Hail! to each beauty Thine Atonement gives.
And when Affection seeks the solemn grave
To sprinkle flowers upon the guarded mould,
Where in chill darkness sleep the perish'd brave
Whose mem'ries beautify the days of old,

O Thou! the Resurrection and the Life,
 Thy viewless presence grant at this deep hour,
 And to sad mourners, with dejection rife,
 Reverse the emblem of that votive flower.

“Behold the lilies!”—Lord! we would obey;
 But still *they* wither, while their charms delight;
 And in the lustre of their rich array
 Lurks the cold shadow of their coming blight:
 But thou, believer! not, like flowers, wilt fall
 Ne’er from the dust in blooming grace to rise;
 But when for thee, Earth’s citing trump shall call,
 Eternal spring shall fascinate thine eyes!
 Celestial beauty, undecaying bloom
 Clothes the pure flesh with more than lilies wear;
 And thou, transplanted from the wintry tomb
 To heaven, wilt be a flower of glory there.

FOLLOW CHRIST.

“Jesus saith unto them, Follow me; and . . . they followed Him.”—*Matt.*
 iv. 18—20.

THE sheep who know the shepherd’s tone
 Delight to hear his voice;
 His guiding way becomes their own,
 His wish their willing choice:
 So is it with regen’rate souls,
 Whose love the law of grace controls;
 Let but the Shepherd of the spirit call,—
 Like echoes they reply, and leave their noblest all!

So was it in the church of old :—
As walking by the sea,
The Lord of Mercy did behold
The twin elect of Galilee,—
Two fishers there, who cast the net
The produce of the Lake to get ;
But when that “Follow Me !” from Christ was heard,
The laden ships they left, responsive to His word.

So is it now ; if hearts be true
To Him whose shepherd-cry
Will never cause the heart to rue,
If sov'reign Wisdom try
How much for HIM we dare to be !—
Abroad, at home, by land or sea,
On crowded mart, or in resounding street
Where all the mingled tides of sin and struggle meet.

We must not seek monastic cell,
Nor yearn for cloister'd shades ;
Nor sigh for some Arcadian dell,
And green poetic glades
Where blissful Quiet can enjoy
The bower of peace without alloy ;
But rather rest where providence doth say,—
“Move in thine orbit *here*, for Wisdom chose the way.”

They are not meek who fretful ask,
Or pine for distant spheres ;
Let Heaven be view'd in *ev'ry* task
And that will soothe our fears :

We should not e'en by thought rebel ;
For God works all things wise and well,
And for each being doth unroll the plan
Eternity decreed, before the hills began !

To sigh for some romantic spot
Of solitude and peace,
And clasp in dreams a perfect lot
Where care and sorrow cease,—
To God must breathe of discontent,
Howe'er with sainted feeling blent ;
Our proper sphere in providence must be
Where Christ in spirit comes, and utters,—“Follow Me!”

Localities alone confine
The gilded mocks of earth ;
But they who bear a charm divine
That seals our second birth,—
Above what space and sense afford,
Can hear the language of their Lord ;
And so, when Mammon tempts, or Belial reigns,—
Bound at the Master's cry, and burst their venal chains !

Thus to the publican there came
A “Follow Me,” that drew
His heart to hear that holy NAME
Which Heaven proclaim'd the true ;
All circumstance, and scene, and lot,
The den, the dungeon, or the cot,—
Let but the voice of duty call us there,
And Faith may hallow each, by watchfulness and prayer.

And hence, may those who dwell
Far from the hurried mart,
Where sylvan homes with quiet spell
Attune the thinking heart,—
When haply through harsh cities loud
They wind amid the toiling crowd,
Or, through damp courts and dusky lanes of wo
See haggard Want and Age, with shrunken features go,—

Oh ! let them not presume to say
That there, amid the strife,
No saintly Minds can muse or pray,
And consecrate a life
To heaven-born cares, and hopes of bliss,
Which lift them o'er a doom like this :
For, while fond mem'ries oft some village roam,
They glory in the thought, that grace can find a home

Wherever love and prayer abide :—
And thus, dear Lord ! may we
Remember that calm Voice that cried,
To Levi,—“ Follow Me !”
Whate'er the pathway life must tread,
Around us be Thy graces spread,
And thus no time, nor toil, nor space, nor scene
To hide Thy word from us will ever intervene !

If such Thy will, by wooded streams,
Or vales of blissful calm
Where the deep hush of holy dreams
Inspires unearthly balm,

Where from green hills the gladden'd eyes
Look speechless hymns beyond the skies,—
If there embower'd, Thou wilt our lot to be,
Lord of the landscape fair ! we glow to "follow" Thee.

Or, if Thy regal Word decide,
That cities throng'd and loud
Which billow with the restless tide
Of life's tumultuous crowd,
Should be our peopled deserts, where
Unecho'd hearts conceal each care,—
Still may our souls by meek compliance find,
The ever-present Christ, an anchor for the mind.

Love need not quit the humblest call,
But calmly work and wait ;
Our safety dwells where duties all
Attend our mortal state ;
Messiah did not die to give
Each heart the choice where faith would live ;
But *this* He grants to all who seek for grace,—
The guidance of His truth, and glory of His face.

Yes, "Follow Me !" be this the word,
The motto of our lives ;
Morn, noon, and night, let such be heard,
When sin, or Satan strives ;
Should Passion rage, or Pride begin,
Or treason-banners rise within,—

(1) "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us . . . Thou hast put gladness in my heart."—*Psalms* iv. 6, 7.

In all we feel or fancy, do or dare,
 Let Thy mild "Follow Me," pursue us everywhere !

Great Captain of the meek and good,
 Whose crimson guilt and stain
 Shall never, through Thine awful blood,
 Assail their souls again !—
 In self-denial, grief, or loss,
 In all we have of care and cross,
 Thy hand of mercy out of heaven bestow,
 And let us feel its grasp, where'er our footsteps go !

Thy path was one of pain and grief,
 A sacrifice of love ;
 And never came such vast relief
 As did Thy cross remove ;
 We ask not then poetic fields
 Where life all bloom and brightness yields ;
 But this we seek,—a soul from murmurs free,
 Whose heaven on earth it proves, in all to follow Thee.

A NAME WITHOUT A NATURE.

"Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead."—*Rev.* iii. 1.

"Many will say unto me, in that day, Lord ! Lord ! have we not prophesied in Thy name? . . . Then will I profess unto them, I never knew you."—*Matt.* vii. 22, 23.

WHEN plaintive knells peal sadness o'er the wind,
 And echoes haunt the mind
 With thoughts, whose voiceless depths of awe infold
 Meanings which are not told,

Dark fears from hush'd eternity arise
Too deep, except for sighs !
Men dare not speak it,—but they ponder this,
Where wings the parted soul ?—to agony, or bliss ?

There is a terror, but a truth intense,
In all those words dispense,
That tell what imitation's power achieves,
When formal man believes,
That he God's Christ by nature, as by name,
His own can truly claim,—
While far as earth from heaven his spirit lives
On that base food alone, the power of pleasure gives !

And marvel we, such midnight error can
So darken over man,
That he a hollow lie for truth mistakes,
And life for death forsakes ?—
And thus, while dead in selfishness and sin,
Can never gaze within
The deeper fountains of the soul to prove,
Whether from earth they rise, or stream from grace above ?

The mystery doth here its web unwind,—
Self-love deludes the blind ;
And in the blindness of bad hearts they see
A shade of miscall'd Deity ;
And, like their god, a false religion seems
Reflecting back their dreams ;
And so, from year to year they live, and die,
Feeling their souls secure as angels in the sky !

Void of all grace, perceptive reason can
 So educate the man,
And unto plastic mind and morals give
 Those forms, by which men live
In seeming concord with what heaven requires :
 Yet, God alone inspires
Life from The Spirit, and that sacred love
Whereby all saints on earth, are yet in soul, above.

Thus can the outworks of religious grace
 Impress their lovely trace
On creed and conduct, character, and all
 The world-slaves “ nature ” call ;
Reason and Sentiment may both forbear
 To doubt what texts declare ;
And ritual zeal so mechanize the soul
That much the Church decrees, may wield a due control.

The beauty of unblemish'd morals, too,
 May guard its vestal hue,
Nor vulgar passions by their vicious reign
 Cast o'er the law a stain ;
And thus, complete in all mere sense admires,—
 Who doubts, that faith inspires
So fair a specimen of social truth
Beheld in solemn age, or seen in sunny youth?

Love will not criticise a brother-soul ;
 And when the death-knells roll
Their dirge-like cadence, while the living sigh
 To think, how soon we die !

Oh, marvel not, blind Charity conceives
That he who this world leaves
With such a sanctity around him spread,
Hath up to glory's throne by angel-bands been led !

Still, dare we not Truth's warning tone forget,
For, ah ! 'tis needed yet :—
“ Lord,” on our lips most orthodox may be,
And none our danger see ;
And yet not Christ, but our own will presides
O'er all those inward tides
Of thought and feeling, passion and desire
That from the outer sense to inward life retire.

Yes! we may prophesy and preach,
And high distinction reach ;
O'er our mute dust pale monuments arise,
Or, throne us in the skies,
While the loud trumpet of a world-wide fame
Rings through all hearts our name ;
And when rapt eyes our sculptured praises read
They glisten with the thought,—here lies a saint indeed !

And yet our soul's eternity the while
Unlit by glory's smile,
Though canonising praise adorns our tomb,
May be immersed in gloom ;
And realms of horror round that darkness burn
Where hypocrites must learn,
How vast a gulf between profession lies
And that celestial life which moulds us for the skies !

But, Lord, while we in self-abasement lie
 Beneath Thy searching eye,
Home to the centre bare the soul within !
 Where hides a bosom-sin
Which oft amid pure seemliness of life
 With secret lust is rife;
While some, professing to uphold Thy throne,
Have cast all devils out, except their spirit's own !¹

From such delusion, God ! our conscience save,
 That to the very grave
And e'en beyond it,—to the Judge on high²
 Extends the cheating lie !
That spell of Satan, whence a worldling dreams
 He *is* the all he *seems*,
And will not view a hypocrite in heart,
Till Christ shall rend the veil by that dread word,
“ Depart ! ”

THE HOMELESS ONE.

“ The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.”—*Matt.* viii. 20.

COULD Fancy, in some dream sublime,
With circumstance have clothed the time
When God incarnate should appear,
To roll the curse from earth's dark sphere,

(1) “ Have we not in thy name cast out devils ? ”—*Matt.* vii. 22.

(2) “ Many will say to me, *in that day*, Have we not prophesied in thy name ? ”—*Matt.* vii. 22.

With what a pomp of heaven-bright rays
Would she have circled round His ways!—
Angel, and harp, and seraphim
Would all have been foretold for Him.
Sun, moon, and star, with sky and sea,
Would each have felt a sympathy—
Some impulse, like a throbbing awe,
Through Earth had thrill'd, when Christ she saw!

But, not in Glory's pall He came ;
Nor did an earthquake's throb proclaim
The world's Creator was a child,
Born in our flesh, but undefiled.

No fameless offspring of the poor
On mountain bleak, or barren moor,
Was ever rock'd on mother's breast
To outward sense so little blest

As when the Babe Divine appears
Baptized by Mary's virgin tears,—
Those pearl-drops of the heart that flow
While mothers o'er a first-born glow.—

And as the inns no room afford
To cradle Earth's infantine Lord,
But in the manger's welcome cold
The virgin must her Child enfold,—

In this, prophetic shades we find
Of that dark lot by Heaven design'd
Hereafter to o'ershade The Man,
In working out redemption's plan.

Grandeurs, indeed, to Christ belong ;
But shine they not in bardic song,—
Such as the lyric choirs of earth
Are wont to chant for hero's worth.

Ne'er did our world such meekness view,
Such self-oblivion, vast and true !
His very Majesty was mild,—
The Man of Sorrows never smiled.

Shrouded in purity of soul,
Amid the clouds which round Him roll
The truceless war of tort'ring hate,—
Behold the Sad One meet His fate !

The fox his cave, the bird his nest,
But where His glorious head to rest
My Saviour had not!—doom'd to roam
From earth to heaven without a home.

Oh, miracle ! that dazzles thought
With all the wealth of Godhead fraught,
That He, who died the world to save,
Was buried in a borrow'd grave!

And yet beneath that bland disguise
What glory in suspension lies !—
JEHOVAH, in our manhood shrined,
Is mock'd by unappall'd mankind.

But He, by whom yon worlds were made,
Whose will their huge foundations laid,
Though matter, motion, time and sense
Were slaves to His Omnipotence,

Repress'd His Godhead ; nor allow'd
Full beams to flash from out the cloud ;
For, at the glance of one dread ray
The Universe had shrunk away !

For Him no monuments arise,
No motto'd pillars seek the skies ;
Unlike the earth-gods fame admires,—
His awful life no world inspires.

Alone, beyond all loneliness,
That e'er a burdened soul could press,
Emanuel's heart through toil and tears
Went beating on its destined years.

Martyrs there be, whose bosoms bleed
When by mysterious Heaven decreed
In the hush'd depths of their lone heart
To bear untold some venom'd dart ;

But neither saint, nor angel could
Uncurtain that veil'd solitude
Where Christ alone,¹ unstain'd by sin,
Baffled the powers of hell, within.

And thus, eternity nor time,
Nor sorrowing earth, nor heaven sublime,
Except in Christ,—did ever see
A Soul without a sympathy !

And wilt thou, ere thy course be run,
Betake thee to the Homeless One ?
Then, sinner, count the mighty cost !—
To thee the world is blind and lost ;

(1) "I have trodden the winepress alone ; and of the people there was none with me."—*Isa.* lxiii. 3.

Not rashly bear His awful name ;
 Nor dream that fortune, bliss, or fame,
 Or aught that hero-worship loves,
 The Lord of meekness e'er approves.

In fasting, solitude, and fears,
 Through buried pangs, and hidden tears,
 Unecho'd, and by most, unknown,
 Prepare, like Christ, to live *alone*.

Yet oh ! within thee, dark and deep
 When thy crush'd thought retires to weep,
 And harshly cold, its iron heart
 The world presents to all thou art,—

Then, think of Him ! and back recall
 The Homeless, who was Lord of all ;
 A God with angels round His throne,
 Too poor to call the grave His own !

Pillow in prayer thine aching breast
 On Him, who had not where to rest
 His head on earth ; but Who in heaven
 Can feel thy heart, and cry—forgiven !

THE FIRST SOUL IN HEAVEN.

“ By faith Abel . . . obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts : he being dead, yet speaketh.”—*Heb.* xi. 4. “ No man could learn that song but . . . the redeemed.”—*Rev.* xiv. 3.

In hush'd eternity alone
 Before all creatures were,
 Jehovah held His awful throne
 Unworshipp'd by a prayer.

There was no space, nor scene, nor time,
Nor aught by names we call ;
But, center'd in Himself sublime
Was God, the All in All !

But through eternity there ran
A thrill of coming change,
And lustrous Shapes of life began
Around His Throne to range.

Radiant with rapture, pure as bright
Angelic myriads rise,
And glow and glisten in the light
Of God's approving eyes.

In volumed waves of golden sound
Roll from celestial lyres
Those swelling chants, that peal around
From new-created choirs.

But, hark ! amid the shining throng
Of Shapes who arch their wings,
A single Voice another song
With mortal cadence sings :

Alone he seems, and chants apart
In unexpected notes
A music, where the grateful heart
In strains of feeling floats :

A beauteous Soul ! whose seraph brow
Is bright with glory's hue,—
Lo ! angels pause to hear him now
Their harping praise outdo.

Their choral rapture swell'd as deep
As purity could pour ;
But they, who have not learn'd to weep,
Could never God adore

With such a burst of whelming love
As earth's first martyr sang,—
When, glory to the Lord above !
The voice of Abel rang.

Angelic harps their key-note found
In God, as great and good ;
But Abel's heart did beat and bound
As only sinner's could !

“ Worthy the Lamb ! who *shall* be slain ;
Redemption crowns my song,
Ye seraphim ! *your* notes retain,
But these to *me* belong.”—

Thus might the primal Soul who came
Forth from its bleeding clay,
Kindle the heavens with His bright name,
Who is our Truth, and Way.

And with that song of glory blent
A humbling depth of tone,
Which to the ransom'd harper lent
A music all its own.

Angels for bliss and being sang
Their ecstasies on high ;
But how the heavens with wonder rang
When MAN awoke the sky

With that new song, Redemption gave
To Abel's pardon'd soul!—
Till angels ceased their wings to wave,
Nor let their chorus roll,

But listen'd with entrancèd ears
To that bright martyr's strain,
Whose notes were born of banish'd fears
And breathed of ended pain.

But from that hour when rescued man
Enter'd within the veil,
And heaven's delighted host began
To hear redemption's tale,—

Myriads of blood-wash'd souls have flown
To where the first one went,
Till he who once hymn'd Christ alone,
Is now with numbers blent.

Each nation, kindred, home, and clime
Helps to increase the throng,
Making the heavens grow more sublime
With Earth's redemption-song.

Each minute, guardian angels mount
With some new soul on high,
And hear it, close to Glory's fount,
Deepen that endless cry,—

“Salvation! through the bleeding grace
Of God's incarnate Son,
Whose merit for a banded race
A more than Eden won.”

And louder, louder, yet will grow
That song before the Throne,
As added saints set free from wo
Shall make the strain their own.

Lord ! grant that we on earth begin
To tune the heart's deep lyre,
And by prophetic notes within
Anticipate the choir

Who ever round Thee chant, and sing
The song no angels can,—
“Hail ! Prophet, Priest, and destin'd King
Before the world began,

“Prostrate beneath Thy face to fall
And cast our crowns before Thee,
Oh Thou, The Everlasting All,
Be this our brightest glory !”

HUMAN FEARS.

“O thou of little faith ! wherefore didst thou doubt ?”—*Matt.* xiv. 31.

AROUND us moves this God-made world
With all appeals of blended power ;
And o'er our heads unfurl'd
The heavens, that change each hour.

Above, beneath, where'er we gaze
On sky, or soil, or sea,
Some chord is touch'd, that plays
And thrills, oh God ! from Thee.

Divine as deep the eloquence
Through form and fact creation wields,
When through the veil of sense
A solemn vision yields
Stern truths, that teach the soul to pray
And ponder well with deepest awe,
Till conscience own the sway
Of Heaven's interior law.
For, though in calm, the Poet sees
Rich beauty reigning like a queen,
And grace from flowers and trees
Bedecks some fairy scene ;
Yet Nature hath her moods of ire,
Deep thunders of prophetic tone,
Lightnings of ghastly fire,
And winds with conscious moan !
Darkness and thunder, wave and wind,—
Amid them let the christless think,
And soon the awe-struck mind
Will in dejection sink.
For, oh ! that echo faint and broken
Of God, the holy and the just,
Within us like a token
Awaken will,—and must !
And then, judicial conscience yearns
To know *where* God and man can meet ?
And with this question burns,—
“ Is there a mercy-seat ? ”

But what can mere creation preach ?

Is mercy mirror'd on the sky ?

Can all earth's glories reach

The source of one deep sigh ?

Is there a grace to heal our sin,

Atonement for the guilt-stain'd hearts ?—

Without, not yet within,

No answer Earth imparts !

In health, and hours of reckless glee,

We mould a god from mortal smiles,

And thus, from judgment free,

Enjoy our transient wiles.

Still conscience is not murder'd quite ;

But in some gloom of anguish rolls

Its challenge for God's right

Athwart our echoing souls.

Then, to the root of moral life

Our being rocks with more than fear ;

And in that harrowing strife

The Judge seems drawing near !

Hence, like disciples on the deep

When yawning billows o'er them swept,

While lapp'd in lovely sleep

The Lord calm slumber kept,—

Our souls are in tempestuous fright,

Our bark of hope is sinking fast,

And death's eternal night

Seems all around us cast !

Then, fear we, Lord ! and learn at length
What saints must feel before they die,—
A sinner has no strength
Except to grace he fly.

“ Oh ! Little Faith,”—alas, how true !
Our christless fears in calm and storm,
Darken from Faith’s own view
Thy mercy’s present form.

And thus, ’mid promises divine,
And with the wealth of Godhead stored,
Like orphans,—Christians pine
As if they had no Lord !

Shame on our sunken hearts ! and base,
That men like creedless martyrs live,
Though God redeem’d our race
With all a God could give.

Oh ! had we faith, though earth and sky
To second chaos were confounded,
Christ would not hear the cry,¹—
“ By death we are surrounded !”

But, calm as was the Saviour’s brow,
Who slept amid the thund’ring wave,—
Each soul would prove him now
A Lord who lives to save.

Rebuke then, Christ, not waves and winds,
But rather raise our blush of shame,
That men with heathen minds
Can bear Thy blessed Name !

(1) “ Lord ! save us, we perish !”—*Matt.* viii. 25.

Anchor of Souls ! in life and death
Though loud the storms of anguish be,
May Love, with latest breath,
Her haven seek in THEE.

THE SAVIOUR TEMPTED.

“ Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil.”—*Matt. iv. 1.*

AND wert Thou by the prompting Spirit led
Through desert lone, to face satanic power,
Oh, second Adam ! our anointed Head,—
To balk the demon in his blackest hour ?

One moment, by baptismal waves we hear
From opening skies deep melody descend,
And drink that Voice with reverential fear
Which hail'd Thee, Son of God, whom Grace did
send :

The next,—and Thou art in yon homeless wild
Fasting and foodless ! with no eye to see
How the lost angel tempts thine undefiled
Manhood to break the bond of Deity.

'Twas even so : and if when Satan threw
A fiendish shade of subtlety and hate,
By tempting wickedness of words untrue
Into the heart of man's primeval state,—

A myst'ry darkens o'er the deepest mind
That ponders o'er that scene with prayerful thought,
How can we dream (unless by sin struck blind)
A tempted Christ with less of myst'ry fraught ?

Thus doth our Athanasian symbol teach
A truth sublime that deep in Godhead dwells,
Something beyond a soaring thought to reach,
Surmounting all that wingèd reason tells,—
How in Emanuel God and man unite
Both natures true, in properties and powers ;
The first retained its uncreated light,
The second, sin except, was weak as ours !
In act quiescent, though by Godhead there,
Divinity did not the man withdraw ;
And thus obedient down to weeping prayer
The INFINITE became, by finite law.
So may we read, with simple hearts and pure,
How thus between the Darkness and the Light
A duel was ; nor let cold science lure
Our souls from faith in that mysterious fight.
No dream it was ; no parable, no trance ;
Nor mental ecstasy, that rapt the soul
Beyond the bounds where time and space advance
Their true conditions, or their just control :
Close to the record simply may we cleave ;
Then, each temptation will to man impart
Myst'ries that crush no reason to believe,
And awing wisdom that improves the heart.
Tempted by Satan, lo ! the Adam first
Yielded, and fell beneath a boundless lie ;
And by his fall condemn'd mankind were curst,—
In whose *one* death all generations die !

But, when again the Prince of Evil would
 A second Adam likewise have assail'd,—
 Based on eternity, our Rock¹ withstood
 And humanly o'er sin and hell prevail'd!
 Vainly to crush Him thrice the Tempter brought
 The magic fulness of infernal skill;
 Nothing that sense or inward feeling wrought,
 Assail'd The Holy One with shade of ill.
 Far o'er the fiercest hunger faith arose;
 No pride of life His meekness could o'erwhelm;
 And kingdoms of the world, as painted shows,
 His heart rejected from its holy realm!
 He came to suffer, long before he reign'd,
 So, back to God our human will to bring;
 And no temptation from the demon stain'd,
 That perfect virtue, saints and angels sing.
 Hail, Son of Mary! arch Elect² of heaven!
 Victim divine whose blood redeem'd our fall,
 Conquer'd by grace, to Thee the world is given,—
 Wield Thy love-sceptre, and subdue it all!

THE TEMPTATION APPLIED.

"We have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are."—*Heb. iv. 15.*

COME to the desert where sad Jesu went,
 Lone Sinner!—there, as in God's mirror see
 Reflected truths, by gracious wisdom meant
 To balk the arch-fiend when he tempteth Thee.

(1) "Who is a rock save our God?"—2 *Sam. xxii. 32.*

(2) "Behold mine Elect! in whom my soul delighteth."—*Isa. xlii. 1.*

Prophetic actions, typically deep,

Forecasting what the future Church shall feel
When blasting trials round her bulwarks sweep
And fiends and foes combine against her weal,
Were those dark trials, when, by grace upheld,
The fasting Saviour with a Demon fought ;
And by His word the Powers of Darkness fell'd,
And back to perfect heaven our nature brought.

Unknown, the virtue that is never tried ;

And principle by keen temptation proves
How much for God and glory is denied
The earth-born will, our ruin'd manhood loves.

The triple¹ force of this perverted world

Aims at our hearts a threefold blow of sin ;
And souls, that would not from their faith be hurl'd,
By providence without and prayer within

Defence must find ;—apart from these, they fail

The world, the devil, and the flesh to fight ;
Darkness and doubt will o'er their creed prevail
And, Cain-like, plunge them in deistic night.

How did Emanuel each infernal dart

Repulse unwounded from His perfect soul ?—
By words divine ! those bucklers of the heart,
Temper'd by Heaven against the fiend's control.

Alas ! for souls, if in their peril'd hour

When sin and self, those Satans of the mind,
Besiege our graces with commingled power,—
Staid reason prove the only shield we find !

(1) " All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life."—1 *John* ii. 16.

Nor let the righteous who to love belong,
 Dream that temptation will not dog their path;
When saints are weak, alone they seem the strong,
 And self-mistrust a true foundation hath.
E'en in pure ecstasies of prayer and praise
 When nearest round the Throne of bliss they move,
Visions from hell may float before their gaze
 And hide the glories of the heaven they love!
Here is our wisdom,—with a wakeful mind
 The sense to watch, and pray down each desire
That tempts the conscience to be base, or blind,
 By fanning embers of unhallow'd fire.
And oh! what deeps of consolation ope
 Like heavens of comfort, in this creed divine,—
That not *alone* with darkness thou wilt cope,
 For in temptation, Christ believed, is thine!
He left His Throne, a stricken man to be,
 Tempted and tried, by anguish spent and worn,
And drew from earth that boundless sympathy
 By which He lives,¹ to succour the forlorn.
Then cheer thee! O thou troubled, toss'd, and tried;
 Orphan'd in spirit, dream not of despair,
Open yon heavens,—and lo! The Crucified
 Echoes thy heart in beating concord,² there.
Thy Lord beseech by all on earth He knew,
 Facing the demon in his dreadest hours;
Whose soul remains as tender and as true
 As when it wept o'er Judah's fated towers!

(1) "He ever *liveth* to make intercession for them."—*Heb.* vii. 25.

(2) "In all their affliction He was afflicted."—*Isa.* lxiii. 9.

A mother *may* her new-born child forget,
 And exiled hearts their genial clime forego,—
 But Christ in heaven eternalizes yet
 Each tone of manhood He obtain'd below.
 E'en there, behold our sympathizing Priest
 In feeling human, as in form divine ;
 And seraphs listen, when of saints the least
 May boldly cry,—“ Incarnate Love is mine ! ”

THE SINFULNESS OF SIN.

“ Sin, that it might appear sin, working death in me by that which is good ;
 that sin by the commandment might become exceeding sinful.”—*Rom.*
vii. 13.

SIN colours all we are and prize,
 And, like our shadow ne'er departs ;
 E'en when we sleep, its blackness lies
 In full-length brooding o'er our hearts !
 The cleansing grace of Blood Divine
 Alone can wash the stain away,
 “ So let it bathe this heart of mine ! ”—
 Believers thus for ever pray.
 Sin struck the moral root of man
 And poison'd there the branches too ;
 From Adam down to us it ran,
 And venoms all we think, and do !
 Still, not on earth, but heaven above
 Rebellion first its flag unfurl'd,
 When God's bright Angel left his love,
 A fiend became, and sought our world.

O mystery! too deep for all
Except for Truth's omniscient eye,
That one in heaven from faith could fall,
Whom nothing from *without* did try.

But refuge in this thought we find,
That sin no perfect substance is;
But mere negation, bad and blind,
Which cankers man and mortal bliss.

Dark paradox of will perverse,
Self-worship forms the secret ground
Where Sin begets that boundless curse
Hearts without God, have ever found.

Self-pref'rence frames a hell within,
Eternity in seed is there;
Whence death and darkness now begin
The torment souls undone will share.

How sin commenced, vain reason tries
To speculate, till thought grows wild;
But modest Faith this truth can prize,—
That God is pure, though man defiled.

Sole Teacher of all saving truth!
Divine Convincer of our need,
Guardian of age, and Guide of youth,
Under the Cross we learn our creed:

Sin blasted with primeval blight
Our first estate in Eden's bowers,
Cover'd Creation o'er with night,
And crush'd her prospects with her powers!

And since that most stupendous fall,
Matter and Mind, with secret groan,
Have ceased not for their God to call,
Like orphans left to sigh alone.

All pangs, and penalties, and pains,
Sickness and sorrow, grief and care,
Where ruin frowns, or anguish reigns,—
The sinfulness of sin is there !

The babe who dies ; the tomb that opes
For buried joys, or broken hearts ;
Each leaf that falls from wither'd hopes
As friend on friend from earth departs,

What prove they all, but seal and sign
How sin hath havoc'd earth and man,
And, as the foe of law Divine,
Merits the everlasting ban ?

But, seek we this sad truth to know,
How sin by virtual root can be
A deicide, who strikes a blow
That aims at awful Deity ?

Then, look we to supernal Grace,
Almighty Love in flesh unveil'd,
Whose worth restored our sunken race
To heights beyond what thought hath scaled !

Did grateful awe His form attend ?
Or, round Him adorations fall,
And with encrowning anthem blend
In one loud burst,—“ Hail ! Lord of all ? ”

Alas! vile earth an atheist proved;
His life became embodied woe,
And He whom God supremely loved
Was hated, worse than fiends below!¹
Sin nail'd Him to the felon's tree,
Marr'd His meek face, and spear'd the side;
Nor was one sigh of sympathy
Breathed o'er Him, when the Man-God died!
Well might Creation feel affright,
And Earth's dread anguish seem to say
Her sun could not endure the sight,—
But dropt its lid and look'd away!
Yet man, the sinner, does not shake,
Recoil nor shudder, groan nor weep;
And while the very dead awake,
His heart retains its iron sleep!
Lord of the Soul! while thus we find
Ourselves in what the past hath done,
Teach the bad conscience of the blind
Of spirits all Thou art the Sun.
In Thy pure lustre, sin appears
A contrast fell to man and God;
And makes them tremble at the tears
That gush'd where bleeding Mercy trod!
Religion thus atonement brings
Where faith and fear in one combine;
While purity from pardon springs,
And proves them both to be divine.

(1) "If God were your Father, ye would love me . . . ye are of your father the Devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do."—*John* viii. 42, 44.

CONSCIOUS LIFE IN THE WORLD OF SOULS.

“Give place: the maid is not dead, but sleepeth.”—*Matt.* ix. 24. “God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.”—*Matt.* xxii. 32. “To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.”—*Luke* xxiii. 43.

MEN are not dead because they die,
 From outward sense receding ;
 But where extends no mortal eye
 A spirit-life are leading :
 In some vast orb, where unveil'd glories shine,
 They wait the pealing of the trump divine !

What, though the slaves of tyrant sense,
 Wild hearts with sorrow blind,
 Dare catechize Omnipotence
 As though it mock'd mankind,
 And tempt some daring Sadducee to say,
 “On life unseen can Reason dart her ray?”

But, like as reason sense can lift
 Into some higher sphere,
 So can pure faith, heaven's peerless gift,
 O'er reason's mark'd career
 Soar on wing'd thoughts, and bid rapt feelings roam
 In dreams immortal round the spirit's home.

That spirit-home ! that clime of souls,
 The palace of the blest,
 Where neither storm nor shadow rolls
 Athwart the halcyon breast,—
 Oh ! there embower'd, unbodied saints repose,
 And each pure heart with placid virtue glows.

They are not dead, whose bodies die,
 Commingling with cold earth ;
 For soul is man's eternity
 And hath such godlike worth,
 That no corruption makes its pulse to pause ;
 Nor can mere death arrest its mighty laws.

Created once, it lives, and lives
 For ever, and for ever !
 The God of souls a fiat gives
 That flesh from it may sever,
 But round itself no trance sepulchral steals,
 And when unearth'd, far more of Godhead feels.

The life men touch, and see, and taste,
 Is but organic show ;
 And onward as fast moments fleet
 Our organs weaker grow ;
 But CHARACTER enfolds eternal doom,
 Bearing a life that breathes beyond the tomb !

And, might some parted Soul return
 Back from the viewless state,
 Our yearning minds would meekly learn
 What things of myst'ry wait
 The flesh-deliver'd, who from bondage free
 Fly to that Hades where elect ones be.

Secrets of glory might disclose
 Their rich contents to man ;
 And truths beyond what Learning knows
 Or Science ever can,—

Might then illuminate with earthless gleams
Myst'ries, which make us tremble in our dreams !

But He, who is of life and death
Puissant Lord and King,
Who portions out all human breath,
Forbids the dead to bring
Intelligence from that far world unknown,
To whose veil'd wonders countless souls have flown.

Six thousand years have almost roll'd
Their human waves along,
Since Death, the uncontroll'd,
Hath triumph'd o'er the strong,
The weak and bad, the beautiful and brave,
And made the earth-scene one enormous grave !

And yet, of all our sumless dead
Not one hath back return'd
To soothe some heart that inly bled,
And for this secret burn'd,—
To understand, *how* spirits think and act,
And *what* the glories which the dead attract ?

In vain may restless minds entreat,
Or, for such knowledge groan ;
Silence before the Mercy-seat
Befits the faith we own,
When Hearts bereaved some parted soul pursue,
And soar beyond all sacred guidance true !

Oft in the hush of holy night,
In shades of solemn grief
When bow'd beneath some awful blight,
With none to bring relief,

How have we sigh'd to see that viewless state
Where dead Immortals for their glory wait !

But, ah ! the universe is dumb
To each high-breathèd prayer ;
From earth and heaven no answers come,
But echo only, " Where ? "

When lonesome thinkers in the churchyard cry—
" *Where* be the souls whose bodies round me lie ? "

But, calm thee, murm'ring heart ! lie still ;
Nor wise beyond The Word
Attempt to mount, lest haughty will
To Christ should be preferr'd ;
Enough to know, that all in heaven who trust
God shall awaken from sepulchral dust.

They " are not dead, but sleeping, "—
Bright words of balm and grace !
To Anguish worn, and weeping
Above some marble face
When placid Death has closed the silken lid,
And from our hearts the soulless glances hid !

But in that hour of deepest trance
While bend we o'er the dead,
And into realms of thought advance
Where Scripture hath not led,—
The calm seraphic each white feature wears
Seems to embody what The Christ declares
When Death a transient " sleep " He calls ;
And thus, from hearts half-breaking
Rolls back the cloud that flesh appals,
And prophesies the waking

Soon to begin !—when time's last trumpet rolls
The blast that summons bodies back to souls.

Meanwhile, though “ earth to earth !”

Be o'er their temples cried,

The souls who shared a second birth

No dust and darkness hide ;

Wafted by angels to immortal bowers,

They muse in paradise, with conscious powers.

Beyond such creed faith dares not go,

Nor speculate on more ;

True wisdom loves her sphere to know,

Nor lets the heart run o'er

In aimless dreams, which can no love inspire,

But mock the fancy with a lurid fire.

When Laz'rus back to life was brought

He breathed not what he saw ;

As though oblivion's spell had wrought,

Or, some celestial law

The lip restrain'd, and lock'd in silence all

Whate'er in Hades did the dead befall.

And she, the maid of Judah's race

Whom Christ to earth restored,

When life's young bloom inspired her face,

And she, whom Love deplored,

Clasp'd in a mother's arms, again was prest

Heart close to heart, and breast to echoing breast !—

No whisper gave she of the scene

To which her spirit fled ;

Nor, conscious look'd that she had been

Communing with the dead,—

Glory and Music *might* have seen and heard,
For which on earth we find no sign, or word !
O Thou! to Whom both life and death
Belong, and e'er obey,
The grace to consecrate each breath
To Thee, our Truth and Way,—
Be ours to prize ! and then, *both* dooms will be
Soothed with the thought, that each is sway'd by Thee.

THE GLORY OF THE MOUNTAINS.

“ The Lord called to him out of the mountain.”—*Exod.* xix. 3. “ The
Glory of the Lord stood on the mountain.”—*Ezek.* xi. 23.

How glorious are the mountain-kings ! that overawe
the soul,
And by their majesty of mien become their vast
control ;
An era forms it in the hearts which first beneath them
bow'd,
When haughtily some Alpine-peak out-soar'd the
highest cloud !
They are not what the dull believe, a mass of speechless
earth,
But with embodied eloquence proclaim their regal
birth ;
Like anthems mute but magical, to inward thought
they praise
That Infinite of Architects, who their foundation lays.

Be glory to the mountains! then,—what poetry they
make

When canopied by lucid air, or mirror'd on some lake ;
Or, when the ravish'd pilgrim cries, from off some
wooded brow,

‘ Three hundred cloven summits lift their ice-bound
foreheads now ! ’

The throned Archangels who in bliss on seats of glory
rest,

And through eternity behold the landscapes of the
blest,

Can scarce, to our imperfect dream, sublimer views
enjoy,

Than what these Alpine monarchs form,—the moun-
tains of Savoy !

The magic of their whiteness seems miraculously pure,
And upward their ascending snows our lifted hearts
allure ;

And radiant are the icy spells their soaring masses
wield,

When seventy leagues cannot o’ershade the dazzling
sight they yield !

All glory to the ancient hills ! that to the godless
preach

Sermons of more stupendous power, than erring man
can reach ;

Dumb orators to sense they look, but how divinely
grand

The deep significance they bear, to hearts that under-
stand !

The stillness of their frozen trance is more than
thunder's tone,—

Resembling that celestial hush that deepen'd round
the Throne

When silence through the heaven of heavens for
half an hour there reign'd,

And seraphim before their God eternity sustain'd !

It is not that the clouds array with myriad-tinted
hues

Those peaks of alabaster ice, that pinnacle our views ;
Nor is it, that our sateless eyes are spell-bound by the
scene

Of rocky scalps ten thousand feet above some black
ravine !

Nor is it, that the glaciers lift their crags of gleaming
snow,

And move down in a noiseless march, to meet the vale
below ;

Nor all the dreadful joy that chills the soul of him
who braves

Montánvert ! from thy summit vast, the ever-frozen
waves.

Far more than this do mountain-spells to echoing
minds impart,

When through the veil of outer sense, they reach the
central heart,—

There enter with mysterious power, like Purities to
reign,

And over all its hidden springs, a moral influence
gain.

Thus oft amid the crowded street, or some contracted
room,
Or in that hour of mystic sway when all things wear
a gloom,
The Alpine monarchs lift their peaks, and in remem-
brance rise
And elevate our sunken hearts through their bewitching
skies.

They cause our very souls to blush, to think how base
and weak
Are half the fancied woes we feel, or morbidly would
speak ;
Until their awful summits seem to lift the rallied mind,
And bid it soar to peerless heights above depress'd
mankind !

But, what a lofty sacredness do regal mountains claim,
When we connect their giant forms with that mirac'lous
fame
That clings and cleaves to each and all celestial archives
bring,—
The truths that martyr'd seers foretell, or sainted
harpers sing !

Then, glory to the sacred Hills ! that rose in childhood's
years
And by their ever-awing names inspired our faith and
fears,—
Moriah's mount, and Amalek, Gilboa and the scene
Of Herman and of Horeb too, where God of old has
been.

How Gilead and Gerizim's forms, with Lebanon,
appeal,
And Ebal's, whence the curse roll'd down,—to man's
religious zeal,
And make us through believing awe invest a moun-
tain's brow
With magic and with deathless might, beyond what
lips avow.

And who but recreant hearts forget, how much sub-
lime event
Hath to the hills of Palestine, a solemn beauty
lent?—
Behold the peaks of Ararat! for there the ark did
ride
And floated o'er the deluged world, who had our God
denied.

And, were not Earth's primeval shrines upon lone
mountains built?
Upon them rose the Altars green, where offer'd blood
was spilt;
There sacrifice from votive hearts, with incense prayer
was given,
And who forgets Moriah's hill, and Abram's crown
from heaven!

And did not in deep thunder-tones the Decalogue
descend
From Sinai's brow of burning gloom, and with dark
conscience blend

Such horrors of unearthly sound, that pallid hosts did cry,—
Oh, let not God directly speak, or we the death must
die !”

But neither what dread Moses saw, or hoary Tishbite
heard,

Hath ever man’s responsive mind with such emotion
stirr’d

As have those hills and heights divine, where Jesu
pray’d and trod,

Who by the priesthood of His grace, brings pardon’d
man to God.

’Twas on some mountain that He met the Demon in
that hour

When all the gather’d crafts of Hell combined their
gloomy power ;

And thus on hills of loneliness, in lofty hush afar,

Emanuel kept His midnight watch, and pray’d beneath
the star.

And, when His form transfigured grew, with glory more
than bright,

That dazzled into dim eclipse the powers of mortal
sight,

’Twas Horeb in its soaring grace that witness’d what
appear’d,

When God Himself unclosed the Heavens, and pale
disciples fear’d !

But ah ! of mountains all that speak to ears of list’ning
time

With tones of superhuman truth, and eloquence sub-
lime,—

Dread mountain of THE CRUCIFIED ! in faith we turn
to thee,
And echo with revering hearts, the name of " Calvary !"
And, next to this eternal Mount, be that where Jesus
taught
His sermon on Beatitude, with grace and glory fraught,—
Those lessons which divinely tell how pure that Heart
must be
That hopes to hymn the Lamb above, and gaze on Deity !
So, when the Lord of light arose, from out this world
of gloom,
And reascended back to God, His splendour to assume,
Thy mountain, Olives ! was the spot, from whence he
upward soar'd,
While underneath a cloudy shrine, the prostrate band
adored.
Then, glory to the mountain-kings ! they charm the
brave and free,
And like the homes the Muses haunt, respire of poetry ;
Religion, Law, and Grace combine, around their form
to cast
A witchery of more than earth, while time and being last.
Lord of the Everlasting Hills ! thou life of Nature's
scene,
Whene'er upon some mountain-brow our musing steps
have been,
Like altars which from earth to heaven in lonely gran-
deur rise,
Not seldom have such heights become, for mental
sacrifice :

There in the hush of Christ-like hours, oh, teach us
how to pray,
And 'mid their lofty calm of scene, adore the Truth
and Way ;
Till what begins in poesy, shall end in deepest prayer,
The mountains into temples turn, and God be hallow'd
there.

REASON MURMURS WHEN THE RIGHTEOUS DIE.

“ The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart . . . none considering
that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come.”—*Isa.* lvii. 1.

THE noblest wealth our world contains
Is holiness of heart ;
All other gold it gets, or gains,
But proves the meanest part.

Most regal is that glorious will,
Enslaved to God alone,
That finds it freedom to fulfil
Each mandate of His throne :

Blest Angels, by a law like this
Partake their perfect heaven ;
And could not feel consummate bliss
If other law were given.

Obedience is adoring joy,
Rebellion brings despair ;
And would the heaven of heavens destroy
If self-will triumph'd there !

Yet, holiness may not avoid
The doom corruption brought ;
Since Adam fell by sin destroy'd,
Hath Death his carnage wrought !
The sting, but not the stroke of death
The Lord from man removed ;
And they who draw the briefest breath
Are oft the most beloved ;
Beloved by God, and angels too,
And thus from grief and pain
Rapt far above our sense-bound view,
With Christ in heaven to reign.
But oh! how cold the world becomes,
As saint on saint departs
To brighten in elysian homes
With pure and perfect hearts !
As if from out yon starry choir
That chant around the sun,
Some choral planet quench'd his fire
Which we were gazing on.
Impov'rish'd seems our orphan'd earth
When good men pass away ;
Time cannot spare their solemn worth,
But needs it, day by day.
But still, for *them* we dare not grieve
The christian path who trod,
If early call'd this life to leave
For glory, and for God.

To them the gain, to us the loss
High Providence assigns ;
And so appoints a deeper cross
Than mortal thought divines.
Genius, and worth, and wisdom, all
From God alone arise ;
And when He will His own recall,
They seek their natal skies.
Then hush thee ! murm'ring Heart ; and let
Profound bereavements teach
Lessons more pure than pale regret
By discontent can reach !
The righteous die, but still they live
A life of soul in bliss ;
And what eternity can give,
Outweighs a world like this.
Men would not marvel, could they see
The lustres round The Throne,
Why saints and martyrs yearn'd to be
Where all the just have flown !
Sorrow, and sin, and change no more
In heaven their love alloy ;
The fever of harsh time is o'er
And Christ their perfect joy !
We talk and think, as if *our* world
Were all JEHOVAH made,
And, when from some false mountain¹ hurl'd
Tremble, as if betray'd !

(1) " In my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved . . . Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong."—*Psalm xxx.* 6, 7.

Yet, earth is but a point in space ;
Our being, scarce a breath ;
And he who will not life disgrace
Must die before his death.¹

The booming knell, the opening grave,
The vacant room and chair,
Should summon us to hopes that save
The mind from meaner care.

Hereafter is the home of soul,
The paradise of thought ;
And with its unsubdued control
Lord ! be our bosom fraught.

As friend on friend, revered and wise,
Leave wither'd hearts alone,—
Lift our low dreams beyond the skies
Around Thine argent throne !

Weaker and weaker grows the spell
Which binds the soul below,
When more than burning numbers tell
By grace begins to glow

Deep in those hearts, whom death has fill'd
With placid grief profound ;
Where every pang is lull'd and still'd
By Him who gave the wound.

Thus with the dead the living hold
Communion grave, and high ;
Their bodies are but pulseless mould,
But,—spirits claim the sky !

(1) "I die daily."—1 Cor. xv. 31.

Thy church, oh Christ ! is unconfined
 By what men hear, or see,
 Since all who own a saintly mind
 Are *in* eternity
 By hope and faith,—from whence they draw
 Breathings of praise and prayer ;
 While He, Whom martyr'd Stephen saw¹
 Becomes their magnet, there !

THE POETRY OF SPRING.

“ Lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; the flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come.”—*Cant.* ii. 11, 12. “ Bless the Lord, O my soul . . . He sendeth the springs into the valleys—watereth the hills from his chambers—causeth the grass to grow—appointeth the moon for seasons . . . O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all : the earth is full of thy riches.”—*Psalms* civ. *passim*.

THE budding glories of a green-hair'd spring
 Dawn with bright verdure ; and wild birds ope their
 wing,
 And sun-born gladness through the soft air glows,
 While the young breeze with laughing gush o'erflows.
 A seeming consciousness inspires the Earth
 As though the soil were blooming into mirth ;
 And, like rich blood in some glad creature's veins,
 New tides of life are flushing through her plains.
 Music and motion haunt each vernal bough,
 Like living spirits fill'd with joyance now ;
 Here, lyric tones ; there, wave-like murmurs rise,
 And there, the cadence of contented sighs.

(1) “ Behold ! I saw the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.”—*Acts* vii. 56.

Each branch by choral winds is freshly stirr'd,
Each leaf seems chanting like a little bird ;
And such the spirit that empowers the breeze,
It bends with music the compliant trees.

Hark ! o'er the pebbles trip yon gurgling streams,
And lisp and laugh, like infants in their dreams ;
Or else, make liquid stanzas as they run,
In mellow whispers warbled to the sun.

The fairy magic of each new-born flower
Mirrors the charm of heaven's creative power ;
Beauty comes forth, like melody from lyres
Swept by some hand that Poesy inspires.

Look where you may, expressive gleams of youth
Dart through the conscience this celestial truth,—
That Christ is working resurrection-life,
And making all things with His fulness rife.

The silken azure of yon ruffled sea,
The wing'd emotions of each bird, and bee,
Blent with a chorus of the festal streams,—
All sway the sense, and beautify our dreams.

And when morn reddens, until soft and soon
The golden brightness of unbreathing noon
O'erveils the landscape with a slumb'rous light,
Still shall creation yield intense delight.

Let but the heart be spiritually clear,
Let but our soul this God-made earth revere,
And then, will something true religion greet
From stars on high, to insects at our feet !

For what is nature, but a book divine
Where Godhead dictates each material line,
Where each pure object proves almighty Thought
Forth from its viewless depths to vision brought?

Alas! for souls, if men baptized can find
Nothing in nature to accost the Mind;
Since all around them, did they read it well,
Bears the high meaning of some holy spell.

Sense cannot see them,—but bright angels may
Direct the sunbeams that adorn the day,
Entone the breeze, and oft at vesper hour
Close the bent eyelid of each baby flower.

Cold science worships philosophic Cause,
And 'stead of God, reveres vicarious laws,
Orphans Creation of Jehovah's care,
And longs to silence what her scenes declare.

O Thou! by Whom all seasons reign and rule,
Fount of the fresh, the fair, and beautiful!
For ever may Thine angel-spring impart
This glorious symbol to our answ'ring heart,—

As wintry earth her floral garb assumes,
So will the dead, when summon'd from their tombs,
Rise at Thy voice in resurrection-dress,
And beam with everlasting loveliness!

The Beatitudes.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT.

FIRST BEATITUDE.

“ Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”
Matt. v. 3.

WHEN God in thunder Moses brought
His law of fire and flame,
Eternal DUTY then was taught
In dread Jehovah's name.

Yet breathes there more than Moses now
Deep wisdom from above ;
Though mildness clothes That gracious brow
Whose ev'ry line is love.

It was not thus His type of old
Imperial Law declared ;
When round Him pealing thunders roll'd
And red-wing'd lightnings glared ;

The people shudder'd, like a leaf,
Amid their black'ning gloom ;
And Conscience saw no just relief
Beyond, or in the tomb !

But, bright the contrast now appears !
When the mild Lord of grace
From the green mount dispels all fears
By His benignant face.

The breeze, soft lyrist of the spring,
Was harping o'er the flowers ;
And humming bees upon the wing
Enjoy'd their golden hours ;

A vernal radiance threw its gleam
Of gladness o'er the hills ;
While, rich as love-tones in a dream,
The gushing of the rills.

And like the season,—so the word
Was mild as Mercy's breath ;
No curse was in His counsel heard,
Nor doom of legal death.

The Christ who comes the lost to save,
With blessings did begin ;
And thus from guilt, and death, and grave,
Redeem'd the heart within.

Humility and meekness were
The groundwork Jesus laid ;
And He, whose life was living prayer,
Their perfect types display'd.

All mental grace, all moral gift,
Whate'er men seek, or find,
Is blasted,—if it proudly lift,
Or bloat, the conscious mind.

Contingent, finite, from the dust,
What Nothings are we all !
For in the tomb the proudest must
A worm his brother call.

All pride becomes a fiendish spark
Of hell, within the soul ;
And He who dreads that region dark,
Abhors its least control.

The poor in spirit, blest are they
Above the world who live ;
Their wisdom is to watch and pray,
And, like their Lord, forgive.

Nor seek they for ambition's wealth,
Or sigh for world-applause ;
And, calm in sickness as in health,
To Heaven commend their cause.

True meekness is that master-grace
Which saints and martyrs wore ;
And He who led proud Judah's race,¹—
How mild a mien He bore !

We cannot back to God return
From the base depths of sin,
Until beneath the Cross we learn
To form the Christ within.²

And was He not, of worlds the Lord,
In meekness all divine,
Who, with each high and heavenly word
A lowly grace did twine ?

A passion for imperfect good,—
Behold ! what fosters pride ;
While God himself is aye withstood,
No idols are denied.

(1) "Now the man Moses was very meek."—*Numb.* xii. 3.

(2) "I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you."—*Gal.* iv. 19.

But, mortal ! wouldst thou blessed be ?—

From finite good retire ;
And in the depths of Deity
Thy soaring thoughts inspire.

In humbleness of mind believe
A true contentment reigns,
Desires that no compunction leave,
And joys which bring no pains.

Then turn thee, O insatiate Soul !
From broken cisterns fly ;
For, couldst thou drink their blissful whole,
They still would leave thee dry.

The utmost in all creatures fails
An inward lull to bring,
Since, when our purest dream prevails,
Unrest keeps murmuring !

Low as some weanèd child to lie
Before Immanuel's feet,
And in the guidance of His eye
To find a safe retreat,

Like Him to crucify the will
As merciful and meek,
And each just orb of duty fill
Whene'er we act, or speak,—

Be this, disciple of the Cross !
The glory of thine aim ;
And though on earth thou reap the loss,
In heaven perceive thy gain !

Yet, saith He not, that here below

Beatitudes *begin*

For all, whose hearts by meekness grow

Above the self of sin?

A kingdom of the mind is theirs

While yet on earth they bide ;¹

And heaven seems dawning through the prayers

God's Spirit hath supplied.

Celestial Dove of Grace ! descend,

Thy gentleness impart ;

Till Faith shall build the Sinner's friend

A temple in her heart.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

SECOND BEATITUDE.

“ Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”—*Matt.* v. 4.

OH, paradox divine, as deep !—

The blest are those who wail and weep,

And bear that burden which no hearts allay :

With rose-buds though the World be crown'd

While rubied wine-cups circle round,—

In fev'rish gloom her false dreams melt away !

The Man of Sorrows, in whose tear

The Church can type her own career,

The God-man, whose profound extremes combined

Whate'er of glory and of gloom

His awful Person could assume,—

On mourners stamp'd the name of blest mankind.

(1) “ Theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”—*Matt.* v. 3.

Mysterious though such gladness be,
Far deeper than film'd Hearts can see
A saint embosoms 'mid the world's alloy,—
An inward heaven of lofty hope
That can with outward trial cope,
Nor, meddle strangers with that wordless joy! ¹

But not o'er *all* sad minds that mourn
Like orphans in a world forlorn,
Have lips Almighty thus pronounced the "bless'd;"
For, grief is oft a selfish chord
Whose earth-tones can no proof afford
That God and grace have e'er the will imprest.

The mourners who "about the streets" ²
Of thronging life the stranger meets,
Full often are they but proud Sin in tears;
'Tis worldly sorrow working death
That now intones their anguish'd breath,
And fetters them with darkness, and with fears.

Spent Minds, like these, none dare believe
Are purely blest, because they grieve
Or pine that earth no more their heaven supplies;
But, blest are they who mourn within
That rankling wound of venom'd sin,—
Waking, beyond all wo, their soul-heaved sighs!
For, sin is that stupendous grief
Which out of God finds no relief,

(1) "A stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."—*Prov.* xiv. 10.

(2) "The mourners go about the streets."—*Eccles.* xii. 5.

A tainting curse that cleaves to flesh and soul ;
And so abhorr'd around The Throne,
The very heavens ¹ appear to groan
And bow dejected at its dread control !

'Tis true, bland nature's tear-drops flow,
To mark cold Earth a churchyard grow,
While tombs rise countless as the waves at sea;
Sickness and sorrow, change and care,
And pale-worn features ev'rywhere
Reveal the hollowness vain life must be.

But, Zion's mourners grieve and pine,
To think that Law and love divine
So seldom o'er man's caitiff bosom sway,—
How all the Trinity of grace
One bosom-sin will oft displace,
And give to passion's dream its boundless play!
Such weepers mourn before The Lamb,
And cry, " Oh! wretched that I am !
Who shall deliver me, and burst my chain ?"
Their hearts are crush'd, and inly rent
To find what base alloy is blent
With that fine gold, where virtue feels no stain.

For this they blush, and burden'd lie,
In self-abhorrence shrink and sigh ;
And when they think on Jesu's awful groans,
And how the garden soil was wet
And crimson'd with His bloody sweat,—
Their hearts beat prayer, which Godhead hears alone !

1) " Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid, be ye very desolate, saith the Lord . . . My people hath forsaken me ! "—*Jer.* ii. 12, 13.

Tis here a grief sublime appears ;
 And rays of glory light the tears
 Of souls, which mourn for Heaven's almighty wrong :
 Oh ! then descends the Paraclete
 And calms them with mild comfort meet,
 And turns their sadness to victorious song.

Dejected minds, who thus are blest
 By sealing grace, are more impress'd,
 And bland and meek as charity become :
 Reflective awe and deep'ning prayer
 The growing work of God declare,
 And bid them pant for heaven's unclouded home.

So, when these days of darkness cease,
 And holy death shall bring release
 From sorrow's gloom, and sin's intense alloy,
 How will they glory in that God
 Who said, while Earth's bleak wilds they trod,—
 That they who sow in tears, shall reap in joy!

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK.

THIRD BEATITUDE.

“Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.”—*Matt.* v. 5.

THY ways, O Lord, are unlike ours,
 Thy thoughts surpass our own ;¹
 And angels, when they scan their powers
 Fall wing-veil'd round the Throne !

(1) “My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.”—*Isa.* lv. 8.

Eternity Thine eyes peruse,
Omniscient is Thy mind ;
And whatsoe'er Thy wisdom choose
Is perfect in its kind.

But we, by pride and passion stain'd,
Our good no longer know,
And when we dream the goal is gain'd,
Have reach'd intenser wo !

Ay, Good and Evil, Pain and Bliss,—
In vain blind heathens thought
To image in a world like this
Those models which they sought.

Our Centre true they could not see
In aught the creatures bring ;
But Christ who show'd us Deity,
Unveils that holy Thing.

But yet, a paradox this wears
To men who walk by sense,
Which deep humility declares
The heart's sublime defence !

Resistance seems a noble gift
To reason's haughty view ;
And passions that proud self uplift
Re-echo it as true.

But He, whose will was crucified
Throughout His sad career ;
Whom earth abhorr'd, and man denied
One sympathetic tear,

By bearing outrage, wrong, and hate,
This heaven-born lesson taught,—
That souls are not divinely great
Except with meekness fraught.
Submission tender, mild, and deep,
Not sullen, stern, or sad,
But gentle as when angels weep
While they o'erwatch the bad,—
Such the chaste virtue Christ commends
Believer! as divine;
And if the heart thy Master bends,
That lovely grace is thine.
And who with such a just appeal
To injured souls could cry,
“Like Me must true disciples feel
If doom’d to live or die?”—
In Christ the Lamb and Lion met,
Their graces were combined;
And blest are those who follow yet
The path He left behind.
Whether before the Council placed,
Or girt with savage yell,
Or else by fiendish mock disgraced
Whose accent came from hell;
Or, nail’d upon the wrenching cross
In one incarnate pang,
While foes beneath Him rage and toss,
And impious gibings rang,¹—

(1) “They that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads.”—*Matt.*
xxvii. 39.

However tried, 'tis patience all !

From Him no wrath-tones roll ;
To God ascends each dying call
That rent His yielded soul.¹

And who can have a Christlike heart,
Except his moral tone
When call'd to feel life's bitter part,
Recall the Saviour's own ?

Oh, never ape that burning Pair²
Whose vengeance seem'd on fire,
Because they could not meekly bear
What fann'd their zealous ire !

Yet, deem not that in stoic frost
Warm feelings must be chill'd ;
Or that impassion'd minds are lost
When thus by patience still'd.

Perturb'd emotions, strong and keen,
When pure Religion's cause
Demands a hero for her scene,
Infringe no hallow'd laws :

But, guard thee well ! lest temper stain
And poison glorious zeal,
Till selfish anger's secret reign
Proves all the god we feel !

Meek charity, that master-grace
The peerless type of heaven,—

(1) "Father! into thy hands I commend my spirit."—*Luke* xxiii. 46.

(2) "And his disciples James and John said, Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them?"—*Luke* ix. 54.

Oh, let it from thy creed displace
What cannot say, "forgiven!"

Nor ever let the sun go down
Upon our inward ire ;
They cannot wear a Saviour's crown
Whom love doth not inspire.

Pure Lord of lowliness and love !
Thus, make Thy model dear
To all who live for thrones above,
By bearing crosses here.

Thy meekness hath its own reward,
Calm blessings line its path ;
Without, it keeps celestial guard,
Within, what peace it hath !

The proud are poor, 'mid all the gold
Ambition's pride obtains ;
The meek are rich, though none behold
The beauty of their gains.

No acres may to them belong,
No scenes of garish pleasure ;
But yet they chant a mental song
O'er Truth's divinest treasure.

And was not He, a Spirit meek,
Exemplar of all grace,
Who bow'd the heavens on earth to seek
The ruins of our race ?

Then, Lord of Gentleness ! be Thou
For ever at our side ;

And when we mark Thy wounded brow,
Abhorr'd be human pride!

We are not Thine, unless we bear
Thy yoke upon our souls,
And welcome in each cross and care
The Hand which All controls.

Disciples true the Christ reflect,
And must His shadows be ;
And none but craven souls reject
The watchword,—“ *Follow Me!*”

Yes, “follow thee ;” Lord, grant the will,
And Love at once agrees
Their heaven to taste, whose hearts fulfil
What Thy calm word decrees.

In life and death such spirits burn
To hear Thy Voice divine,
And glorify each grace they learn
By using it as Thine.

BLESSED ARE THEY WHO HUNGER AND THIRST FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

FOURTH BEATITUDE.

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.”—*Matt. v. 6.*

THE hand of Him who framed the earth
Hath fill'd it with harmonious grace,
That men, who boast immortal birth,
In each created thing may trace

How wondrously celestial Art
From all without that meets the eye,—
Appeals to our most inward heart,
And proves two worlds in harmony.

The world we see, and what we are,
Illustrates that accordance due
Which reigns from insect up to star,
And hallows all we feel, or do ;
If thus our hearts delight to prove
How faculties their objects find,
And render life a hymn of love
To Him, who hath both worlds combined.

But, still there is a craving force
In appetites to sense allied,
Which Nature in its noblest course
Hath never to the brim supplied ;
Though charm'd and fed, they are not fill'd,
But fever'd oft with discontent ;
The cry for " more !" no joy hath still'd—
Unrest is with fruition blent.

Though sumless orbs of beauty roll
In burning magic through the sky,
When mortal gaze commands the whole,—
For brighter longs the asking eye !
And, when we hear the tones that make
The sweetest heaven that sound can bring,
Melodious thirst they do not slake
For some diviner murmuring.

But while both eye and ear demand
What no imperfect sense enjoys,
Spirits who under grace expand
A bliss partake that never cloy,—
The bliss of hung'ring more and more
That "righteousness" may ere dispense
To sainted hearts an added store
Of purer calm, and innocence.

Behold! a hunger and a thirst
Which God Himself will soothe and slake,—
Ambition by no fever cursed,
A hope no blighting sorrows break;
For, all those wingèd dreams that rise
And flutter round a world divine,
When Heaven unveils its hidden prize
Will find far more than dreams combine:—

Perennial glories there surpass
All which seraphic Minds desire,
Whom angels with themselves may class,
With fervid hearts for God on fire!
Of finite good who only drinks,—
Such water will be found in vain;
A deeper want than Passion thinks,
Will soon enkindle thirst again.¹

The man who lives by sensual dross,
May banquet on some hollow bliss,
But yet this truth his mind will cross,—
I was not made for food like this!

(1) "Jesus said . . . Whosoever drinketh of this water, shall thirst again."
John iv. 13.

Hunger and thirst,—oh, they be all
Which carnal wisdom can create,
Whate'er encrowning words may call
The glories which enwreath the great !

From joy to joy the jaded sense
Pursues each worn and wearied path ;
Though big may be this world's pretence,
The mind eternal hunger hath ;
Within, what flaming thirst there burns !
That each polluting draught excites,
As passion and supply by turns
Fever the day, and fret the night.

But grace forms them, to whom is given
A glorious passion fix'd on God,
Who breathe on earth the air of Heaven,
And tread the ground Emanuel trod ;
Their creed and conduct are combined
In unity of peace and power,
And mirror forth a saintly mind
When darkness clouds the drearest hour.

They *must* be tranquil, who are made
By God, the guardian of the blest,
Of neither Hell nor Earth afraid
While panting for elysian rest :
Their hunger is a holy thing,
Their bosom-thirst a painful bliss ;
And lauding seraphs shake their wing
Of rapture o'er unrest like *this* !—

What is it?—but to nobly pine
More Christ-like in true love to be ;
Or, body forth the will divine,
And heaven in all things ever see ;
Till rectitude a nature grow,
And holiness the spirit's breath,
And faith alike, in weal or wo
Adorn our life, and vanquish death.
But if indeed the hunger'd mind
And thirsting heart for Jesu long,—
Then will they not meet nurture find
To nurse and make religion strong?
Incarnate God ! such mystic food
Thine own ordaining words supplied,
Which in Thy Body and Thy Blood
A banquet for the soul provide.¹
Thy sacred flesh, oh ! let us eat,
And drink Thy blood, in myst'ry there,
Where Faith Thy bleeding Form can greet
'Mid swells of sacrificial prayer :—
The blasting spells of unbelief
Must sure those famish'd hearts infect,
Who feel no pang of wordless grief
When they such angel-food neglect !
Soul of our souls ! almighty grace
A sacramental life impart,
And by some inward power erase
Whatever dulls the deaden'd heart :—

(1) "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, HATH eternal life ; and I will raise him up at the last day."—*John vi. 54.*

For holiness a hunger give,
And yearning of intenser love
That we on Christ may learn to live,
Like daily manna from above.

In Heaven, we need no sacrament ;
Nor signs, nor symbols there are found,
When glory with its full content
Shall each elected saint have crown'd ;—
Adorn'd in robes of radiant white
They neither thirst nor hunger more,
But bask in beams of pure delight
With all their toils and trials o'er.

Around the Throne in rich array
Perfect and sinless are they now,
And in God's temple night and day
Before the shrine of glory bow ;
The Lamb Himself their food supplies
And on His fulness they can feed,
Who follow Him with tearless eyes,
Where paths to living fountains lead.¹

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.

FIFTH BEATITUDE.

“Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.”—*Matt.* v. 7.

WHEN God to man His awful image gave
In pure creation's primal bliss,
The Wisdom that hereafter came to save
A sinful world so vile as this,—

(1) See *Rev.* xiv. 4, &c. &c.

The brightest feature of the Godhead drew
By deep impression on his soul,
And bade compassion most divinely true
Reign o'er his breast with unsubdued control.

Our mix'd emotions may be good, or vile,
They govern by ambiguous laws ;
But Mercy is of nobler cast and style,
And rooted in no selfish cause ;—
How godlike, let Emanuel's life declare !
Whose heart with such compassion beat,
That His pure soul to each sad tone and prayer
On earth became an echoing mercy-seat.

Let stoic schools from other creeds erect
An iron system cold and dead,
That would from God-created souls reject
Emotions out of pity bred :—
Men are half-monsters, if no heart were left
To throb with pathos, and to feel
Like Jesus, when He saw a home bereft,
And down His cheek compassion's tear did steal !

Thus mercy forms the Saviour's darling grace,
And in Him took a shape divine ;
In word and deed, behold its beaming trace
Throughout th' Incarnate Myst'ry shine !
His heart replied to each pale Wo that wept,
And echo'd back man's deeper sigh,
When by the grave no icy grandeur kept
The tear of manhood from His sacred eye.

The haughty coldness of inhuman creeds
May scorn compassion shedding tears,
And blandly pouring over sorrow's needs
Those genial tones that soften fears ;
And science may to selfishness ascribe
What soft-eyed pity for the wretched feels ;
But, heaven-born Virtue bears the heathen gibe,
Nor checks the tear that from compassion steals.

Of men the wisest, bravest, and the best,
The lofty-hearted, firm and free,
On whose proud name an empire's glories rest,
Who guide the land and guard our sea,—
No leaden calm of unimpassion'd mind
A boast has been, or proved them brave ;
But all pure links, connecting kind with kind,
They deem'd them holy, and beyond the grave !

Men are not wise because they cannot weep,
Nor basely soft because they sigh ;
For there be fountains in the heart that sleep
That moisten oft the sternest eye ;
The sainted heroes canonized by time,
And martyr'd hosts, who burn'd or bled,—
The wide earth doth not deem them less sublime
Because they soothed the sad, or mourn'd the dead.

The perfect God, though passionless as pure,
Hath symbolized His awful name
By deep emotions, which the heart allure,
And bend the will before His claim :

He speaks not only in the whirlwind's tone,
But with the calm of cooling eve ;¹
And oft holds back the thunders of His Throne
That dreadless minds may love Him, and believe.

But Thou, blest Archetype of love divine !
In whom the Trinity express
Whate'er by union God and man combine
Of moral grace, and loveliness,
Thy soul was tender as thy flesh was true,
And throbbed with thrills of deepest power ;—
Unmoved in godhead, but a living hue
Of warm emotion tinged Thy farewell hour.²

And art Thou now, embodied Lord of love,
In such deep calm of bliss enthroned,
That to the Priesthood of Thy grace above,
Though deep the sigh dread anguish groan'd,—
It cannot ripple into feeling there
Thy heart of tenderness, and truth ?
Oh ! is it echoless to high-breathed prayer,
Utter'd by Sin and Wo, from Age or Youth ?
That creed reject ! 'tis infidel and wrong ;
The Church adores a Priest in heaven
To Whom compassions most intense belong,
By which he *feels* for man forgiven ;
And He is touch'd with sympathies that thrill
Through the rich glories round His Throne ;

(1) "The voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day."—*Gen.* iii. 8.

(2) "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?"—*Matt.* xxvii. 46.

For all those splendours leave Messiah still
The weeper's Refuge, and the widow's own.¹

Fountain of Mercy! whose melodious word
Peals in the soul like Pity's voice,
Be each chaste heart by such compassion stirr'd
As makes Thy love its peerless choice ;
For, if with mercy for their fallen clay
Men are not melted, nor commoved,—
How will they shrink from that awarding day
When barren creeds by Christ are unapproved !

Souls cannot love, unless like Him they feel
For human sorrows, hopes and fears ;
And learn to soften with benignant zeal
The bitter gush of orphan tears :
For God is Love ; compassions wreathe His name ;
And children of pure grace are we
When, like His echoes, we become the same,
And Love on earth reflects her Deity !

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

SIXTH BEATITUDE.

“ Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.”—*Matt.* v. 8.

How blessed are the pure in heart !
And none are blest beside ;
For nought of heaven can grace impart
If pureness be denied.

(1) “ An High Priest . . . touched with the feeling of our infirmities.”—*Heb.* v. 15. “ Thy Maker is thy husband ; The Lord is his name.”—*Isa.* liv. 5.

Can sightless eyeballs see the Sun,
Though earth be bathed in beams,
And o'er each hill he shines upon
A ray of rapture gleams?

No more can tainted spirits gaze
On glories round The Throne ;
Mere darkness would become That blaze
Pure hearts can bear alone !

The Moon cannot her image glass
On restless waves that rise,
For, when the storm-winds o'er them pass
Her broken semblance dies;

And so, where passion's lurid fires
The love of truth erase,
No sight of God the soul inspires,
But all grows blind and base.

By heavenly likeness hearts discern
The secrets most divine ;¹
Just as we live, so much we learn
Of Thee, O God ! and Thine.

Those inward eyes of purity
By which the mind beholds
Ideal truths sin cannot see,
When God Himself unfolds,—
Unless we have them, vain is all
The science stored within;
Our creed the world may holy call,
But such proud wealth is sin.

(1) " The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—*Psalm* xxv. 14.

And here, behold that peerless law
Proving the Gospel's worth,
Beyond what sage or poet saw,
When most he soar'd from earth :
That law is purity intense,
A chastity divine,
A sacred glow of innocence,
That keeps the heart a shrine,—
A shrine of holiness and power
Whence praise and prayer ascend,
To seek what soothes the sternest hour
That can the Christian bend.
Then, weigh thy heart! disciple, keep
That ceaseless pulse of life ;
Which even through innocuous sleep
Can throb with sin, and strife.
Mysterious, ever-active spring
Of central thought and will !
To which time, sense, and motion bring
Perpetual good, or ill.
By thee we live, and love, and hate,
The inward man art thou ;
Thy nature dooms our final state,
And *that* is forming now !
Oh ! watch we then, with jealous eyes
That world, where God alone¹
Searches the secret thoughts that rise
Like shades before His Throne.

(1) " I, The Lord, search the heart."—*Jer.* xvii. 10.

As local space the body holds,
So, God the mind contains ;
And who can dare what He enfolds
To mar with sinful stain ?
He dwells in us, and we in Him,—
The Temple of all souls !
And pure as prostrate seraphim
Be all which He controls.
For if the ground by Moses trod
With sanctity was fill'd,
When erst the flaming bush of God
The o'erawed patriarch still'd,
Sublimar far than thought can trace
Is He, the all-divine !
Who is in Christ our dwelling-place¹
And all-embracing Shrine.
Defilement thus doth God profane,
And horrible is sin !
Since he whose heart endures a stain
Dares sacrilege within :
Eternal spring of purity !
Descend, propitious Dove ;
From heart-corruption make us free,
By turning law to love.
The blessèd are the pure, indeed,
And wretched, the defiled !
In whose dark bosom dwell and breed
Lone passions, fierce and wild.

(1) " Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."—*Psalm*
xc. 1. " In Him we live, and move, and have our being."—*Acts* xvii. 28.

By likeness only, souls can see
 The glories Heaven contains ;
 But minds that nurse impurity
 Would feel them worse than pains !

For purity is heaven below,
 And sin the hell of man,
 And all eternity will show,
 Will be,—what time began.¹

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.

SEVENTH BEATITUDE.

“ Blessed are the peacemakers ; for they shall be called the children of God.”—*Matt.* v. 9.

WHEN first rebellion in the will began,
 And faith in God to faith in self was changed,
 Wild discord woke within the soul of man
 And headlong impulse o’er his being ranged.

For, peace expires where purity is lost,
 And purity by love to God begins ;
 Who calls him “ Father ! ”—let him count the cost
 And pluck the right eye from his bosom-sins.²

And who, with such a God-beseeming grace
 Could weave heaven’s garland round the tranquil
 mind,

As Christ, who purchased for our forfeit race
 The peace divine that lulls heart-torn mankind ?

(1) “ He that is unjust, let him be unjust *still* ; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy *still*.”—*Rev.* xxii. 11. “ *This mortal must put on immortality.*”—*1 Cor.* xv. 53.

(2) “ If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out.”—*Matt.* v. 29.

Lord of our lineage, and of saving calm,
When first from veil'd eternity He came,—
A natal anthem o'er night's dewy balm
Sang the rich notes of His melodious name ;

And they breathed, "Peace on earth ! to man Good-
will!"—

And, ere he soar'd to His primeval bliss,
"Peace" was the word that hung soft music still
Round the sad myst'ry of an hour like this.¹

The first of blessings, like the last, is found
Thus by our Lord, as deepest and divine ;
And ne'er may calm and confidence abound
Till faith and feeling round this truth combine.

Where low'ring envy, wrath, or secret pride,
Ambition, av'rice and revenge are nursed,
Here can no halcyon from the heavens abide,
But all is chaos, with convulsion cursed !

Base passions are the serpents of our soul
That bite and sting to bitterness the heart,
And where they wield their unsubdued control,
Angels and grace from that foul den depart !

But when these hearts atoning Blood makes white,
Soft o'er our spirit broods the mystic Dove ;
Like the hush'd band, who watch'd their sheep by
night,

A "peace on earth," replies to peace above.

(1) "The first day of the week came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."—*John* xx. 19.

Then like our Lord, magnanimous and meek,
Move where we may, our end is still the same ;
Firm to our vow, in all we do or speak
We dare embody our baptismal name.

No longer as the LORD OF HOSTS, and war,
Doth God the glories of His will unfold ;
But, radiant as the lull of evening star
As LORD OF PEACE His pard'ning smile behold !¹

And saints on earth resemble Him in heaven
Who help to circulate the calm of love,
And by imparting what to each is given,
Prove their high lineage from the Lord above.

Makers of Peace ! your task divine complete,
Two sever'd hearts in unity restore ;
And bid mild harmonies of friendship meet
To rule in homes, where they have reign'd before.

For ah ! how mournful, when two friends depart
Wider and wider unto distance stern,
While each one holds the arrow at his heart
And, but for pride, would lovingly return !

And, more than beauteous is a god-like word
Breaking soft balm o'er that tempestuous hour
When some vile Satan of the soul hath stirr'd,
And maddens nature with demoniac power.

¹ "The *Lord of Hosts* is his name."—*Isa.* xlvii. 4. "The Lord is a *man of war*."—*Exod.* xv. 3. "Now the *Lord of Peace* himself give you peace always."—*2 Thess.* iii. 16.

To stand between like mediating Grace,
And make two alienated minds agree,—
Sublimes our being, and reveals the trace
Of true adoption into Deity.

And, blest are they who private love promote
In bow'rs domestic, where meek Virtue dwells ;
While feelings motherly their aim devote
To people home with undistracted spells.

And not unblest are they, who nobly guard
The lofty sacredness of Public weal ;
Theirs the rich peace, that bring its own reward,
When Empires at the throne of Godhead kneel !

And He, in whom all unities reside,
Celestial fount from whence communions flow,
Husband of Souls, who took His chosen Bride
And call'd it by the name of, Church, below,—

How can we love Him, if we dare to rend
By the rude harshness of sectarian will
That Mystic Body, where all members blend
And by their harmony due office fill ?

How can we love Him, if our " Church " we choose
As pride, or reason, and presumption sway ?—
Defend us, Grace ! from babylonian views,
And teach us, not to argue, but obey.

Be ours submission, Mary-like and meek,
Who love the path anointed martyrs trod ;
Learning to crucify what most we seek
When Self would image a sectarian God.

So shall we have that wordless peace of mind,
 A wealth beyond the golden worlds to buy,—
 A boundless heart that beats for all mankind,
 As though it throbbed beneath the Saviour's eye !

True source of harmony, and sacred peace,
 Spirit divine ! without Thee all is vain ;
 Descend, and with Thy lulling power release
 The souls that suffer from a selfish chain.

A loving will that leaps at Duty's call
 Do Thou bestow, whate'er the trial be,—
 Bearing the cross which heaven provides for all
 Whose faith, O Lord ! exults to honour Thee.

Unfathom'd peace ! my Saviour's final prayer,
 Deep in pure Godhead doth thy basis lie ;
 Reign like a glory everywhere,
 And guard us while we live, and when we die !

BLESSED ARE THE RIGHTEOUS, WHOM MEN REVILE.

EIGHTH BEATITUDE.

“ Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake when men shall revile you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake : great is your reward in heaven.”—*Matt.* v. 10, 11, 12.

“ MY years are in the yellow leaf,
 Though few their number found,”—
 But, God is greater than thy grief
 And knows thy deepest wound ;
 Be this thy balm, in some distemper'd mood
 When sad thoughts sing their dirge in mental solitude.

This world becomes a barren scene
To eyes of sunny youth,
When vices have victorious been,
And falsehood vanquish'd truth,
Where good men weep, and Worth droops in the shade,
And minds of most heroic mould, are blighted and
betray'd !

Thus, to pale martyrs of the Cross
Distracted earth appears
An orphan'd Realm, where pain and loss
Demand perpetual tears ;
And, were it *all* that God for man decreed,
Who would not in despair for widow'd nature bleed ?

But soon will dawn a radiant clime
Where sin nor sorrows reign,
Beyond the clouds of changing time
To shadow, or to stain ;
A whole eternity of balm and bliss
Where pangless hearts forget a life so false as this !

And let the full-toned anthem rise
In swells of grateful joy,
That Faith beholds with prescient eyes
What time nor tears destroy,—
A perfect life, compensative of all
Impetuous thoughts presume unworthy heaven, to call !

It was not thus ere christian light
Arose in heathen gloom,

For then, the soul immersed in night
Found life a living tomb ;
Confusion reign'd o'er providence denied,
And when of death it thought, the craven bosom sigh'd !

But now a beam celestial plays
From out the Page Divine ;
And o'er the gloom of grief-worn days
What dawning glories shine !
O'er ruin'd hopes descending to the grave
The banners of the Cross,—sublimely do they wave !

And thus what Sense injustice deems,
That saints can suffer wrong,
No more a christless problem seems
To them by faith made strong ;
For o'er them, hark ! th' anointed “Blessèd,” breathed
From Him who round His head the crown of anguish
wreathed.

Yea blessed are the souls that bear
For Christ, and his pure laws,
The moral pang and mental wear
Which friend, or foe can cause ;
Since all we suffer, if the will be sound,
Hereafter in the heavens shall to our bliss redound !

And thus when God incarnate taught
Upon the mount enthroned,
How they should be to glory brought
Whom scorning earth disown'd,
And so enjoy, by His great mercy given,
A crown that shall outshine what seraphs wear in heaven,—

A vision then before Him rose
Of all His Church would be,
As doom'd to battle with her woes,
Till death and darkness flee ;
And not one heart that since has broke, or sigh'd,
His "Blessed !" did not then a soothing balm provide !

Hosannah ! cry unwav'ring hearts
Whom Persecution brands,
And bear unmoved infernal darts
When hurl'd by godless hands ;
'Tis thus the soldiers of the truth are train'd,
Those heroes of the Lord, who heaven's own laurels
gain'd !

By love, and patient suff'ring led,
More Christ-like men become ;
And meekly while the path we tread
That leads our spirit home,
Our graces brighten while they vanquish wo,
And saintly virtue springs from soils where trials grow.

And, do we not corruption feel
Our purest dreams assail,
While wounds that grace alone can heal
Make harrow'd conscience pale ?—
But, these are cleansed by consecrated fire,
As persecuted saints more soaringly aspire.

When clothed with age, or clad with youth,
Whate'er life's era be,
Men glorify the force of truth
Who God in anguish see ;

And prove what strength His promises impart
Who, high upon His Throne, can bear the fainting heart !

In all things should the Church reflect
Her regal Lord divine ;
And ne'er with sin, or change, or sect,
Her vestal charms¹ combine :
To suffer, is the privilege of love
In which the saints outsoar what angels do above !

Then wonder not, if sighs or tears,
Or contumelious shame,
Inweave the web of perill'd years,
Nor God's deep wisdom blame ;
But rather, in earth's malediction see
A shadow of the Cross endured, O Lord ! by Thee.

Those peerless graces hearts require
To fit the saints for heaven,
Are burnish'd by that sacred fire
To martyr'd anguish given ;
Love, Faith, and Valour, are the three which make
The stature of the Soul her full perfection take.

And, thus conform'd to Thee and Thine
Seraphic minds ascend,
Till with Thine image, Lord ! they shine
And with Thy glories blend ;²
So proud a bliss heroic saints procure
Who with undaunted hearts their giant pangs endure.

(1) "That I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ."—2 *Cor.* xi. 2.

(2) "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."—2 *Tim.* ii. 12.

THE SILENCE OF THE SOUL.

“Joseph could not refrain himself Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren.”—*Gen.* xlv. 1.

THE depths of ocean roll unseen
 However loud the storm-blasts ride ;
 And where the whirlwind's rage hath been
 Foam whitens o'er the flashing tide :
 But, underneath in waveless trance
 The spirit of the water sleeps,
 And thunderbolt and lightning-glance
 Disturb not its unechoing deeps.

But 'tis not thus, majestic souls
 The tempest of their heart betray
 When wisdom chastens, or controls
 By principles of regal sway :
 Unlike the sea, *their* surface lies
 Becalm'd without ; all pale and proud,
 Where not a ripple meets the eyes
 Of them who make the vulgar crowd.

And thus the heaven-born Spartan bears
 With mien and manner undisturb'd
 Whatever doom his God declares ;
 And by divine restraint hath curb'd
 Those passion-bursts, that wildly break
 From mere excitement's madding hour,
 When stormy pangs the bosom shake
 And palsy reason's noblest power !

Who that has heard the gush of wo
From some wild mourner by the grave,
Or seen the scalding teardrop's flow
A sunken cheek of sorrow lave,
Or, listen'd to those sobs and sighs,
Like echoes of a breaking heart!—
And has not, with perturbèd eyes,
Felt the full pang that scene imparts?

But, grief there is far more sublime
Enacted in this world of glooms,
That haunts us through memorial time
With shadow deeper than the tomb's;—
'Tis when we hear an earth-clod fall
Upon the coffin's lid of death,
And with clay-accented which appal,
Thrill the warm blood, and choke our breath!

With stealthy eye we dare to scan
The face of some bereaved one there,—
But lo! he looks a tearless man
Whose loss no outward signs declare;
No shudders through his bosom heave,
His features with no anguish move;
And worldlings guess he does not grieve,
Because he was too stern to love!

But, look again! and thou wilt see
Yon sighless man who sheds no tears,
A mass of buried agony,
Far deeper than to sense appears!

His very calm is wo congeal'd,
A wordless depth of chill despair ;
And what no stormful pang reveal'd,
Felt like a frozen tempest there !

Thus the damp churchyard he will leave
To mingle with the haunts of men ;
And shallow minds might well conceive
His gladness soon revived again :
But ah ! they wrong him ; when alone,
The buried pangs of mem'ry rise,
And through his dream there wakes a groan
Which tells how deep dread anguish lies !

Hush'd are high feelings, when their course
Springs from the soul's pure fountain-head ;
Though language cannot speak their force,
Yet, far beyond what lips have said,
Down the deep spirit's veil'd recess
They nurse their harrow'd nature true ;
And those mankind for stoics guess
Bear hidden wounds, which none can view !

The storm-voice of some open grief
Too often proves a shallow heart ;
And there be pangs from earth's relief
That proud and pure stand all apart ;
Like the stern patriarch's, when he felt
Fond yearnings of the brother rise,—
The voiceless heart they inly melt,
And shun the gaze of common eyes.

So dwells there in each virgin mind
Some bashful grace, that will not bare
Its beauty unto coarse mankind,
But comes to God in secret prayer :
The tumult of religious talk,
Impassion'd tones of self unveil'd,
With all that crowds life's vulgar walk,—
Heaven has not for her children hail'd.

All delicate within abide
The Godward secrets of the soul,
And, neither spoken, look'd, nor sigh'd,
Unwitness'd reign with just control.—
Thus, Nature doth her toils pursue,
In sacred darkness works alone ;
And all proud science searches through
Seems but the shadow of HER throne.

Her glories are God's "secret things ;"
Her wonder-works,—no eye can see
The plan whereby Perfection brings
Their essence out of Deity !
All matter, motion, growth, and life
Are myst'ries here, which man defy ;
And are with deeper wisdom rife,
Than Science reads below the sky.

And He of hearts the saving light,
Our living SUN, within whose rays
A soul can bear the blackest night
That deepens round misfortune's days,—

Alone He was ; unseen, unheard,
 In vigil, fast, and awful fears ;
 Few pangs He breathed through mortal word,
 But spake them by His blood-shed tears !

At midnight, on calm mountains cold
 Awed Angels might have heard Him pray ;
 But not disciples could behold
 What suff'ring in His silence lay !
 And He who seeks a sacred heart,
 In solitude must learn to feel ;
 Nor to the blushless world impart
 Those deeper thoughts the wise conceal.

In lofty silence, sad and meek
 Thy cross confront, and bear it well ;
 And if thy soul an echo seek,
 To Christ the hidden anguish tell :
 In thy lone chamber kneel, and pray
 Where none but God, and thou art nigh ;
 And He who said,—“ Our Father say ”¹
 In heaven will hear thy holy sigh.

RECONCILIATION.

“ First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.”
Matt. v. 24.

PURE glory of forgiving love !
 Whose archetype exists above
 In God the reconciled ;

(1) “ When ye pray, say, Our Father.”—*Luke xi. 2.*

By nine degrees¹ of soaring worth
 May our wing'd souls ascend from earth
 To Thee, the undefiled !

Bootless are sacramental forms,
 If in our hearts the hectic storms
 Of sullen anger dwell ;
 Angels in mien, but Cains in mind,—
 Men dare to dream their God too blind
 To see their bosom'd hell !

No mortal hate with love divine
 Can ever in one soul combine,—
 Deceit must both deprave ;
 For love is that seraphic glow
 That cannot chill before a foe,
 But seeks him to the grave.

Proud thoughts create a mental war,
 Nor let us see the truth we are,
 But hide from self our sin ;
 Aloud men cry o'er wrongs they feel,
 But all the wrongs they do, conceal
 Like pharisees within.

Could we ourselves as clearly scan,
 As we unshroud our brother man,
 How humbly might we walk !

(1) In a strain of beautiful inspiration, Chrysostom, when commenting on Matt. v. 44, says, "Εἶδες ὅσους ἀνέβη βαθμὸς," κ. τ. λ. "Do you observe the scale he has ascended, and how he has placed us upon the pinnacle of virtue?" &c. &c. The *Ninth* to God for Him. Do you mark the summit of philosophy?"—*Chrysost. Hom.*

And never in the maddest hour
When vile self-worship wields its power,
Of our meek virtues talk !

Let conscience learn, the sharpest word
Our ulcerated pride has heard,
Is tender, more than true ;
Since all that envious eyes can see,
Is pure to what Divinity
In man's vain heart can view !

Thy temper soothe, thou ireful one !
Nor ever may the west'ring sun
Go down upon thy wrath ;
Thy brother seek, each fault confess,
And with sad tones of mild distress
Win all the love he hath !

If by cold word, or thought, or deed
Thy heart has caused his own to bleed,
Promptly that ill repair ;
Nor dream that *thus* to condescend
Will one bad shade of meanness blend
With aught thou feelest there.

But if in soul, a sullen thought
With scowling pride of anger fraught,
Toward friend or foe remain,—
Presume not, where Christ's altar stands
To offer with polluted hands¹
What heaven must so disdain !

(1) "Who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands."
Ps. xxiv. 3, 4.

First to a brother give thy heart ;
Let bitterness of soul depart,
 And then that meal partake,
Where Love Incarnate bleeds and dies
In His memorial sacrifice,
 Presented for thy sake.

Fathom thy deeps of sinful mind,
Keen to thyself, to others blind,—
 Be this thy noble plan !
Beneath enamell'd smiles and ways
Let Conscience dart her searching rays,
 And thou wilt pity man.

Self-ignorance makes blind Nature proud,
And o'er clear error casts a cloud
 Of flatt'ry's genial power ;
But Self illumed by heaven's own ray
Can melt that painted mist away,
 And humble ev'ry hour !

Vain hypocrites, and worse than vile,
If passions dark our soul defile
 And fiendish thoughts are nursed ;
While outwardly in church and creed,
We call ourselves a " holy seed,"—
 By God we are accursed !

Heaven's lineage must heaven's likeness wear,
And not alone by praise and prayer
 Authentic worship prove ;
When Faith beholds her God of grace,
The brightest feature she can trace
 Is that which glows with love.

Then, grant us, Lord ! a heart like Thine
As deep in mercy, as divine,—
Celestial, mild, and true ;
And learn we all, the more we live ;
The godlike must like God forgive¹
All daring wrong can do.

Creation seems imstinct with love,
A parable of His above,—
Father, and Friend of all !
And not a raindrop Earth renews,
And not a sunbeam lights her hues,
Which does not grace recall.²

O'er just and unjust, what a shower
Of raining mercies falls each hour,
Bought by atoning Blood !
From Whose vast merit all that is,
Derives each energizing bliss
That makes our common good.

Two Bibles thus our hearts may teach
A pure sublime of man to reach,—
By loving our worst foe ;
Since Nature, like the Gospel, pours
O'er "good and evil" all her stores
That each may Godhead know.

(1) "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."—*Matt.* v. 48.

(2) "Love your enemies . . . He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."—*Matt.* v. 44, 45.

AN INFANT SOUL IN FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

“ Hid from the wise and prudent . . . revealed unto babes.”

Matt. xi. 25.

MYSTERIOUS infant! on whose fairy brow
 A far-off glory seems reflected now,—
 A pensive, mild, and melancholy ray,
 Like the last hue of heaven's most lovely day.
 Thou living hare-bell, 'mong the human flowers
 That bud and blossom in domestic bowers!
 Pathetic azure in thy gentle eye
 Gleams like the stillness of a kindred sky:
 I gaze on thee, till unshed tears begin
 To well from fountain-depths of thought within;
 And feel most awe-struck, when I try to trace
 Th' unfathom'd soul that lights thy tranquil face.
 Feeble to sense and sight indeed thou art,
 But oh! within thee dwells a mighty heart
 Capacious of eternity, and God,
 E'en now, before the travell'd earth is trod.
 Fragile those organs that connect the soul
 With those blent world-scenes, which our own control;
 But let not creedless science *this* declare,—
 That God and angels are unvision'd there.
 Souls in pure essence, are, like grace, unknown,
 For all we hear is but the outward tone,
 A broken echo of a voice within
 Muffled by earth, and jarr'd by jangling sin.

But, if The Spirit must a soul renew
Ere heaven can open on its blissful view,
Then must the babe unbreathed communion hold
And have with Christ some intercourse untold.

No iron myst'ry of electing grace
Can for sweet infancy defend its place ;
All, all, baptized or not, in glory fly
To Jesu's bosom, when they close the eye !

And none but fiends in theologic creed
Who banish infants to a hell decreed,
That are not raptured, when Immanuel gains
Souls by redemption, where no Bible reigns.

Sinless in *fact*, untempted babes depart
To where, oh Christ ! enthroned in bliss Thou art ;
And, ere time's language to their lips is known,
They learn The Cross before salvation's throne.

And who remembers not some deep-eyed child,
Pathetic, pale, and exquisitely mild,
Purer than chisell'd alabaster shines
Where sculptured poesy hath traced its lines ?

But 'tis not beauty, delicate and bright,
Nor limbs elastic as incarnate light ;
Nor that seraphic grace of brow and cheek,
Dimpled with thoughts no budding words can speak,—

'Tis something finer than all beauty far,
Tender as dreams beneath a twilight star ;
A heaven-like stamp of sacredness that glows
O'er each calm feature in its chaste repose.

And who denies, prophetic babes can see
Secrets and Shapes that throng eternity,
Visions of glory, such as elder man
Has never imaged in the course he ran ?

A wordless infant in some mystic hour
May have The Spirit in His deeper power,
Converse with angels, and in God behold
Truths that heroic saints have never told.

The tearful radiance of a baby's eye,
The pleading music of its pensive sigh,
The looks that seem so spiritually deep
Turn'd on beholders, till they almost weep !—

May be the symbols of a faded heaven
To infants in angelic slumber given,
Which leaves them, when they face the world again,
In dim remembrance and in dawning pain.

And none can tell, but hov'ring babes above
To babes on earth may whisper tones of love,
Melodious fragments of cherubic song
On glory's breeze, for ever borne along.

And, childless mother ! let a thought like this
Serene thy bosom with a sainted bliss,
That e'en as earth-worms in the dust that wind
Compared with eagles, when they leave behind
Earth, cloud, and sea, to reach the orient sun,—
Are all the triumphs tow'ring saints have won,
Rank'd with the wisdom that an infant knows
When o'er its eyelids drops the last repose !

Bright from the waters of baptismal life,
Stain'd by no sin, nor touch'd by earth-born strife,
Straight to its God thy sinless babe hath flown
And join'd the myriads which enwreathe His Throne !

THE SINGLE EYE.

“ If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.”—*Matt.* vi. 22.

E'EN in their ruins, men are noble still !

In whom fair lines and lineaments remain
Of what they were,—e'er sin by lawless will
Brought on the glorious soul a guilty stain ;
And not with harsh irrev'rence should we dare
One trace despise, that Heaven has treasured there.

As round a gloomy shrine, in grand decay,
Where crumbling arch and ruin'd pillar fall,
Remnants of beauty yet the pile array
And the dead sculpture into life recall,
As oft monastic hearts which hide the ages gone,
Thrill o'er the scenes Religion gazes on,—

So, 'mid the sinful waste of men perverse
Faint hues and harmonies of Eden dwell,
Not all remanded by the righteous curse
That on the forfeit soul of Adam fell :
Ruins men are, and yet we inly feel
Without such, how could God to mind appeal ?

And thus to Reason doth the word of grace,
Though dimm'd and darken'd, yet its truths direct ;
Where God has stamp'd some everlasting trace
Which nought but vice will impiously neglect :
Here is the " Eye " by which the soul discerns
Wisdom and worth, and moral beauty learns.

But if by earth-fed passion, lust, or pride,
Greedy of gain, or gorged with self-esteem,—
Our sacred reason is just power denied,
The central life becomes a ghastly dream,
Where all our faculties and functions blend
In dread confusion, which can never end !

For then, Incarnate Wisdom so declares,
That which by nature should our light become
And starlike lead us through the night of cares
That deepens round us, till we reach our home,—
Itself is darkness ! and the beam that glows
Is that which falsehood to blind feeling shows :

Most awful wreck ! beyond all thought to think,
When from The Spirit reason turns away ;
And sin and self in their corruption sink
Deeper and deeper, as they grow the prey
Of that delusion in whose horrors meet
All that a fiend desires to form deceit !

How great the " darkness," not e'en Christ hath said !

As though such midnight of the mind surpass'd
Whate'er rebellion of the heart, or head

By finite language can be call'd, or class'd :—
Darkness that e'en from HIM a wonder drew,
To Whom no sight in earth or hell, was new !

Single the eye, when jealous conscience guards
Its vestal chastity by prayer and truth,
And not to Reason, but to Grace awards

Those hallowing charms that season age and youth,—
Those godlike principles by which men live,
And the dread soul to its own Author give!

Resist we, then, the sorceries of sin ;

The lust of income and the love of power
Cloud the clear Eye, whose vision acts within,
And ought to rule and rectify each hour;
So will Thy reason, with no jaundiced gaze,
Interpret duty through a blinding haze.

Truths, by inversion, worse than falsehood be ;

When the keen eyesight of the conscience fails,
With God, nor guilt, nor man's eternity
Thy darken'd spirit just connexion hails;
Thy truth is falsehood! and it tempts thee on
To that deep gulf where ruin'd souls have gone.

Religious principle and moral code

Diseased by passion, most perversely act ;
And Vice, recoiling from heaven's narrow road,
Dares its own decalogue of self enact ;
Thy light is darkness out of hell begot,
And in thy soul an atheistic rot!

Oh! better far be reasonless and mad,

Than thus transform the rectifying guide
Which God ordain'd to govern good and bad,
And legislate on virtue's lovely side;

For when distorted, conscience proves a curse,
Whose cruel wisdom makes condition worse.

As though the needle in its compass were
Reversely guiding o'er a sea of gloom
The storm-heaved ship, while lurid tempests glare,
And ocean blackens like a billowy tomb ;
Wreck'd must she be, and ruin'd, though she rides
In foaming triumph o'er the furious tides.—

Thus, when that principle of holy light
By Heaven endow'd to be our guardian helm,
To guide the soul amid earth's sinful night,
Becomes perversion,—must it not o'erwhelm
All the high movements of a heaven-born will,
And erring life with death and darkness fill ?

Nor dream, that when by damning vice depraved,
The central light of reas'ning conscience fails
To warn the victim of desires enslaved,

That mortal wisdom o'er such doom prevails ;—
An Archimedes in the world of mind
Who fix'd his lever and hath raised mankind,

If not with him the single eye and pure
For inward guardianship of soul remain,—
His teachings prove but spell-words to allure

The hearts that hear them, into vice and pain :
The rays of genius when to darkness turn'd,
What fiendish laurels have they found, and earn'd !

Spirit of wisdom ! pure and perfect Light,
Come from Thy region of celestial grace,

Through the bad gloom of unbelieving night
 Dart the mild beams of Thine immac'late face :
 By loving Thee, saints learn to grow divine,
 And as they live, resemble Thee and Thine.

The single eye that God and glory views,
 Whose seeing power by holiness is keen,
 And doth o'er all things Christ supremely choose,—
 Be this our wisdom in the perill'd scene ;
 So shall we vanquish by enduring ill,
 And find it heaven to do our Father's will.

THE FIRST-BORN.

“ The Lord spake, Sanctify unto ME all the first-born ; it is MINE.”
Exod. xiii. 2.

[C. H. E. M. BORN MAY 4TH, 1848.]

MY first-born ! when I heard thy faint low cry,
 Home to the heart was echoing nature stirr'd
 With more than man can tell by tear, or sigh,
 Or fondness image through a shaping word ;
 For, life is deeper than our language far,
 And dimly mirrors but the half we are.

The fountains in the inward deep of soul
 Seem'd broken up with preternat'ral start ;
 And onward gush'd with sweetest uncontrol
 The new-born raptures of a parent's heart :
 Each chord of feeling trembled like a tone
 That haunts the harpstring, when the hand is flown

How shall I doat upon thy dawning smile

When conscious reason first begins to play !

And watch the beauty of each dimpling wile

Clothing thy cheek with what the lip would say,

Were but the gladness of thy spirit heard

In the lisp'd cadence of some little word.

Holy is childhood!—through that lovely age

Incarnate Mercy did not shun to live,

And thereby circl'd life's commencing stage

With halo pure as innocence could give,—

A charm that consecrates an infant now,

When the first sacrament bedews its brow.

Nor doubt, the infant Christ at mother's knee

The priceless volume of celestial love

Conn'd day by day,—that parents hence might see

How lisping babes ascend to truth above ;

Nurtur'd for heaven as their young spirits grow,

By wisdom strengthen'd, in this world of wo.

Nor let some Cain-like reason coldly ask,

How with the mind of some unspeaking child

Regen'rate love can ply its living task,

And to the heart teach lessons undefiled?—

Baptismal grace exceeds what eyes discern,

And more than science dreams, a babe may learn.

Think how Emanuel when man's world He walk'd

Stoop'd to those little ones, that round Him came !

And, when of more than angels knew He talk'd,

Anthem'd with high-toned joy God's mystic name¹

(1) "Jesus rejoiced in spirit . . . I thank thee that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—*Luke* x. 21.

Because what hoary sages oft refuse,
That for some nurseling God's free-will doth choose !

So, with a sacredness from heaven decreed,
My first-born ! by the Church environ'd round,
May the blest Spirit help thy dawning need
From hallow'd stores, that in His breast abound,
Who e'en in glory can remember still
How on the earth He felt each infant thrill !

Lamb of the flock ! within thy Saviour's fold
Calm may'st thou roam, by living pastures green
Mid waters bright,—with footstep never bold
Follow THE SHEPHERD through life's destined scene;
Thou wilt not want, if He become thy guide,
With rod of love and staff of grace supplied.

Coil'd in the secret of His purpose vast,
Firstling of Hope ! thine unread future lies,—
But should thy doom for ripening years be cast
And thou be spared to light enamour'd eyes,
How will maternal fondness round thee twine,
And my heart gladden when it dreams of thine !

To aid thy lip Christ's glorious name to speak,
And hear thy sweet mouth lisp its little prayer ;
To watch emotions mirror'd on thy cheek
When first religion is reflected there,
While, with lock'd hands of reverential love,
Thou kneel'st to ask a blessing from above,—

By soft degrees to view thee conscious grow
Of God and nature, mind, and scene, and man ;

Gently to chide each fault, and calm each wo

As only echoing hearts of parents can,—
Delights like these will anxious toil repay,
And sun my spirit with perpetual ray.

And, should my darling add to loveliness
A frame responsive to those fine appeals,
That earth's dumb eloquence doth aye impress
On each who nature's wordless poem feels,—
With sacred rapture shall I watch thee try
To read God's epic, in the glorious sky !

But, oh, of joys the brightest, purest, best
Will that be found,—when first thy budding mind
Words of redeeming grace and truth arrest,
And glorify thy love for human kind ;
Or, when thy broken accents would explain
What childhood feels for God's incarnate pain.¹

But, these are dreams : sad omens creep
Round my chill'd spirit, when it looks on thee,
Making the moist eye almost bend and weep
O'er the veil'd depths of hush'd futurity ;
For soft dejection in thine infant gaze,
Like dim prediction, seems to tell thy days !

God shield thee, darling !—like a dewdrop now,
In radiant freshness on the tree of life
Trembles thy being ; but with prescient brow
I darkly ponder, lest disease and strife

(1) " I learn to believe in God the Son, who *hath redeemed me.*"—*Catechism of Church of England.*

Crush thy soft nature, now so fair and frail,
And bid thee into death at once exhale !

Mysterious God ! *should* this deep trial come,
And thou, my first-born, find the infant's grave ;
Long ere thy sire shouldst thou be summon'd home,
And Heaven remand the treasure that it gave,
Oh ! teach me, Lord, this awful prayer to say,—
“Blest be His name, who gives, and takes away !”

JUDGE NOT.

“Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged ; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.”—*Matt.* vii. 1.

EYE of the Lord ! in Whose omniscient ray
Our motives play,
Like motes in sunbeams, each distinctly bare,
Can sinners dare
Rash judgment o'er that secret heart to strain,
Where Thou dost reign
Alone, from Whom no buried thoughts are hid ?—
Men are forbid
To scan a brother with censorious eye ;
Or sternly cry,
“Let me the mote from out thy vision draw,”
As though they saw

With holy clearness of unclouded view
The pure and true :—
While in their eye-glance dwells a sinful beam
Men little deem,
How all who virtue love, will virtuous be,
From self set free !

A flagging heart, and feeble mind
To glory dead and wisdom blind ;
A neutral cowardice of heart,
That shrinks from taking noble part
When Christ, and Church, and Creed demand
The prowess true of heart and hand,—
Lord ! not for such Thy words assign
The counsels faith believes divine,
When Thou dost bid each duteous mind
Abstain from judging mortal kind.

The truth must e'er the falsehood fight,
For wrong will still besiege the right ;
And they are craven to the Cross
Who for dread of earthly loss,
Or else because the coward will
Recoils from rude oppressive ill,—
Refrain from branding sin and crime ;
And so caress the vassal time,
That vice and virtue, false and true
Become the heart's chamelion hue !

Avaunt ! such antinomian ease,
Whose gospel is self-will to please.—

But, come ye inspirations given
Fresh from the heart of Christ in heaven !
Mild Charity, and modest Thought,
And Meekness with Devotion fraught ;
With radiant Candour, rich in love,
And motherly, as born above,—
Which, mindful of Redemption's plan,
Embraces universal man.

From harsh, from hasty, and severe
Or cutting words, be conscience clear !
Baseless as bad, and blighting too,
False judgments men hereafter rue ;
When through some good and gentle heart
Our arrowy tongues emit the dart,
That venoms with a vile distress
A wound that bleeds in loneliness,
Until it wears the mind away,—
Of harrowing words the speechless prey !

The perfect Judge is God alone ;
And he usurps His legal Throne
Who rashly dares to pierce and scan
Those spirit-fibres of the man,—
Motives ! which are of acts the soul,
And subject to divine control :
By man unprobed, in all their change
They move within His mental range
By Whom is mark'd the embryo sin,
Ere yet 'tis born the soul within.

But e'en *when* action, motive, thought
Are into clear exposure brought,
And all that meets our human gaze
Harrows the soul with stern amaze,—
Man must not wield the judge's rod,
Or make himself the bar of God!
Love in that light, oh! let there be
By which our hearts a brother see;
Since, blind and partial are we, when
Hurt feelings try our fellow-men.

Be merciful! for sinners all
Are they who Christ their glory call;
Such Minds can weep where others frown,
To see how soon we wander down
Those sad descents of worldly sin
Which tempt without, and try within.—
The holy are the humble, too;
Rather in silence will they rue
The faults and failings brethren show,
Nor be the first a stone to throw!

Their *sin* we view; but not the strife
Or writhings of that inward life
Where passion, conscience, and desire
In some convulsive mood conspire!
Nor, can we measure with just mind
How circumstance with choice combined;
Or, mad temptation, swift and wild,
Tore like a fiend the heart defiled;
Or, how resistance unto prayer
Fought with the Crime that conquer'd there.—

O God ! before whose perfect eye
Are cloud-stains on the crystal sky,¹
Were we but judged by those degrees
By which malign suspicion sees
A brother in his conduct fail,—
Martyrs would at the judgment wail :
Rather through love's kind error be
Victim of fond credulity,
Than, like some cold and cutting blast
Which near the frozen sea hath past,
Breathe o'er thy brother words that wring
The soul with unvoiced suffering !—
When David danced before the Ark
How seem'd he to suspicion dark ?
So oft may atrabilious mind
See through a medium false and blind
Conduct, that looks to hasty thought
With sinful baseness sadly fraught,
But which some candid noon reveals
Mere outbreak of a heart that feels !
Come, then, celestial Archetype for all,
To Thee we call ;
And ere the bolt of censure can descend
On foe, or friend,
Oh ! introvert the spirit's eye, to scan
Our inward man ;
In this, what living error should we see
Our souls to be !
The arm reversed, would then no censure throw
On friend, or foe ;

(1) " The heavens are not clean in his sight."—*Job* xv. 15.

But, as dark evils that deserve a stone
 Would brand our *own* !
 Crown'd Lord of gentleness ! and pitying grace,
 All pride displace ;
 Lest haply men before Thy judgment-seat
 Such justice meet,
 As tongues and tempers which on men descant
 Too often grant !

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAY.

“ If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him ? ”—*Matt.* vii. 11.

ALL that of Eden now remains
 Lives in that lovely page of God,
 Where o'er green earth a beauty reigns
 As when by Christ at evening trod ;¹
 Oh ! were it not for this pure story,
 Our hearts could not conceive the glory
 Which yet that paradise of words arrays
 With all those hues of heaven, that spell-bound Adam's
 gaze.

The weed, the thistle, and the thorn,
 And stooping Labour's moisten'd brow,
 Are types and tokens men are born
 Under the primal ruin now ;

(1) “ The VOICE (*i. e.* Christ, the Divine WORD) of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day.”—*Gen.* iii. 8.

The kingly mind of innocence
Seem'd crush'd by sin's omnipotence ;
And riper passions round our virtues prey,
And with envenom'd tooth begnaw their strength away.

But, still beneath man's ruin lives
One feeling that survived the Fall,—
That which parental fondness gives
To them who hear their children call :
Men are not fiends, but still reply
Like echoes, to each filial cry
A son puts forth in some beseeching hour,
When soften'd childhood feels a parent's magic power.

Divine emotion ! deep as pure ;
Without thee, Scripture breathes a tone
That could not alien hearts allure
To bend before the Mercy-throne :
But when " OUR FATHER !" tunes the word,
Dead feelings in their tomb are stirr'd ;
And, like the ladder joining earth and skies,¹
They form attractive steps, by which to heaven we rise.

And thus hath Christ affections used,
When pleading oft with prayerless mind,
And shown that, though by sin abused ;
There is a law that wields mankind
By which parental natures prove
The throbbings of eternal love,

(2) " A ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven."—
Gen. xxviii. 12.

When Hunger seek them with dejected cry,—
“Food for thy famish’d child! or he must die.”

And, Lord, if thus the sin-worn heart
So much of paradise retain,
Why dare we doubt in heaven Thou art
Responsive to each prayer-breathed strain?
Did faith but ask, and knock, and weep,
What giants would become the weak!
And conscience realize Thy love as true
As when its death-gasp groan’d, “Forgive them what
they do!”

Suspicion is the ice of prayer,
That chills to death enrapt desires;
Our souls too seldom seek to share
The fervour of adoring fires,
That once of old made martyrs burn
For doctrines Love alone can learn,
And cast around them, wheresoe’er they trod,
That fulness of high faith,—a fatherhood in God!

Did men but know how vain and weak
God’s heroes, at the best, must be,
Like children would they constant seek
A Father-God in heaven to see;
Not as a Judge with iron brow,
Before Him would they bend and vow;
But from the deeps of man’s parental heart
Gather some loving gleams of what O God! Thou
art!

Saviour of souls, our Truth and Way,
 Bread for the famish'd hearts that pine !
 Instruct us like Thyself to pray
 " Father! Thy will be done, not mine."—
 Tender has been the tearful thought
 A babe-cry to some mother brought ;¹
 But, far more tender is The Heart above
 Whose echoing depths repeat the name of holy
 " Love!"²

DIVINE FAITHFULNESS.

" The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall
 not depart from thee."—*Isa.* liv. 10.

THE mountains shall from earth depart,
 The hills may be removed,
 But thou of God elected art
 And as a " bride " beloved ;
 Our God as soon might cease to be,
 As break His covenant with thee.
 Election flows from no high worth
 In fallen souls foreseen ;
 For, where is good on this bad earth
 That free grace hath not been ?
 Did God demand prevenient love,
 Heaven would not shrine one soul above !

(1) " Can a woman forget her sucking child? They may forget; yet will I not forget thee."—*Isa.* xlix. 15.

(2) " God is Love."—1 *John* iii. 16.

Thou barren Heart! that hast not borne
The hopes that make thee sing,¹
Oh, dream not thou art left forlorn
In widow'd suffering :—
For like a wife, in youth forsaken,
Back to thy Lord shalt thou be taken.
Though toss'd on life's tempestuous sea
Affliction's waves run high,
For one small moment heaven from thee
Averts its loving eye,
Believer! soon will mercy's overflow
Around thine anguish brightly glow.
No crisis can our God subdue,
No change His will surprise ;
Close to His ancient counsel true
His grace for ever lies;
The " LORD OF HOSTS " reveals His name
In love eternal, and the same!
He does not *find* a lovely thing
And love what He discerns;
But *His* pure love becomes the spring
Of what in martyrs burns
Of holy passion, zeal, and prayer
By God's own Spirit kindled there.
Then, courage! torn and troubled mind,
The GLORIOUS ONE appears!
Nor let Dejection leave thee blind
With her impassion'd tears :

(1) " Sing, O barren, that didst not bear."—*Isa.* liv. 1.

Soon shall thy blest Redeemer come
And guide thee safe to glory's home!
No weapon'd hand its deadly wound
 Shall in thy spirit make;
Nor all the raging tongues around
 That bond of goodness break
Which God in Christ for thee doth hold,
And His deep heart of grace enfold.
With sapphires thy foundations fair¹
 Shall soon by Him be laid;
Nor shall oppressive wrong be there
 As though thou wert betray'd;
Terrors themselves shall learn to fear
A kingly saint to Godhead dear!
The Spirit's love, a love divine
 Though earth and heaven decay,—
Is true, O Lord! to Thee and Thine
 Though worlds dissolve away;
Had souls true faith, they could not dread
Infernal midnight round them spread!
A dying world for dying men
 For saints hath heaven decreed;
And wisely plans the where, and when,
 Each burden'd heart must bleed;
But, Love this truth can understand,—
Each blow is from a FATHER'S hand.

(1) "I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires."—*Isa.* liv. 11.

And thus while fortune, home, and friend,
And social bliss, no more
Around us their rich magic blend
As they were wont of yore ;
Reflected on our falling tears
The iris of God's love appears.
Timeless and changeless is the plan
Before all worlds begun,
From whence that mercy reacheth man
Incarnate merit won :—
Though toss'd, and by the tempest shaken,
Believer, thou art unforsaken !

THE TWO GATES OF LIFE.

“Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction . . .
strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life.”—*Matt.*
vii. 13, 14.

GRIEF more than revelation tells
Shaded The Lord of Glory's heart,
Where slept within its aching cells
Deep woes no syllables impart ;
Pure is the Bible, and a perfect Book,—
But Christ had depths where Language could not look !
All echoless by worded sign
Some buried pangs there must have been ;
And saint, nor angel can divine
What pass'd behind that mental screen,
Where in dread myst'ry, voiceless, lone and deep,
Pale thoughts of Christ did o'er man's future weep !

Tongue cannot speak, nor soul conceive
The gloom that blacken'd o'er His mind,
When thoughts prophetic bade him grieve
O'er sinful wrecks of sad mankind ;
Sorrow like *this* might soften hearts of stone,—
But, ah ! how infinite His pangs *unknown* !

For each lost soul the bloody sweat
And crimson tide of anguish flow'd,
And in his righteous spirit met
All penal claims to justice owed,
For sins beyond arithmetic to count,
Through the vast myriads of their vile amount !

But more He felt, who bled for man,
When from His cross uprear'd on earth
His prescience saw that sacred plan
By angels deem'd of priceless worth,—
Attract but “few,” for whom His Mercy died,
To bear the cross, and love the Crucified !

Of all dark burdens that oppress
And crush warm spirits into woe,
Ingratitude from those we bless
Outweighs the direst hearts can know ;
Fiends may abhor, but never can betray
The souls which trust, and for them toil and pray !

But how did uncreated Love
A sacrifice divine achieve !
When God emerged from light above,
Around His awful head to weave

A thorny crown, this forfeit world to save,
And roll'd thick darkness from the hideous grave.

Yet, when the unborn ages rose
Before Him, in his parting breath,
And He beheld what creedless foes
Would still deny his priestly death,—
A deeper sadness must have overhung his heart,
Than all which sacrificial pangs impart !

Two paths He saw, two gates appear'd,
Contracted one, the other wide ;
Along the *last*, unfelt, unfear'd,
What myriads rush'd, for whom He died !
Broad as their wills, and wild as passion's law
The way of ruin which for them He saw !

But o'er that strict and narrow way
So wisely hemm'd by holy Truth,
He mark'd a sainted number stray,
Faithful as few, from age to youth ;
Such are the souls, who count the world no loss
When they have nail'd it to th' atoning cross !

So is it now, to saints who read
The high and haughty scene of man,
By that pure light good angels need ¹
Before they learn the mystic plan,
Whereby the wisdom of God's secret will
Winds its clear way through vice and virtue still,

(1) " To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places, *might be known by the Church* the manifold wisdom of God."—*Eph.* iii. 10.

And, *in* and *over* all supreme,
Reaches the grand result forecast !—
However vast and varied seem
The mixing shades around them mass'd,
All true expressions of man's life must be
Born of the flesh, or breathed from Deity.

Ambition's fretting pride of thought,
The hero's falsely-worshipp'd fame,
With all that mock renown hath wrought
To gild the nothing of a name,—
If Christless, are unsanctified and vile,
And only blast the victims they beguile !

Learning, and Art, and lofty Mind,
Unless beneath the cross they grow,
Prove but the forms of self refined,
Whose "broad way" leads to final wo ;
Sin yet is sin, howe'er by spells array'd,
And out of Christ, what are we, but betray'd ?

"Broad is the way,"—oh, crushing thought !
That must have made Emanuel sigh,
To see the soul His anguish bought
But live to sin, and love to die !—
Enter the "wide gate" with a maniac glee,
And quench bad mirth in glooms of agony !

"Narrow the path,"—but, yet it leads
To life's consummate goal of bliss ;
And, though their self-denial bleeds,
Children of light will enter this ;

Though few in number, round their heavenward ways
Hover the glorious dead of elder days !

O'er such high path decreed by God
Led by The Spirit, let me roam ;
For where my Saviour's feet have trod
Bright footprints point me to His home,—
That City clothed with more than crystal rays,
Her gates salvation, and whose walls are praise.

Patriarch and prophet, priest and saint
Denial's path preferr'd ;
And when their sunken hearts grew faint,
They listen'd for that living Word
That warbled round them in the deepest night,—
My yoke is easy, and my burden light !”

THE POWER OF THE REDEEMER'S EYE.

“ The Lord LOOKED . . . and Peter went out and wept bitterly !”
Luke xxii. 61, 62.

Not poet's lyre, nor painter's line
Could e'er express that look of Thine
Saviour of men ! on craven Peter cast :—
Eternity was in Thy gaze,
And through dark conscience darted rays
That lighten'd into truth his present, and his past !

Deep eloquence was there,
Beyond the lightning's glare
Red with the fierceness of the flaming storm ;

Nor, might loud hurricanes that sweep
 In thund'ring air-tones o'er the deep
 Till the rent ocean heaves like agonizing forms,—

So terribly the mind appal,
 As that one gaze in Pilate's hall
 Shook to his moral root that recreant man!
 Apostate as he there denied
 That Lord, to Whom his worship cried,—
 “Though all desert Thee, Christ! *my* spirit never
 can.”

Dungeon, nor death, nor chains,
 Nor all which Persecution gains
 Should tempt him from The Truth to fly;
 Though *all* betray'd Him, *he* would stand
 Faithful among a faithless band,
 And boldly for His Lord, exult to bleed or die.

Resolve then reign'd in ardent power;
 And feeling hued that full-toned hour
 With the rich colour hearts delight to show,
 In some rapt mood when men appear
 Sublimed above unhallow'd fear,
 And with celestial warmth reflect an angel's glow!

In such high noon of seraph zeal,
 Our breasts an inspiration feel
 Lifting us far beyond each low-born aim;
 Wing'd thoughts surmount the walls of time,
 And waft us to that world sublime
 Where Heaven's clear arches ring with Christ's mag-
 nific name!

But He, to Whom all hearts lie bared,
 In that flush'd moment then declared
 How thrice, e'er yet the wakeful bird would crow,—
 The saint who seem'd so nobly fired
 As if by Heaven's own warmth inspired,
 Vanquish'd by shameful dread, would all his vows
 forego!

And, more or less than Man were he
 Unmoved who in this hour can see
 A brave Apostle from His banner fly;
 Assaulted by Satanic power
 And sifted in that searching hour,—
 Thrice did his caitiff mouth the Lord of Lovedeny!

If mortal pain could mar the rest
 That broods within an Angel's breast,
 Sure might St. Peter's crime have drawn his tear,—
 Who swore with ireful oath untrue
 He ne'er the blest Redeemer knew,—
 And sacrificed his vow upon the shrine of fear!

But, while a third denial hung
 With impious accent on his tongue,
 Behold! the crowing of the cock begun;
 And back with its reverted gaze
 Bedimm'd with more than tearful haze,—
 Look'd the calm eye of Christ on that apostate man!

He "look'd,"—oh! what a look was there
 Of pity, love, rebuke and prayer;
 Angelic, human, and divine the spell

Wielded by Christ in that dread look,
 His eye of cowering Peter took,—
 Till down his weeping heart before it writhed, and fell !

'Twas but a glance, and yet it cleaved
 The veil asunder, that had weaved
 A hiding darkness round his trait'rous heart :
 It open'd that vile gulf within
 Where lurk the powers of latent sin,
 And made him from himself to shudder back, and start !

But for an instant, bent that look
 Which out of treason Peter shook
 Into repentance, bitter, deep, and dread ;—
 Yet, shined it with intense control
 Like God's eye beaming on his soul,
 Ruling his after life in all he did, and said.

By day, by night, where'er he went,
 As o'er his head the firmament,—
 Thus o'er his heart with holiness and light
 That piercing glance of Jesu cast
 Celestial power, where'er he pass'd,
 And overarch'd his soul with meaning, and with might.

'Twas with him, when he watch'd or wept,
 Or fasted, toil'd, or woke, or slept ;
 Hunger'd and roofless, wearied, rack'd and worn,—
 By shore or sea, abroad, at home,
 Where'er his burning zeal could roam,
 Here was the guiding star, that saw him, though
 forlorn !

In prison, and o'er chains it threw
 A glory which that Angel knew,
 Who saw his features radiant in repose,
 When, calm as some bright infant's breath
 He slept upon the brink of death,¹
 In some fond dream of Christ, forgetful of his woes.

And will not fond Devotion say,
 That when his form inverted lay
 In bleeding anguish on his cross oppress'd,—
 That still the gaze from Jesu's eye
 Beam'd on his soul, till life's last sigh
 Wafted the Spirit home to its loved Saviour's breast?

But, in this page of man may we
 As in some truthful mirror see
 Reflected warnings, that may well o'erawe
 The boldest, who believe they stand
 Like rocks of faith, on every hand,—
 As did Saint Peter once, before his heart he saw!

There, while he weeps a bitter shower
 Of anguish in convulsive power,
 Lord of our spirits! may those teardrops fall
 In scalding virtue o'er each heart,
 That little dreams how Satan's art
 To more than Peter's crime may soon betray us all!

Yea, doth not our baptismal vow
 Bend o'er us like a burden now,
 And crush pale conscience into sacred tears?

(1) "The same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains."—*Acts* xii. 6.

For, leagued with flesh, and fiend, and world,
Oh! have we not to nothing hurl'd [years?
The awful promise made,—that God should have our
For gold, or pride, or pomp, and pleasure,
As though they form'd divinest treasure,
How basely have we barter'd mind and will!
Betraying our predestin'd cross,
That we should count our life a loss,
Except for Christ we lived, self-crucified and still.

Sole Healer of the wounded heart !
Who now ensphered in glory art,
When Peter-like, our prostrate vows we break,
Let no red lightnings of Thy wrath
Flash their dread fury o'er our path,
Nor, regal thunder-tones Thy terrors o'er us wake,—
But, turn Thee with subduing eye,
And from Thy bliss beyond the sky
Look as Thou didst on Thine apostle's fears :
So melt us into anguish true
That we may our dread treason rue,
And bathe Thy mercy-seat with love's remorseful tears!

SPIRITUAL DECLINE.

“ Oh ! that I were as in months past ! as in the day when God preserved me,
when his candle shined upon my head . . . when the secret of God was
upon my tabernacle.”—*Job* xxix. 2—4.

“ OH ! that with me, as in the months of yore,
My heart was basking in the smile of God ;
When all I saw the sweet impression bore,
His eye o'erwatch'd me through the way I trod.

- “ Then, did the candle of JEHOVAH beam
With loving radiance o’er my rising hours,
And life roll’d onward like a happy stream
That carols music to the list’ning flowers.
- “ Bright with the dews of pure devotion, lay
My spirit open to each breath from heaven ;
And all who saw me, in their hearts might say,—
Dead paradise re-blooms in sin forgiven !
- “ Precious was Christ ! beyond angelic speech
In might or melody to e’er reveal ;
Nor could the songs of sainted rapture reach
All His incarnate glories made me feel.
- “ Dear was the temple, and the hour of prayer,
And dear the spirit of that ritual whole
When all my faculties were hallow’d there,
And heaven seem’d dawning on my inmost soul !
- “ And when the Emblems of embodied Love
Bleeding for man, to my awed sense were brought,
Like Stephen, view’d I in the world above
The Christ, by whom a sacrament is wrought.”—
- Thus moans in secret many a voiceless heart
Heavy with gloom, and harrow’d by distress ;
Dull, cold, or dead, as grace and gift depart
And leave the sad one to his loneliness.
- Yet, dark believer ! may such morbid strain
Issue from shades of cowardice and sin ;
And what thou dreamest a majestic pain,
May prove the sign of hollowness within !

There is a trinity in mortal time

By past, by present, and by future made ;
And Conscience wields a potency sublime

When each before her stands, in truth array'd.

Then must we feel how time's divisions mould

One character, in which our fate will rest ;
Eternity in seed we now behold

As heaven, or hell, now ripens in the breast !

Oh ! thus not idly with a weak lament

Sigh o'er some privilege, that breathes no more ;
Religion scorns a laggard discontent

As feebly sickens in pale dreams of yore.

Not grace from thee, but *thou* from God hast gone,

By cold illapse declining day by day ;
Or, from the paths which lead true virtue on
Turn'd into tracks which tempt the soul away.

Cold in thy prayer, in praise reluctant grown,

Seldom at church, the eucharist forgot,
Thy creed, self-will, no master but thine own,—
Behold ! the secret which explains thy lot.

Obedience is religion's breath of life ;

Constant and pure denials must we bear ;
Each day should be with crucifixion rife,
Each hour be haunted with the soul of prayer.

Saints learn by loving, and by love they live ;

Who walk with God, must from themselves depart ;
And, Peace descends not from her Prince above,
Except for God to purify the heart.

Mourners in Zion are oft the minds that fail
To hold their Master's cross supreme in view ;
Or, let some lust o'er discipline prevail
And render them to Church, and creed, untrue.

Thus like a secret rust the world begins
Eating its way, until our hearts corrode ;
Pleasure and profit veil their inward sins,
And wide as passion seems the "narrow" road !

From virgin youthfulness the soul declines
When from both God and grace it dares to roam,
And can no longer in the Word Divine
Shelter the heart, for true affection's home.

"Oh ! that with me as in pure moments past
My God were present,"—vain such cry, indeed,
Except repentance can thy spirit cast
Low at the mercy-seat to lie, and bleed.

Leave sigh and sentiment for Duty's cross,
Haste thee to works of sacrifice and prayer ;
Count a gain'd world to be a gloomy loss,
And prize hereafter as thy holy care.

So may the smile of Godhead back return
Effulging o'er thee, as in days of old ;
Dead in thyself, to live in Jesus learn,
And round His throne God's covenant' behold !

(1) "There was a RAINBOW round about the throne . . . and lo ! in the midst of the Throne . . . and in the midst of the elders, stood a LAMB as it had been slain."—*Rev.* iv. 3 ; v. 6.

Earth, sense, and time will more and more recede,
 Conscience be cleansed, and childlike prayer arise ;
 Eternity will grow thy grandest need,
 God be thy goal, and heaven thy genial prize !

THE GUIDING TENDERNESS OF GOD.

“ I will instruct thee . . . I will guide thee with *mine eye*. ”—*Psalms* xxxii. 8.

EYE of the sleepless ONE !

Whose lids have never closed,
 But since the first-born hour begun
 Have on our world reposed ;
 Blest are chaste hearts who, as meek infants catch
 The ray parental from affection's eye,—
 For each chance gleam of mild expression watch,
 And all the counsel there, with loving faith descry.

By gentleness, O God,
 Thou wouldst Thy children lead
 O'er perill'd ways by martyrs trod,
 Or through life's verdant mead :
 Not the stern rod of discipline to wield
 Does Thy pure grace, apart from sin, incline ;
 But when reluctant hearts refuse to yield,
 Some iron law instructs the spirit that is Thine.

Yet, were we like a child
 Loving, and pliant too,
 Thy perfect guidance pure as mild
 Would guard life's opening view ;

E'en as a glance by some fond parent turn'd
On her frail little one, that waits to see
Those looks where young affection's lore is learn'd,—
So would one hint of grace attract our souls to Thee !

But our unharness'd will
Too oft from Thee retires,
When hurried passions haste to fill
Each orb of bad desires ;
Then, from Thine eye of gentleness and grace
Like prodigals in creed, we rush away,
And need the bit and bridle¹ ere we trace
Backward our sorrowing course, to where life's duty lay.

Oh ! for a watchful heart,
A waiting mind of prayer,
To view Thee, gracious as Thou art, —
“Our Father !” everywhere.
Orphan'd in soul, nor friendless, should we seem
Did but the mind a sacred vigil keep ;
For ever would Thy guardian eye-glance beam,—
Star of our troubled life, both when we smile, or weep !

Unless we watch that “Eye,”
Thy will we cannot read ;
For, softer than a vernal sky
It dawns on human need
In gleam and glance, no prayerless hearts discern,
And love's unwatchful gaze may oft forego :—
Only by looking upward, can we learn
Wisdom divinely bland, to chasten weal and woe.

(1) “Whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto Thee.”—*Psalm xxxii. 9.*

'Tis thus Thine awful Word
To God's elect appeals
With tones harsh reason has not heard ;—
And, conscience never feels
What pathos there and purity abound,
If cold and critical exactions find
No proofs of heaven, except by radiance crown'd
That darts resistless light through each unhallow'd mind.

Then grant us, gracious Lord !
In Thy blest page to see
The faintest hint thy heaven-breathed word
Imparts from truth, and Thee ;
Mild as the eye-beam of a friend we love
So will each Promise, Threat, and Precept dart
Glances of truth,—as if God's eye above
Were gazing through them, to inspire the heart !

Bend, pride of reason ! bend,
Become a little child ;
And God to thee will condescend
In wisdom undefiled ;
Oft, where the haughty scribes of learning fail
God to discern in Truth's unerring page,
Infants of grace by simple love prevail,
Wing'd by the Spirit's power to heights beyond their
age !

Wait for the EYE of Heaven,
O sinner ! watch thee now ;
And in the light of sin forgiven
Lift thy rejoicing brow :

Hereafter, when the Universe shall die
 And Time and Nature meet in last decay,
 Myriads will shrink before that with'ring "Eye,"
 And, like affrighted worlds, beneath it fade away !

THE POETRY OF CLOUDS AND SKIES.

"Number the clouds in wisdom."—*Job* xxxviii. 37. "God rideth in his excellency on the sky."—*Deut.* xxxiii. 26. "The firmament sheweth his handywork."—*Psalms* xix. 1.

THE speaking magic of poetic skies
 Affects the soul, and fascinates the eyes ;
 Look where we may, some cloud-born grace we find
 To shade the mirror of responsive mind.

Seldom a tintless heaven of torrid air
 Scorches the landscape with a cruel glare,
 Till the tann'd forehead of the breezeless Earth
 Wrinkles, and droops beneath that more than dearth :

But oh ! what language in yon cloudy forms,—
 Those floating memories of vanish'd storms !
 As there they gleam, in gentleness and pride,
 Our hearts ascend, and with their motion glide.

And, why did God thus beauteously array
 Calm noon, chaste eve, and recommencing day,
 But that the echoing mind should inly feel
 How heaven and poetry to man appeal ?

Lord of the woods, and waves, and living air !
 All lead to THEE when purified by prayer ;—
 Connecting thus with beauty, colour, grace,
 The dying Mercy that redeem'd our race.

Let but Thy merit through creation shine,
And what was common, now becomes divine !
The beautiful on earth, the bright above,
Are open sacraments that preach Thy love.

How rich the consecrated dome of heaven,
When to some priest in Nature's shrine is given
A power, in all ethereal forms to see
Symbols, and signs of present Deity !

The skies have meanings ; and emotion seems
Oft to array them with impassion'd gleams,—
Colours intense, as if a conscious hue
Blush'd o'er its birth, and brighten'd at our view !

Painters and Poets from the skies have brought
Fancies and feelings, to inspire their thought :
Beauty is there ; and Sentiment can rise
To noble pathos in the naked skies.

Home of the Seasons ! and the haunt of storms,
Now fierce with gloom, now fair with opal forms,
Dark in thy strength, or smiling in thy play,—
I love thy magic, and believe thy sway !

Region, by God's own hand bedeck'd and clad,
In all thy moods some influence can be had ;
A spell that through the eye-glance charms the soul,
And clothes our feelings with thy far control.

But, most I love thee, golden, calm, and deep,
When isles of radiance on thy bosom sleep ;
Or, robe-like clouds in rich confusion lie,
As though veil'd angels floated up the sky

Garb'd in the vesture of thy woven sheen,
And left an outline where their veils had been!—
So exquisitely touch'd the tinted air,
Seraphic creatures might be mansion'd there!

And who can tell, since first the heavens have spann'd
Their arching glories over sea and land,
What vast impression from the varied skies
Hath soothed our spirit, while it charm'd the eyes?

When to the captive, through his dungeon-bar
Gleams of blue heaven come glancing from afar,
Through fields of childhood Fancy seems to roam
And wind the pathways Freedom wound at home.

And think, how Sickness, when the pulse renews
Its beat of vigour, hails yon skyey views,—
How with new gush of health each glance of love
Seems to be answer'd, when it looks above!

There mem'ry, too, and meditation find
Symbolic hues to mirror forth the mind;
Sky and the soul like sympathies can meet,
Till what our hearts express, the clouds repeat.

And when, pure Lord of loneliness and wo!
We dream Thy pilgrimage of pain below,
Faith may conceive, how oft Thy harass'd eye
Drank the deep quiet of congenial sky.

And, as ascending to Thy Throne of light
A cloud received Thee, from the spell-bound sight
Of those sad watchers, who beheld Thee soar
Back to the bliss where Thou wert throned before,—

So, when our hearts the sweep of heaven survey
And typing fancies o'er its surface play,
Let not Religion this true thought disdain,—
A cloud¹ shall waft Thee to our world again !

THE TWILIGHT OF OUR BEING.

“ One day, known to the Lord, not day, nor night.”—*Zech.* xiv. 7. “ Jesus said, What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.”—*John* xiii. 7.

“ THOUGH what I do ye know not now,
Hereafter sainted hearts shall see,”—
Saviour! before that will we bow
And learn our cross by loving Thee:
Grant to our souls the grace on God to live,
And clasp the counsel which thy precepts give.

Such partial light and shade become
The vexing life our bosoms feel;
For, could we clearly view the home
That yonder shrines in heaven conceal,
How should we turn with loathing sense away
From those stern duties, which demand each day!

All light would make our hearts presume,—
All darkness end in black despair;
But God has so arranged the gloom
As best becomes the cross we bear:—
An ampler vision might elate the mind,
And deeper shadows would eclipse mankind.

(1) “ Behold ! he cometh with *clouds*, and every eye shall see him.”—*Rev.* i. 7.

“ We know in part,” and part of this
How weakly can the wisest know!
Our purest heavens of hallow’d bliss
Are tinged with soiling earth below :—
Put into language, oft doth wisdom seem
The broken semblance of a baseless dream !

Such clouds and darkness round the path
Of God to man encircled lie,
That he who heavenly science hath
This dismal truth can scarce deny,—
That Earth seems moist with melancholy tears
Dropt from the eyelids of some thousand Years !

Yet, sorrow is the penal bane
Attemper’d to a world of sin ;
For where our God hath ceased to reign
Darkness and Death *must* enter in ;
Repenting eyes should learn to see by prayer
Truths that transcend what mortal lips declare.

Above, below, mysterious all
The moral facts our souls would scan !
Who can uplift that iron pall
That covers o’er creation’s plan?—
A thinking Titan with a godless mind
To shudd’ring angels seems a monster blind !

When David read man’s glorious frame
Ecstatic awe o’erpower’d his view ;
And, hymning forth Jehovah’s name,
He trembled into words, how true !

“How fearful am I, when by Love survey’d,
Moulded by heaven, and wonderfully made!”¹

Awake, what myst’ries we enclose,
And when we dream, more wondrous far!
’Tween life and death our limbs repose,
And none can tell the truth we are;
Time and eternity so blend and meet,
As they will mingle at the Judgment-seat.

But, when from dust to God we turn,
An ign’rance that itself doth know
Led by The Spirit, is prepared to learn
True wisdom lisps in prayer below;
Content in darkness to adore His ways
With whom ’tis glory to conceal their rays.²

All Eye, all Ear, all Presence, Power,
In contact with creation’s whole,
Closing the eyelids of each little flower,
Or, bidding worlds around Thee roll,—
Essential Deity! Thou dread UNKNOWN,
Angels would shudder to unveil Thy Throne!

And yet, deep myst’ry proves the light
From whence our reas’ning darkness gains
A lustre that restores the sight
When blinded by some mental pains:
God is a FACT, from whose unfathom’d ALL
Eternity will not remove the pall.

(1) See *Psalm cxxxix*. 14.

(2) “It is the glory of God to conceal a thing.”—*Prov.* xxv. 2.

And as our God *alone* discerns
 Himself, in Essence, Truth, and Will,
 So, faith from Revelation learns
 To bow before a myst'ry still ;
 For God Incarnate is an awful shade [pray'd.
 Within whose depths the Church hath mused, and

And what Thou doest, Lord, in life,
 Is dark indeed to those who roam
 Anguish'd, and worn by wasting strife,
 Creedless in heart, without a home ;
 Each grave that opens, and the friend who dies
 Some pang of myst'ry to the soul supplies.

Why virtue droops, and Vice unveils
 A blushless front of gain and glee,
 Involves a problem that prevails
 O'er sceptic Minds, who cannot see
 That mortal life our education is,
 And builds up final wo, or future bliss.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

“Hail! thou that art highly favoured; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.”—*Luke i. 28.*

AVE MARIA! blest o'er women all
 Who e'er on earth embodiment have found,
 Maiden and mother, both in thee we call
 With peerless favour by JEHOVAH crown'd.

Ave Maria ! virgin meek and mild

Unstain'd by passion's soul-polluting fires,
Faith cannot view thee with thine awful Child,
Nor thrill with more than sentiment expires !

Ave Maria ! since thy sex began

Woman presents no type to rival thee ;
Nor can the feelings of a fallen man
Echo thy thoughts of inward purity.

Ave Maria ! o'er the Babe Divine

Bending with awe, maternally entranced,—
How must have throb'd that vestal heart of thine,
On Jesu's forehead when thy fond eyes glanced !

Pure are the fountains of parental love,

Whose depths of bliss ineffable remain ;
Not the deep ravishment of lyres above
Could e'er attune it with too sweet a strain !

But thou, o'ershadow'd with The Spirit's power,

By heaven's bright herald hail'd supremely blest,—
Far more than myst'ry clothed that sacred hour
When hung the Child-God on thy virgin breast.

Boundless eternity and breathing time

Blend in communion at thine awful bliss,
And bid us wonder, in a trance sublime,
That earth was hallow'd by a scene like this !

The purest image saintly Thought can see

Of maiden calm, with motherhood combined,
Becomes too earth-born when compared with thee,
Nursing The Babe whose Blood redeem'd mankind.

Well may the poet's harp, and painter's hue,
 With all that Sculpture's marble dreams express,
 Become ethereal, when they bring to view
 Outlines that hint thy solemn loveliness.
 Yet, can chaste minds beyond all visual show
 Adumbrate much that reverence demands,
 Ave Maria! when our hearts o'erflow
 To see the God-Babe in thy vestal hands.
 Feeling and Faith, with poesy and prayer,
 Mingle their charms to make one beauteous spell;
 And what no melodies, nor hues declare,
 Our hush'd emotions unto Godhead tell!

MARIOLATRY.

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman! what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come."—*John* ii. 4. "I fell at his feet to worship him: and he said unto me, See thou do it not! I am thy fellow-servant:—worship God."—*Rev.* xix. 10.

AND yet, forbid it, reason, faith, and love,
 Both mortal powers, and Attributes divine,
 Ave Maria! that as Queen above
 The worship due to God, should ere be thine.
 Honour'd and holy, blest indeed wert thou,
 To be the mother of His mortal frame
 Before Whose face the universe shall bow
 While rapt eternity resounds His name!
 The stain, that tempted Eve on woman brought,
 Ave Maria! is by thee reversed,—
 Mother of Him whose dying merit wrought
 A ransom for the race by Sin accursed.

So, to the Church's heart, be ever dear
Anointed Virgin! 'mong all women blest;
High o'er thy sex, we none like thee revere
Within whose womb incarnate God could rest.

But ah! we dare not, from the LORD OF LORDS
Rob the due glory that to God pertains;
Nor crown a creature with adoring words,
And echo, "Queen of Heaven!" with impious strains.¹

Not sinless wert thou, in the sight of HIM
From whose dread gaze the blushing heavens retire,²
While round His Throne, the o'erawed seraphim
Prostrate their crowns, and cast their quiv'ring lyre!

They tell us, how all deeps of tender grace
Fresh in thy heart abide for evermore;
And when the contrite seek thy pitying face,
Those wells are open'd, and the faint restore:

But, blest Redeemer! what is finite love
Though most ideal in sublime excess,
With *that* compared, which drew God from above
To agonize for our dark guiltiness?—

(1) Bishop Bull's sermon will at once recur to the devout memory of every churchman, on the true eminence which the Virgin Mary ought to occupy in his esteem. Moreover, in "A PROPOSAL," &c. drawn up by the non-jurors, Collier, Spinkes, and Campbell, for a union with the Orthodox Greek Church, the distinction between what is, and what is NOT due, to the Blessed Virgin, is well put. "Though they call the Mother of our Lord Blessed, and magnify the grace of God, which so highly exalted her, yet are they afraid of giving the glory of God to a creature, or to run into any extreme by blessing and magnifying her; and do hence rather choose to bless and magnify God, for the high grace conferred upon her, and for the benefits which we receive by that means."—*Lathbury's Non-jurors*, pp. 315, 316.

(2) "The heavens are not clean in His sight."—*Job* xv. 15.

Less than a raindrop to the boundless sea,
The vastest love created souls can feel
When rank'd by His, who clothed Divinity
With flesh, and suffer'd all that man could feel !

Ave Maria ! were thy vestal glow
Of pity purer than blind error dreams,—
Yet unto Christ dost thou thy nature owe,
And all thy goodness from His spirit streams.

But, when they dare this awful dream propound,—
That e'en as mother o'er a son prevails,
So at thy plea all grace and gifts abound
And at *thy* prayer His goodness never fails !

They say the sunbeam can enrich the sun
From whose bright essence its fair beauty flows !—
By such false creed from blinding fancy won,
That gives to Mary, what to Christ she owes.

Ye pious martyrs of a faith untrue,
Who from the fount of God's unfathom'd heart
Turn to broke cisterns, whence dark ages drew
Deluding errors that will not depart,

Mercy and Grace in Christ embodied live ;
Straight from His love let each repenting Soul
Draw the true pardon He alone can give,
Nor dream that woman can a God control !

That creed is sacrilege which dares deny
The sympathies His bleeding Manhood learn'd,
When Christ from glory came to weep and die,
And back to heaven with human heart return'd.

Away with doubt ! men want no Virgin's plea,
 No angel, saint, nor martyr's prayer to bring,
 To gain the mercy that endures in Thee
 Thou of all grace the unexhausted Spring !

Ave Maria ! maid and mother blest,
 High above woman's soar'd thy peerless lot ;
 And with due rev'rence on thy name we rest,
 But shrink to credit what thy truth is *not*.

And oh, in yonder beatific light
 Could thy deep calm be ruffled into care,
 As *creature*, thou might'st shudder at the sight
 Of sinners, prostrate at thy throne, in prayer !

Ave Maria ! this dread thought o'erpowers
 And awes the suppliant, that would worship thee,—
 That Jesus is *thy*¹ Saviour too, and ours,
 The same in time, as in eternity.

GOD OUR TRUE CENTRE.

“ Return unto ME, for I have redeemed thee.”—*Isa.* xliv. 22. “ And ye shall
 find rest for your souls.”—*Jer.* vi. 16.

OUR centre true is God alone,
 In Whom man's aching breast
 Beneath the umbrage of His Throne
 Can find a perfect rest ;
 For, less than God enjoy'd, would leave within us still
 A fev'rish want of soul, the finite cannot fill.

(1) “ Mary said, My spirit hath rejoiced in God MY SAVIOUR.”—*Luke* i. 46, 47.

Yet, ruin'd years must haply roll
In anguish, gloom, or wo
Along the worn and wearied soul,
Before this truth we know—

What broken cisterns prove the hollow joys we love,
While hearts forsake the Fount of living bliss above!

This world is wound with fatal spells
Attracting youthful sense ;
And each gay scene some falsehood tells
To mar life's innocence :

Nothing but grace divine can disenchant the earth,
And bid the soul aspire for what becomes its birth.

A fascinating mist o'er veils
Bewilder'd time and space
When Passion's demon-power prevails,
And lures a sensual race

To dream polluted earth a paradise can be,
And mould imagined heavens apart from Deity !

The bloom of hope, the bliss of health,
The bounding thoughts of joy,
With all that springs from tyrant wealth,—
What myriads they decoy !

Till glory, God, and grace, and all by promise given,
From souls recede away, and let this world seem heaven !

But, worst of all base spells that blind
The conscience with deceit,
Is that which makes our God mankind
And bows us at their feet,

Awaiting till they crown, by some awarded praise,
The nothing Fashion gilds with her inglorious rays !

Alas for them ! who madly think
Immortal nature can
From lips of purest homage drink
What truly freshens man ;
For deep within the soul a thirsting sense abides
For something nobler far, than fame's uncertain tides !

Since, what is fame, but second-life
In other spirits led ?
A feeling with this impulse rife,—
That our creations spread
Ideal worlds of thought, through which we love to roam,
And find in kindled hearts a false, but fancied home ?

But thou, believer ! think of this,—
God is our *only* rest ;
And he who worships finite bliss
Will live and die unblest :
The infinitely good man's true proportion makes,
And ev'ry gift but Christ, the trusting heart forsakes.

'Tis true, the creedless world is ours ;¹
But, only when we wave
Heaven's banner o'er its hostile powers,
And for the truth are brave ;
Thus panoplied by grace, and girt by secret prayer,
We face embattled fiends, and fight them everywhere !

But never be this creed forgot,—
That men are exiles here ;
And they who seek a heav'nly lot
Will love a heav'nly sphere ;

(1) " All things are yours *the world*, or life, or death."—1 Cor. iii. 21, 22.

And oft in soaring dreams of purity ascend
To that celestial home, where saints and martyrs tend.

The Spirit's love breathes *now*, or never,

When souls for God are train'd

Till mortal vice and evil sever

From bosoms, where they reign'd :

For, by this truth intense all mighty hearts must live,—
Eternity will blast what time doth not forgive !

Hail ! vast Relief of souls that love,

Lord of regen'rate hearts !

Faith can discern in Thee above

A glory that imparts

Far more than angel-life, to them who seek for rest
And their hereafter lay, like John,¹ upon Thy breast.

As roll the waters to the wind

A moment lifted high,

So, swelling passion heaves the mind

Upward to meet the sky ;

But when the storm declines, and waters cease to roar,
The folded waves lie down as level as the shore.

So is it with delirious joy

Where mad excitements reign,

Or, blind emotions man decoy

Some glitt'ring lie to gain :—

Raised and enrapt awhile, his heaven seems half begun,
But when the dream resolves, unrest is all he won !

(1) "There was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved."—*John* xiii. 23.

MOTHER'S GRIEF.

“ Weeping for her children because they are not.”—*Jer.* xxxi. 15.

THE laughing azure of thy lovely eyes
Oh childless mother ! like dejected skies,
With such dim tearfulness is overspread,
As softly hints thou dreamest of the dead.

Bereaved thou art of that unfathom'd bliss,—
A first-born infant ; and a pang like this
E'en to the centre hath thy spirit stirr'd,
Too deep for sighs, too sacred for a word !

Cold the wan beauty of thy placid cheek ;
And tones of pathos, when I hear thee speak,
Ring like a knell that haunts sad mem'ry's ear,
And melts warm feeling into woman's tear.

Unwatch'd, thou lovest o'er thy book to bend,
And solitude becomes a sainted friend ;
While, rapt in stillness, oft thy dreaming soul
Wings its lone flight to where no earth-clouds roll.

But wilt thou, mother ! in this trance of gloom
Hover and dream around thine infant's tomb ?—
Dark fancy ! dar'st thou lift the coffin-lid,
And view in anguish what the grave hath hid ?

Those dawning gleams of consciousness and grace,
The chisell'd beauty, and the cherub-face,
How oft doth speculation these recall,
And tell thee thy sweet babe possess'd them all !

But, when some cry of infancy is heard,
Like sleeping water by wild music stirr'd,—
Thy heart-strings vibrate to each plaintive tone
As if *that* weeper were indeed thine own !

Untold the myst'ry, solemnly intense,
Clothing the brow of sacred innocence,
Is that pale meaning left by lovely death
When back to God returns an infant's breath !

And, there be chords in each maternal heart
With which our coarser sex can have no part,—
Too deeply toned for all, save Him who cried,
“Behold thy mother !” while He bled, and died.

But, lady, there is balm, and blessing left,
And healing words, for hearts like thine bereft ;
Nor childless orphan can the Church become :—
Though Christ hath vanished to His viewless home
Yet shall the Comforter on thee descend,
And heaven-breathed solace with thy spirit blend ;
The Lord surrounds thee, when thou seest Him not,
And God must change, ere grief can be forgot !

Be grace thy refuge !—calmer thoughts will rise
And rays from heaven illumine thine inward eyes ;
Till in their brightness loss becomes a gain,
While God is thank'd for this mysterious pain.

And now ! bethink thee, to thy babe in heaven
How much of glory hath redemption given !
Worn by no race, at once it reach'd the goal,
Sinless on earth, and now—a perfect soul.

Think, what a dignity to thee belongs
Thus to have deepen'd the angelic songs,—
Thus to enrich with thy departed gem
The lustre of Emmanuel's diadem !
And feel'st thou not, when God and glory seem
To awe thy spirit with a solemn dream,
An infant makes the skies familiar be,
And helps to humanize the heavens for thee ?
Isles of cerulean air, which float and form
Between rent clouds when riven by the storm
Prove far more exquisite to pensive eyes
Than the blank radiance of unruffled skies ;—
Thus do the fairy scenes of calmer life
By Mercy sent, to soothe our wild'ring strife,
With more expression to the heart appeal
Than the bright mirth unthinking bosoms feel.
So, childless mother ! will it prove with thee,
When once the storm-clouds of dejection flee ;
Calm gleams of hope will gild thy darken'd way,
And teach thee more, than when thy world was gay.
Nor, let harsh murmurs o'er thy doom arise
As though God wrong'd them, whom His wisdom tries ;
Sorrow becomes a world where Jesu bled,
And dust was borrow'd to receive Him dead.¹
Our sins would set eternity on fire,
Did not Jehovah with His grace conspire
To stop the evil in its vast career,
And by atonement learn mankind to fear !

(1) " In the place where he was crucified there was a garden . . . there laid they Jesus."—*John* xix. 41, 42.

And thus, lone weeper ! let thy heart in prayer
A truth beyond bereaving pangs declare ;
Remember sorrow, but no sin forget,
And count the mercies which embrace thee, yet !

One vast Bethesda though sad earth appears,
Besieged with trial, and beset with tears,
Remorse for guilt should round experience rise
And conscience deepen while dejection sighs.

Death, tomb, and darkness, for all being wait,
And none are destined for a pangless fate ;—
But yet, dear Saviour, in the direst hour
Thy promise wields a superhuman power.

Though sinless angels bask in perfect bliss,
None but the *pardon'd* breathe a boast like this,—
“Behold a BROTHER ! who, divinely free,
Became incarnate, and wept blood for me !”

In Christ, bereaved one, for thy childless grief
Dwells the pure source of all divine relief ;
To minds that echo thee, most dear thou art,—
But oh ! far dearer to thy Saviour's heart.

That living flow'ret which thy God had given
Hath love transplanted to its bower in heaven ;
There, shall each grace to perfect beauty rise,
And bud with glory when it breathes the skies.”

My Prayer Book.

THE TWO BOOKS.

“ You here have an order for prayer, and for the reading of Holy Scripture, much agreeable to the mind and purpose of the old Fathers ;—nothing is ordained to be read but the very pure Word of God, the Holy Scriptures, or that which is agreeable to the same.”—*Preface to the Book of Common Prayer.*

Two Books there be, which loyal Churchmen love,
The one from earth, the other from above ;
Yet is the first from out the last derived,
And for the same truth hath ever toil'd, and strived.

Perfect as peerless, pure and all-divine,
Where God in language moves through every line,
Where each calm word enrobes celestial grace
And dust and Deity meet face to face,—

Is that Shechinah of almighty speech
Where dwells The Spirit, time and man to teach ;
Beneath whatever name 'tis known or heard,
Scripture, or Bible, or the Sacred Word.

With such, *comparison* must be profane !
Yet, laud we not in too heroic strain
Britannia's Liturgy, for matchless power
To guide the conscience through its perill'd hour.

Calm deep and solemn, chaste, and most sublime,
Breathing eternity, yet full of time,
Pure as seraphic lips in heaven desire,
And fervid as the souls of saints on fire

With rapture,—is the Litany we love :
Sickness and sorrow both its blessing prove,
And oft have mourners in the heart's despair
Found a deep refuge for dejection, there.

A healing softness, and a holy balm
That book pervades, like inspiration's calm,—
Subdued intensity and sacred rest
Which never fail the lonely and distress.

For, oh ! we need not morbid passion's force,
Nor hurried feeling in its reinless course ;
Nor problems dark, for reasoning pride to scan,
But what we need is,—mercy-tones for man !

The sun-bright angel, who adores and sings,
Covers his brow with reverential wings ;
And perfect saints who most their God adore
Sink low in feeling, ere by faith they soar.

The past breathes here the poetry of time,
And thrills the present with a tone sublime,
Till buried Ages of the Church's youth
Rise, and recharm the world with ancient truth.—

Thou glorious masterpiece of olden Prayer !
Deeper thy wisdom than cold words declare ;
Ever opposing some recurrent sin
States act without, or Churches feel within.

Not light men want, but love,—exceeding all
An age of idols dares devotion call ;
A childlike frame of purity and peace,
Where Christ in conscience works divine release.

And, who the archives of thy past can see,
Nor recognise the eye of God o'er thee,
Presiding there with providential gaze
To fit thy teaching for these fallen days ?

Creedless and proud, high-cultured, full of self,
Greedy of gain, and worshippers of pelf,—
Our Wealth grows christless as the world gets old,
And none seem sages, but the bad and bold !

Then, bless we God for Prayers where men are taught
Low at the Truth to bow rebellious thought ;
Each lawless working of the will to chain,
And yield to God the bosom's throne again.

Repentance, bitter, stern, profound, and true,
Obedient hearts, that yearn to dare and do,
Whate'er the doctrines of the Cross command,—
God send the Church, for this apostate land !

Rather as servants, than as sons, we bow
Down at the shrine of awful Godhead now ;
Heirs though of grace, in Christ our own we claim,
How have we barter'd our baptismal name !

Hence sad humility, and fear becomes
The sinful race who leave celestial homes ;
Cries of dejection, more than chants of joy,
Returning prodigals may best employ.

Nor be forgot, how England's Prayer-book gives
Pure, full, and plain, THE WORD by which she lives !
Not dungeon'd in some dead and alien tone,
But where the peasant-boy perceives his own.

There, lisping childhood, when it longs to learn
Truths for which prophets bled, and martyrs burn,
In such pure liturgy of grace may find
All which can feed the heart, and form the mind.—

As looks some mansion, where gay windows shine
And glare and grandeur viciously combine,
While loud Excitement in each chamber leads
The heartless round a life of pleasure needs,

Near some hoar'd fane religiously serene
Where saints have sigh'd and martyrs often been,—
The contrast, felt between such book of prayer
And all sectarian novelties declare.

For, common prayer, if catholic and true,
Must not be tinged with individual hue ;
Nor, souls of myriads their proportion find
In the chance prayer of one vicarious mind.

Lord of the Church ! of sacrament and rite,
In this may all adoring hearts delight,—

“ How apostolic is the root of all
Our Church maternal would devotions call ! ”

The heart of cent'ries still within them lives,
Takes from the past, and to the present gives
That hoary spell which hallows thought and word,
And wakens feeling in its finest chord.

Since, not from Rome, but ancient Gaul we bring
 The choral hymns our altars chant and sing ;
 And many a word devotion breathes upon,
 Hung on thy lips, thou loved and lone St. John !¹

SOURCE of the Church ! true Paraclete for all,
 Long may such prayers on Christ for mercy call ;
 No deeper grace can Thy pure wisdom give,—
 Than what our lips repeat, our hearts may live.

BAPTISM.

“ The washing of regeneration.”—*Tit.* iii. 5. “ Born of water and of the Spirit.”—*John* iii. 5.

THOU little trembler, robed in white,
 Nursling of heaven ! sweet neophyte
 Before the font arriving,—
 The birth-dawn of thy spirit's life
 With holy fulness be it rife,
 While hearts for thee are striving
 With God in prayer ; that soon thy shielded charms
 May rest secure in Christ's baptismal arms.

A silence breathed from God above,
 A halcyon of celestial love
 Now broods with blest control,
 Under the Throne of HIM who came
 In form as weak as thy young frame,—
 Thrilling the inmost soul

(1) See Palmer's "ORIGINES LITURGICÆ," for historical proof of this.

Of all, whose unfilm'd eye of faith perceives
More than mere water on the forehead leaves.

Bright students of the ways of God !
Who since Incarnate Mercy trod
 The forfeit earth of man,
Bend your adoring eyes to learn
Truths deeper than your thoughts discern¹
 Shrined in redemption's plan,—
Ye viewless Seraphim ! this rite attend,
And your calm watch with Christian worship blend.

Thou innocent ! with man compared,
Thee hath eternal Truth declared
 A child of wrath and sin;
But now, adopted, seal'd, and sign'd
By Him who hath redeem'd mankind,
 For thee will now begin
That second birth renewing grace imparts²
Through this deep sacrament, to infant hearts.

Oh ! if Emanuel ne'er had said
"Let children to Mine arms be led,"
 Parents might shrink aghast
A creature in the world to bring,
Whose soul the curse of God may wring
 When time and earth are past !

(1) "Which things the Angels *desire* to look into."—1 *Pet.* i. 12.

(2) "Seeing now that this child is regenerate and grafted into the Body of Christ's Church."—*Baptismal Service*.

"Seeing now that this child is REGENERATE . . . it HATH pleased THEE to REGENERATE this infant with Thy HOLY SPIRIT, to receive him for Thine OWN CHILD by adoption, and to INCORPORATE him into Thy Holy Church."—*Baptismal Service of Church of England*.

But for the promise of baptismal grace
 What sight so fearful as an infant's face ?

All that a birth of flesh can give

What is it,—but a doom to live,

A heritage of wo,

A destiny of guilt and death,

A curse inhaled at ev'ry breath

Life breathes from sin below?—

By grace uncharm'd, destruction seems to lower
 On the sad babe, ere time can count its hour.

But, at yon font where Jesu stands

With greeting heart and gracious hands,

Ready to clasp the child,

Pale infant ! there, a breath from heaven

Shall to thy dawning soul be given

Through Him, the Saviour mild,—

Who, while He thunders from His regal Throne,
 Loves the sweet age on earth He call'd His Own !

The Root of Sacramental grace

Is The new Adam of our race,

The MAN DIVINE who bled ;

Hence cometh our celestial birth,

Beyond the parentage of earth,

From our generic Head,—

The Lord from Heaven, whose vital spirit gives
 All force by which the mystic Body¹ lives.

More than our first-born parents knew

Before they proved to God untrue,

Works this regen'rate gift ;

(1) "And HE is the HEAD of the Body, the Church."—Col. i. 18.

Angels, who on their trial stood,
Exceed not this majestic good
That may thy soul uplift :
A child of God !—can seraphim aspire
To aught sublimer in their sinless choir ?

From thee the curse is roll'd away ;
Thy soul's new birth begins to-day ;
A cov'nant-right to all
Immunities and blessings high
The heart of Jesus can supply
To them who heed His call :
Now, to the stillness of thy soul is given,
Like breezeless water, to reflect a heaven !

A city and a crown are thine
If thou be true to grace divine,
Bearing thy destined Cross ;
Lo ! on thy forehead lies the seal
Where symbol both and sign reveal
That Life must gain by loss :¹
Firm to thy vow, beneath God's banner fight,
And keep thy panoply of graces bright.

Christ guard thee now, thou little one !
His glory be thy Shield and Sun
Whate'er thy lot may be ;
Incorp'rate with the Church thou art,
To thee may life and love impart
The truth that maketh free :

(1) " He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."—*Matt.* x. 39.

New prospects ope, new principles and powers
Rise into play, and rule thine unborn hours.

And, if in secret darkness lie
The seeds of heaven, which none descry,
Dormant and cold within,—
May God's reviving breath awake,
Till such dark bond of slumber break
And grace o'ermaster sin :
That latent germ baptismal life bestows
Doth oft in elder hearts its buried power disclose.

How water, word, and grace combine
To work creative spells divine,
In vain let Reason ask !
Children are awful mysteries
Within whose depth no spirit sees
But His,—who has the task
Of overcoming through celestial birth
That born corruption, which is bred from earth.

Hence ! reas'ning sceptic, harsh and cold,
For, never will thine eyes behold
Tokens that sense defy :
Nature in secret works her plan,
Her growth escapes the sight of man ;
Then, hush thy heartless cry,—
As if the weakness of the water could
Deprive the soul of sacramental good !

True Wisdom loves the word "*obey*,"
And loving hearts but live to pray,
Believing Christ as true ;

Safe in *His* arms, thou mother mild,
With hope baptismal place thy child ;
And doubt not¹ He will do
A work regen'rate in that infant soul,—
Baptizing nature with divine control.

Henceforward, as a Priest and King,
Thy babe becomes a sacred thing,
An heir of grace and glory ;
Mother ! to whom such charge is given,
Now rear it for that Throne in heaven
Scripture unveils before thee ;
So discipline the dawning mind and will,
That each some priesthood unto God may fill.

“ Our Father ! ” now thy babe may cry,
Whose Elder Brother rules the sky,—
The Man Divine who came
By bleeding merit to atone
For all the guilt sad earth must own,
And give the child a name
New as the sacramental birth, which then
Through water and by Spirit comes to men.

Blest privilege ! both deep and pure,
Which might our trembling hearts assure
That we are Christ's indeed :
Our robe baptismal,—keep it white,
And never wilt thou lose the right
Which marks the heavenly seed

(1) “ DOUBT ye not therefore, but earnestly believe, that he will likewise FAVOURABLY RECEIVE THIS PRESENT INFANT,” &c.—*Baptismal Service.*

Of all who, grafted into Christ by grace,
Born in the Church, are God's adopted race.

Oh! that on man's expressive brow
Baptismal pureness beaming now
Maturer life might see ;
How should we bless that rite of heaven
Where grace is felt, and sin forgiven
By mercy, full as free ;
And find God's Spirit ne'er that man forsook,
Who keeps in age, the vow his childhood took!

But, soil'd and stain'd by sin and crime,
Corruption deepens with our time,
And thus our hearts o'erlay
That seed of heaven, The Spirit granted
When the new birth was first implanted
On our baptismal day :
Yet, not for this, let souls profanely try
From faith to hide what holy means supply.

Rather, repent we ! till the soul
Shall yield to that sublime control
Which heals the broken-hearted,—
Who in atoning blood begin
To bathe the soul, and wash their sin,
Mourning they e'er departed
From that blest Lord, whose intercessions plead,
And never pause, till souls no Saviour need !

THE CATECHISM.

“WHO GAVE YOU THIS NAME? MY GODFATHERS AND GODMOTHERS
IN MY BAPTISM.”—*The Catechism.*

IF they who stand beside the source
Of some famed river's mountain-flow,
And ponder on its trackless course
To meet the far-off waves below,
Can feel a pensive influence born,—
Then how, on each Sabbatic morn,
The men of God must inly feel
A musing depth of voiceless zeal

When at the fountain-head they stand,
Of youthful life's untraced career,
As round them groups an order'd band
Of earnest children, shy and dear :
Encircled thus, to hear and speak,
With glist'ning eye and glowing cheek,—
These truths baptismal, pure and high,
Which link our being with the sky !

“Go, feed My Lambs,” The Saviour cried
To Peter's large and loving heart ;
And, ever have those words supplied
What cannot from the Church depart,—
A past'ral right to form and feed
God's nurslings, by His grace decreed
To have the food of heaven ; and live
By all His word and wisdom give.

What, though the catechizer teach
Unfathom'd truths, which far outsoar
What raptured saints and seraphs reach
When most their minds a God adore,—
Love brings a light that truth explains
Beyond what science ere attains,
As Heaven by intuitions mild
Gleams on the conscience of a child.

Each falt'ring tongue of bashful youth,
If now the Priest by welcome bland
Attunes to some almighty truth,
Beyond a child to understand,—
Is not the most gigantic soul
Which awes the world by deep control,
A mental babe with lisping mind,
Compared with angels, in its kind ?

The Gospel o'er the cradle bends,
And gently leads each growing child ;
Nor at the Font its mission ends,
But follows it with accent mild ;
And so by her maternal voice
The Church directs the infant choice,
And loves to dream on each white brow
The mystic Cross is mirror'd now.

God shield each lamb, and little one !
For now the world before it lies ;
And cold were he who looks upon
Those cherub lips, and chasten'd eyes,

Nor feels his heart-pulse throb with prayer
That all the Sureties did declare,
When first the white-robed babe was given
To Jesu's arms for life and heaven,—

Hereafter each in faith may keep !

Alas! the infant-grace departs ;
Enough to make mild angels weep

Already stains each youthful heart !
Wilder'd by many a temper wild
Wilful and vain becomes the child,
Till robes baptismal wear no more
The whiteness at the Font they wore !

Yet, SHEPHERD of Thy blood-priced fold,
If Thou didst stand at mother's knee,
And as a spotless Babe behold

The virgin brow that bent o'er Thee,—
Thy spirit hung on each high word ;
An echoing conscience loved and heard
While Patriarch, Saint, and Prophet brought
Lessons to rear Thy human thought.¹

Lover divine of children dear !

In Whose fond arms an infant lay,
E'en now the Church believes Thee near

To hear their budding accents pray ;
And oh ! if child-born mem'ries still
Thy depths of manhood yet can fill,
Look from Thy Mercy-Throne on high,
Hear children lisp, and mothers sigh !

(1) " Jesus increased *in wisdom*."—*Luke ii. 52.*

Nor let the stern and sceptic mind
 'Tween Christ and childhood take its stand ;
And, reas'ning here with falsehood blind
 Presume to hold His secret Hand,—
Who works by love's mysterious law
A grace cold reason never saw ;
And by His Spirit, present now,
Recalls the child's baptismal vow

Back to the Soul, perchance with fear ;
 And opes the spring of thought within,
Until Religion's vestal tear
 Is dropt o'er some remember'd sin :
New hopes awake, and conscience burns
With hallow'd blush, as more it learns
Who at the font His welcome gave,—
Still longs in heaven the child to save !

Lord of simplicity and truth,
 A scene like this the oldest need,
To mind them of regretted youth
 And bid them with compunction bleed :
A babe-like spirit, born of love,—
What purer gift can grace above
Grant to the saint, who lives below
More childlike for the heavens to grow ?

CONFIRMATION.

“Do ye here, in the presence of God, and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in your name at baptism, ratifying and confirming the same?”—*Order of Confirmation.*

LORD of the blissful worlds above,
 Incarnate Light, celestial Love !
 Send from Thy prayer-moved mercy-seat
 The grace of grace, Thy Paraclete !—
 A touching sight for solemn tears,
 Like prophecies of future years,
 Under the aisles of hoary fane
 Is now enacted :—faith, and prayer,
 O’er each young conscience come and reign,
 And, with The Spirit, bless them there !

Round the rail’d altar humbly kneeling,
 On each bow’d form, o’erfraught with feeling,
 Anointed hands will soon be laid ;
 And righteous prayers be duly pray’d :
 Nor, doubt we that a gift divine
 Shall with the mitred priest’s combine.—
 An ancient rite, replete with glory,
 By meek apostles used and loved,
 Church of the Lord ! is now before thee,
 By martyrs blest, and saints approved.

But oh ! ere yet the sealing grace
 God’s death-pang won to bless our race,

In answer to this prayer descend,—
“ Arise, O Lord ! this child defend,
Daily increase that store divine
Of love and light which make him Thine,”—
Member of Christ ! thou child of God !
Thy central heart examine now ;
The narrow way, if thou hast trod,
Renew, and ratify thy vow.

To you baptismal life was given
By virtue of its Source in heaven ;
And vow'd ye were, for Christ and Cross
To count the world as painted dross :—
The burden now 'tis *yours* to bear !
And can ye unto Christ declare
That awful vow, your spirits bore,
When ye, as tiny babes were brought,
Baptized, and made for evermore
God's own to be, in will and thought ?

Thou, of thy feeble self afraid !
Trembling with truth, a pensive maid,—
Through thy fringed lid the tearful gaze
The secret of thy soul betrays ;
And through that veil of virgin white
Soft tremors reach thy mother's sight :—
Pale candidate ! though pure and young,
Thy heart is trepid unto tears,
And with a saintly horror wrung,
Lest sin betray thine unborn years !

“ Your promise, can ye here renew ?”

That deep reply,—“ Oh Lord, we *do* !”

Oh, is it not an awful word

By God and list'ning angels heard ?

Heaven echoes back its binding vow,

And fiends abash'd, before it bow !

And writhe in darkness, thus to see

A virgin heart whom grace inspires,

So consecrate to Deity

Its faith, its feeling, and its fires.

But, at the altar kneel in prayer ;

Tremble, but hope, for Christ is there :

He will not fail, this burden'd hour,

To strengthen thee with loving power ;

And when confirming hands are spread

In faith upon thine awe-bow'd head,—

Thrill'd into speechless thought, whilst thou

Wilt feel eternity draw nigh,

The heart of HIM who hears thy vow

In heaven responds to every sigh !

He knows thee, loves thee, reads thy soul,

Can circle thee with blest control,

And, in return for thy vow'd heart,

Himself by gift and grace impart.—

But, ah ! mistake not ; hectic zeal

Is but the flush warm fancies feel :

Of such beware, impassion'd youth !

Nor heed what thrill'd emotions say ;

They only love, who *live* the truth,

And walk in peace the perfect way.

Poetic thrills may soon depart,
 And barren oft, some burning heart!
 Emotions in themselves are nought,
 Except to Christian action brought;
 Nor is one glorious promise given
 Unless to hearts that throb for heaven.—
 High feelings to the sense appear
 A creed the world may beauteous call;
 But Christ hath made this doctrine clear,
 One daily Cross transcends them all!

MARRIAGE.

“An honourable estate, instituted of God in the time of man’s innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and his Church.”—*Form of Solemnization of Matrimony.*

WHAT, though the birthday of this God-made Earth
 Seraphic harpers rose to sing,
 Whose choral ecstasies proclaim’d its worth
 And caused heaven’s crystal arch to ring,—
 All was imperfect, till a Priest was there
 Creation’s mouth to be, and mind, and prayer.
 Vain the vast splendour which no eye could see,
 The melody that none could hear;
 But when God utter’d, “Let Mine Image be!”
 Creation thrill’d as Man drew near;
 And what was meaningless, and cold, and dead,
 Warm’d into life beneath a woman’s tread.
 As man for earth, so woman was required
 The crowning grace of man to form;

Alone, not even Adam was inspired
To feel creation's godlike charm :
And thus Faith hears this fiat from The Throne,
"It is not good for man to be alone."

So ere the fall, a PRIEST almighty brought
A bridal Eve to Adam's heart ;
A living echo to the love he sought,
A help-meet never to depart,
A true companion for the soul to be,
Fresh from her God, in faultless purity.

Marriage is holy!—Let no heathen fire
Around the christian altar flame ;
Impassion'd souls let sacredness inspire
And hallow hymeneal claim :
Belials in sense are minds by flesh o'erruled,
And love is vice, unless by virtue school'd.

How hush'd and holy is yon bridal scene
Before God's altar!—view'd by one
Who e'er in faith to Cana's home hath been
That marriage-group to gaze upon,
Where the pale water blush'd itself to wine,
Moved by a miracle of grace divine !

Stainless in vesture, as the lilies white,
With flower-buds in her wreathèd hair,
Fearful and trepid, with o'erawed delight
Lo! the young bride is flutt'ring there
With dropping lids in mild dejection bent,
And young heart with a holy conflict rent.

In that pure breast what garner'd feelings play
Like pulses with mysterious beat !—
To think sweet girlhood now hath wing'd away
And Love must quit a calm retreat,
Sacred to thought, by friends and forms no more,
And truths, which make the reeling heart run o'er !

It is not, that a voiceless dread awakes
Suspicion lest her choice be wrong ;
No horrid vision o'er the future breaks
To which both guilt and grave belong :
Yet, sadness looms around her like a spell,
As oft in marriage-chime there seems a knell !

Our life is myst'ry ; and the brightest joy
That flushes round a feeling heart,
Seems coldly shaded by some dim alloy
Doom'd never from man's world to part :—
True mirth with mournfulness is oft allied,
As living babes suggest the ones who died.

And she, the bridal star of beauty now,
Oh! marvel not, as there she kneels,
That, ere the wife can dawn upon her brow,
Back to bright girlhood fancy steals;
Dead joys revive in tombs to fancy dear,
Melt through the heart, and mingle with a tear !

Last eve, at halcyon twilight's dreamful hour
When none but God the soul could see,
She pray'd and ponder'd in her girlish bower,
And sigh'd, young Past ! her thoughts o'er thee ;

Flower, fruit, and pathways, all instinct with truth,
Seem to accost her like the spells of youth !

She mused on what her unborn life might fold

Within its undevelop'd scene ;

On wings of love recall'd the times of old,

And wept o'er all bright hearts had been !

And scarce perceived the pensive moonlight throw

Its calm cold lustre on the lake below.

But, maiden ! ere they spousal ring be worn,

Beyond a mother's purest gift,

The Church hath up to Heaven's high portals borne

A prayer that shall thy soul uplift

To heights of bliss, serene as brides attain

Who o'er all wedded love seek Christ to reign.

Hearts are espoused by every hallow'd claim,

If wedlock far diviner prove

Than mere clay-throbs, which boast the common name

Of what flesh means by mortal "love :"—

Christ and the Church¹ are shadow'd out by this,

And cast heaven's radiance round an earthly bliss.

(1) "A man shall leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife . . . this is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the Church."—*Ephes.* v. 31, 32.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

“ Bear our heavenly Father’s correction; there should be no greater comfort to Christian persons, than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sicknesses.”—*Order for Visitation of the Sick.*

SERMONS in sickness heaven can preach,
 When pangs and penalties may teach
 What Custom rarely sees,—
 How health is mercy next to grace,
 And should inspire a sinful race
 The God of health to please.

Strange, that our hearts are so accursed
 That nothing, save a gift reversed,
 Can make men prize their good !
 Blessings look dim which seem to stay,
 But brighten, when they wing away
 From souls who Christ withstood.

So is it with the fields of youth,
 The shrines of tenderness and truth
 And all fresh boyhood proved ;
 When we survey the scene no more,
 Or, dream to life the dead of yore
 Whom once we fondly loved,—

Oft does the inward blush arise
 To think how calmly we could prize
 Redundant mercies, then !
 We marvel, why our love was cold,
 And boyishly our past behold
 Now we are wither’d men !

Parental bowers of peace and home,
And lanes our truant steps did roam,
 Make landscapes in our soul ;
While votive tear-drops Truth can shed
O'er imaged graves, where sleep the dead
 Whose eyes our hearts control.

Thus longs atoning love in vain
The past should o'er the present reign,
 That what *was* once, might *be* ;
But youth, and all young hours possess'd,
In thine abysmal darkness rest
 Thou pall'd eternity !—

And thus, in sickness when we lie
With languid pulse and fever'd eye,
 Pining, and pale, and lone ;
While throes of secret anguish burn,—
Love, through each throb, would have us learn
 Truths which become our own.

Remember'd blessings round us throng
We valued not, when health bloom'd strong,
 Which challenge holy tears ;
And, if chance gleams of skyey blue
Our half-unblinded window through
 Salute some pallid fears,—

How does the distant landscape seem,
Apparel'd by poetic dream,
 And bid us yearn for fields,
Brooklet and forest, bank and wood,
And each green shrine where solitude
 Religious silence yields !

And dearer far the dearest grow
With whose heart-tides our own did flow,
 When now no longer heard;
Ideal hearts around us beat,
And airy lips of love repeat
 Some long-forgotten word!

But, what transcends the all of this
On the sad couch of pain we miss,—
 Christ's hallow'd courts of grace;
Where litanies divinely call
From blending souls that prostrate fall,
 For God's uplifted face!

Not seldom hath the sainted chime
Of sabbath-bells become sublime
 Yet mild, and melancholy,
When pensive Languor far away
Has heard their ebbing dream-tones play,
 In sickness, sad and lowly!

Like Zion's harping saint it cries¹
"To thee, oh Lord! my spirit flies,
 And fain before the shrine
My kneeling heart would humbly pour
The chanted praise I hymn'd before,
 In courts of grace divine!"

But, sacred Mother! bring release;
Come, lift the latch, and with soft "Peace!"²
 Enter the sick man's room;

(1) "My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord."—*Psalm lxxxiv.* 2.

(2) "The minister of the parish coming unto the sick person's house, shall say, 'Peace be to this house!'"—*Order for Visitation of the Sick.*

O'er that pale brow thy cross did seal
Shed the soft dews of balm that heal,
And light each haunted gloom.

Far better thus with Thee to live,
And hear a saintly mourner sigh,
Than run where feastings reign ;
Wisdom beyond the schools to reach
Thy heaven-breathed words of solace preach
To hearts subdued by pain.

Counsels divine, in tone serene,
Varied with grave rebukes between,
Thine Office now imparts ;
And there beside yon dying bed
The BODY and the BLOOD are spread,
Which feed our famish'd hearts.

Lord Jesus ! Thou art present there
Entempled¹ in each awful prayer,—
The room our altar is ;
Angel and saint we realise,
And vision with prophetic eyes
Scenes of seraphic bliss !

Go, man of pleasure, mindless thing !
Whose life-boast is to laugh and sing ;
Be ours the chamber lone
Where prayer and musing sickness meet,
And find before the mercy-seat,
What health has never shown.

(1) " Inhabitest."

Here may authentic priests, O Lord !
 Thy grace dispense, and soothing word,
 Like almoners for heaven,—
 Teach to oblivious hearts a lore
 Thy peerless martyrs taught of yore
 When conscience hears, “forgiven.”

If health have joy, the sick partake
 This boon divine,—for Thy dear sake
 To suffer, not complain ;
 And, ere the sun of life go down,
 Above their cross to see the crown
 Of kings, with Thee to reign !¹

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

A VILLAGE FUNERAL.

“Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”—*Order for the Burial of the Dead.*

THE bells are tolling with a dreamy chime
 That melts and mingles with the air around,
 Mourning for her who died in vernal prime,
 Queen of the village by her virtues crown'd.

Last week she bounded, full of girlish life,
 Fleet o'er the turf, elastic as the breeze,
 Radiant as morn, with bloom and beauty rife,
 Fresh as the wave that gambols on the seas :

(1) “If we suffer, we shall also reign *with Him*.”—2 *Tim.* ii. 12. “Jesus Christ . . . made us *kings* and priests unto God.”—*Rev.* i. 5, 6.

But Christ recall'd her to His home on high
To harp in glory God's incarnate love,
Ere guilt had waken'd one remorseful sigh
Or, earth untuned her for a heaven above.

Oh! gently lay her where the yew-trees wave
Their verdant darkness o'er some grassy tomb,
And sunbeams learn the language of the grave,
Tinging their brightness with a temper'd gloom.

There shall the daisy rear its infant head,
And fairy wild-flowers drink the dew of spring,
While o'er the turf that greenly wraps the dead,
Autumnal winds their plaintive descant sing.

'Tis the same spot her rosy girlhood sought
Where fresh from school, with bright companions gay,
In maiden fancy, free from troubling thought,
She work'd her sampler, or retired to play.

And, not unmiss'd will her sweet form be found
As there beneath yon immemorial tree,
Familiar children from the cots around
Renew their hours of holiday and glee.

That blue-eyed darling whom she frequent bore
Safe in fond arms o'er many a stile and field,—
Her gaze will sadden in such dreams of yore
That oft to childhood calm dejection yield.

Dear is the quiet village church to me,
Saxon, and simple, touch'd with tender glooms;
Lifting its widow'd form most gracefully
As though 'twere conscious of encircling tombs!

Whatever shade expressive clouds can throw,
Or, hills wood-crested may around it cast,—
I love to view it in the vale below

Connect the present with our storied past.
Oft have I paused, when lull'd by pensive bliss,
To hear the curfew, mellow'd on the wind,
Waft the farewell of day to scene like this,
Soft to the ear, as soothing to the mind.

But, far excelling what chaste morn bestows,
The hush of twilight, or the harvest-moon ;
And all mere landscape to the minstrel shows
When silent thoughts their sacredness attune,
Is felt,—when village fun'ral winds its train
Slowly and sadly to some churchyard gate,
And our deep Service¹ tones its godlike strain,
To scatter darkness from bereavement's fate.

Hark ! from the woodland floats the forward breeze
A low sweet dirge, the village-maidens sing,
Whose white robes glisten through the waving trees
As on the dead to her last home they bring.

Now, sob not mother ! for thy beauteous child,
Though like a tendril from thy heart it grew ;
Eternity she felt, ere time defiled

Or made her soul, untender and untrue.
And thou, hoar'd grandsire ! with thy grief-worn face,
Oft did the prattler on thy knee recline,
And hold up features fancy loved to trace,
Which matrons told thee, in thy youth, were thine,—

(1) “ The priest, *meeting the corpse at the entrance of the church*, shall say,
‘ I am the resurrection and the life.’ ”—*Order for the Burial of the Dead*.

I see thee now, with tott'ring step advance,
Wan are thy cheeks, and drops of aged wo
Bedew thy visage, and bedim thy glance
As onward to the grave the mourners go.

But ONE is present, whom no eye can see
Except by faith, and that is, Christ the Lord!—
And “*Weep not!*”¹ childless mother, comes to thee,
If thy heart open to His gracious word.

Thou blessed Ritual! throbs of Jesu's heart
Yet in thy tones of thrilling mercy live;
When yawns the tomb, how wonderful thou art
In echoing all God's inspirations give!

The “Resurrection and the Life”² is near,
By Spirit present, and in love as deep
As when he touch'd the young man's open bier,
And gently bid wild anguish not to “weep.”

As o'er that grave the “dust to dust” awakes
A dismal echo in the bleeding soul,
How the damp earth-clod on the coffin breaks,
Till the deep tides of inward anguish roll!

Yet, o'er the tomb heaven's canopy unfolds,
And, hark! these words of soothing magic sound,
While Grief looks upward, and by faith beholds
The Lord of Life and Resurrection crown'd,—

(1) “The Lord had compassion on her, and said, *Weep not!*”—*Luke* vii. 13.

(2) “I am the resurrection and the life!”—*John* xi. 25.

“Blest are the dead, who in the Lord depart ;
 Yea, saith the Spirit, for their pangs are o’er ;
 Serene as heaven Christ keeps the sainted Heart
 Whose works are ended, and that weeps no more.”

THE CHURCHING OF WOMEN.

“We give thee humble thanks, for that thou hast vouchsafed to deliver this woman thy servant, from the great pain and peril of childbirth.”—*English Prayer-Book.*

IN mother’s love there hides a spell
 Maternal hearts alone can see ;
 Transcending more than tears may tell,
 Or man could be !

Far down within the spirit’s deep
 Her fountains of affection lie,
 Like currents that in darkness sweep
 Nor face the sky.

Tender abyss of peerless love !
 To Heaven’s omniscient eye-glance known,—
 The WOMAN-BORN, Who reigns above,
 Thy claims doth own.

A pillow’d Babe on mother’s breast,
 Beneath Him throb’d the virgin’s heart,
 And, Woman ! thou on HIM canst rest,
 Whoe’er thou art.

Oh ! magic force of nature felt
 Far as the sun and sea extend,
 Beneath whose law all beings melt,
 And spirits bend.

The Indian mother, stern and strong,
Cradles her infant on the tree,
And wildly chants her loud wood-song
For lullaby.

And the stern Negress, seeking food,
Fastens the babe upon her back,
To roam each rocky solitude,
Or lion's track :

Yet, doubt not, each as fondly loves
With all the fire of woman's soul
Her perill'd babe, howe'er she roves
With full control.

Nor scene, nor change, nor earth and sky
Exhaust true love's maternal spring ;
Distance and time before it die,
Whate'er they bring !

A passion 'tis, so pure and deep,
That while bereavèd fathers moan,
Oft, wordless mothers only weep
In heart alone !

But why did God such love create
Unquenchably supreme, and pure ?—
Because from *mothers* spirits date
Their curse, or cure.

Thus, saints and martyrs, heroes, all
Whom wond'ring Time delights to praise,
In heaven itself may still recall
Their infant-days,

When learn'd they from maternal lips
Lessons of holy love and prayer,
No clouds hereafter could eclipse,
Nor soul's despair !

Then, pallid mother, draw thee nigh,
Perill'd by pangs, but saved in birth ;
And gently lift thy downcast eye,
From heaven to earth.

The virgin whiteness of that veil
Becomes thine inward purity,
And hides upon thy forehead pale
What angels see

Of blissful worship ;—deep and mild
As mothers for their first-born pay,
And love, with conscience undefiled,
Offers to-day.

Thou art the parent of a soul,
The mother of a deathless mind !
And Christ to thee imparts control
For such design'd ;
Self-discipline, and prayer-born love,
And persevering wisdom calm,
Breathe, Holy Spirit, from above
With soothing balm !

That from thine Altar she may part
In saintly mood serene and high,
And worship Christ with yearning heart
Until she die.

Mothers are more than mines of wealth

If God-devoted souls they be ;

And public glory, truth, and health

In them to see

Becomes us :—When do nations sink

Into dark graves of sin and wo ?

When Church and State no longer think

What debt they owe

To christian mothers,—unto whom

Both God and nature have consign'd

Existence, from whose dawning bloom

They nurse mankind.

THE COMMINATION

“Is much to be wished to the intent that being admonished of the great indignation of God against sinners, ye may the rather be moved to earnest and true repentance.”—*Prayer-Book*.

As Time grows old, the earth from heaven recedes

More distant far ;

No conscience bleeds

To feel the burnings of that inward scar,

Which so discolours o'er with sin

Th' apostate soul we bear within.

A period was, when God and angels came

So near to thought,

The Church's name

With the fine strength of holiness was fraught ;

Her frown cast midnight where it fell,—

Her blessing wove a guardian spell !

But now, we boast an intellectual blaze
That scatters all
Cold Reason says
Before the majesty of mind should fall !
Dazzled with light, but dark in love,
Sin loathes the Truth that looks above.

Sensual and proud, a Belial age is ours,
Drunken with pride
And grasping powers
By which the godless Will is gratified,—
Greedy of gold, athirst for pelf,
And seeking heaven in worshipp'd self !

Thou fond admirer of a holy time
When earth touch'd heaven !
And thrills sublime
Were to heroic saints and martyrs given,
Of something purer than blind sense
Can to a coarse rude age dispense,—
Marvel no more that Discipline lies dead :
SELF-WILL reigns now !

Laurels, not ashes, crown the christless head
And wreath the man's brow :
For sackcloth, singing-robcs are worn
And none but saints now seem forlorn !

When God was fear'd, due fasting calm'd the blood ;
With naked feet
Then Penance stood
Low at the porch, the past'ral band to meet,
Sackcloth'd by shame, with downcast eyes,
Sprinkled with ashes, heaving sighs :

Severely gracious, thus the Church's rod
 Wiolded o'er sin
 The claim of God ;

And o'erawed penitents to weep within,
 Driving them forth with scalding tears
 To feel the pang of righteous fears.

Thus, with mount Ebal's menace Zion's song
 Was well combined ;
 And true as strong

The healing power with which it calm'd the mind :
 Indulgence then was not in vogue
 Nor framed its pleasing decalogue !

But with her holiness, the power departs
 A Church can wield
 O'er chasten'd hearts,

Led by subduing love themselves to yield
 To mild correction's lawful charm,
 That keeps the soul from sinful harm.

Too oft our Church is self-election now ;
 Our creed the will,
 And few avow

That Christ is throned in christian temple still,—
 A Presence and a Glory there
 Receiving praise, and hearing prayer !

Awake ! awake ! thou Arm of God, awake :
 Put on thy strength,
 Thy fear forsake

CHURCH of our fathers ! be thyself at length ;
 Bride of The Lord, a mother kind,
 Watchful, but not to error blind.

Spirit divine ! in this her trial-hour
Of sinful dread,
Inbreathe a power
That shall to glorious duty lift her head ;—
Whose panoply is ardent prayer,
Which more and more each gift should bear.
And we, as children of our Mother dear,
In evil days
Oh ! let us fear ;
And in our Lentine gloom on Ebal gaze,
And, as the tenfold curses roll
Let each, O God ! subdue the soul ;
For, art Thou not a Sin-consuming fire,
Awful as pure
In Thy dread ire ?—
Never may Sense our creedless mind allure,
To think that hell alone can burn
In fictions, which dark fancies learn !
Mercy, Lord Christ ! most infinite Thou art ;
But, judgment true
Will cleave each heart
That will not dread Thee in some darker hue !
Before Whom prostrate worlds must fall,
And worship Him who sways them all.
So, when the priestly comminations roll
In thunders deep,
Till each awed soul
In the hush'd centre of pale conscience weep,—
Our sackcloth let repentance be,
Remorse, the ashes God can see !

So will lost Penance in such hour revive ;
Sorrow for Sin
In prayer will strive ;
And, wash'd and whiten'd by the Lamb within,
The heart renew'd God's word describes
Piercing and pure as angel-eyes !
Back to the world, in penitence and prayer
Then may we speed ;
If wounded there,—
Then look we upward while our spirits bleed ;
For, on The Throne there beats a Heart
In all true grief that takes its part.¹

PRAYERS AT SEA.

“ Glorious Lord God! at whose command the winds blow, and lift up the waves of the sea, and who stillest the rage thereof.”—*English Prayer-Book*.

FOND mother, with thy wakeful ear,
Hark ! how the storm-blasts through the welkin roll !
Thunder alarms the breast of guilty fear,
And arrowy lightnings glance from pole to pole.
Louder and louder sweeps the gale ;
Fierce, full, and large, the hissing raindrops fall ;
And midnight Terror, with emotion pale,
Begins in secret on her God to call !
Calm as a flower yon nursling lies,
Rock'd into silence on thy cradling breast ;
Yet doth thy bosom heave with unheard sighs
That move thy spirit into sad unrest.

(1) “ In all their affliction HE was afflicted.”—*Isa. lxiii. 9*.

But, not for thy domestic bower,
Or, those who sleep within its guardian shade,—
Art thou awake at this convulsive hour
To hear the crash wild elements have made.

Yet, rides thy heart the rolling deep,
Toss'd on huge billows in tumultuous swell,
And voiceless tremors through thy bosom creep
For thy lone sea-boy, loved at home so well !

But lately, on thy breast he lay
His head in fondness, parting for the sea,
And would not brush the manly tear away
Which flow'd from boyhood, and that fell on thee !

And now, amid the shrouds aloft,
Perchance he grapples with the creaking mast ;
Yet can Remembrance hear thy blessing soft,
And feel thine arms maternal round him cast.

Mother! The Church confronts the waves ;
Her litanies can lull their angry roar ;
And He who watcheth o'er the ocean-waves
Can make the sea as tranquil as the shore.

Christ on the waters, forms a throne
For all who trust Him in the tempest wild,
Far as the pilgrims of the deep can roam,
Or billows lullaby a sea-born child.

Safe is thy darling in this hour,
Dearer to heaven, than mother's heart can know ;
Calmly entrust him to that sleepless Power,
Deepen thy prayers, but let not doubts o'erflow !

Mirthful and bright, thy sea-boy ran
Around thee once, through garden, grove, and field ;
But now, emerging into ripen'd man,
Conscience and creed their helming influence wield.

Precious, yon Bible!—'twas *thy* boon ;
And, mother, where thy parting tear-gush fell,
Oft on the deck, beneath the sacred moon
He reads the warnings thou hast scored so well!

And that high book of hallow'd Prayer
A treasured sister gave, with farewell kiss,—
Oft will he clasp it on the ocean there,
And hail the sabbath as a holy bliss.

God of the winds, and waves, and seas!
Whom all the vassal elements obey,
Whether by palmy shores the placid breeze
Soft as a seraph's wing, descends to play,

Or tempests heave the mountain-surge,
Flashing with foam beneath some lurid glare,
While the drench'd mariners the vessel urge,—
We thank Thee for our oceanic prayer!

Or, when the booming death-guns pour
Peal after peal, redoubling as they roll!

Or, Vict'ry shouts her patriotic roar
Of loud huzzahs from seaman's gallant soul,—

Lord of the Deep ! by thee inspired,
Our Church for each some high-breathed prayer imparts ;
That they whom valour hath for vict'ry fired,
Should have the Prince of Peace to hush their hearts !

Seldom can inland worship prove
Toned with such tenderness divinely deep,
Like God's own halcyon calming from above
The wailing hearts that o'er some lost one weep,—

As when beneath the trancèd air
While moonbeams like a shroud enrobe the wave,
Soft fall the tones of that funereal prayer
When parts the billow for a seaman's grave!

Tearful the watching comrades stand,
For round a dead one how intense the spell!—
Brushing large tear-drops with a rough-worn hand,
They *look*, but cannot speak, the word “farewell!”

Peace to the dead! he waits that hour
When the last trumpet shall untomb the sea,
And with such life-blast all the waves o'erpower
That risen dust shall soar to Deity!

THE GUNPOWDER TREASON.

“We adore the wisdom and justice of thy Providence, who so timely interposed in our extreme danger, and disappointed all the designs of our enemies.”—*Prayer-Book*.

Two Wills alone can make our world to move,
Finite below, or Infinite above;
And all which reason and religion say,
Points to the question—“Which should lead the way?”
Science the first, but Faith her God will call
Alpha of each, and Omega of all.

God is in hist'ry ; an almighty Soul,
A secret Energy, a divine Control,
Will of all wills, yet leaving manhood free,
Binding our time with His eternity :
No chance can reign, till His dread glory dies,
And orphan'd earth for vanish'd Godhead cries.

God rules in hist'ry ;—read by this deep plan,
Gone ages harmonize their truths for man ;
While he, unconscious of those secret laws
That link the second with a Primal Cause,
Obeys each bias, acts his perfect will,
And yet leaves God supreme in purpose still !

So grant us, Lord, a providence to trace,
Directing all things for Thy chosen race ;
Kingdoms and kings, the palace and the cot,
Insect or seraph, none can be forgot,—
For, in the hollow of Thy hand repose
Atoms, and worlds ;—o'er each Thy goodness flows.

And well, on this day, doth our Church decree
Anthems of love, which heave our hearts to Thee,
Celestial WATCHER ! whose soul-reading eye
Did from yon heavens the miscreant plot descry,
And by that wisdom saints exult to own,
Forewarn'd the empire, and preserved a throne.

Ripe was the plan ! each purpose deeply laid,
And Treason gloated o'er a Church betray'd ;
A helpless Victim, soon to be destroy'd,
Look'd Freedom then, to faction overjoy'd ;

The oath was sworn, the sacrament was taken,—
 But England was not by her God forsaken !
 Praise to the Lord ! let choral harpers sound ;
 Praise to the Lord ! yet saints repeat around,
 The Angel of whose presence then was nigh
 And bared foul Treason to the open sky,
 Blasted her guile, and by protective charms
 Shielded our throne, and saved the Church from harms.
 And, mixed with praise, let some remorseful prayer
 The darksome burden of our guilt declare ;
 For, what but mercies can outnumber sin ?—
 Whiten our hearts, then, Saviour's Blood ! within ;
 Till, hallow'd by celestial truth we raise
 That living hymn where Life becomes a praise.

THE ROYAL MARTYR.

“ Blessed Lord, we magnify thy name for thine abundant grace, bestowed upon our MARTYRED SOVEREIGN.”—*Service for King Charles the Martyr.*

OH, burning plague-spot on the brow of Time,
 The with'ring curse of regicidal crime !—
 Mock'd and betray'd by treason-bands
 And massacred by murd'rous hands,
 On this day soar'd to endless fame,
 Ascending in Emanuel's name,
 True to his creed, above man's impious charter,
 Charles the revered,—the Church's royal martyr !
 Who has not read, till blood and brain were fired
 With holy wrath against self-will inspired,

When Loyalty, inert and cold,
Parley'd before the bad and bold ;
When faction, treason, falsehood, all
In one combined on Heaven to call ;
Baptized religion into murder's cause,
And sanction'd regicide with sacred laws !

Alas ! for Country, Church, and Crown, and Creed,
When martyr'd Principle must burn and bleed ;
Or else, a regal Conscience die
Into a mean and miscreant lie,—
Forswearing all the truths that shine
With radiance drawn from truths divine,
Because Democracy would dare to sing
Her psalm of blood o'er England's headless king !

Oh ! Thou, from Whom both king and kingdom draw
Their source, their wisdom, and undying law,
Now let our Church's sighs and tears
Soften the Empire into hallow'd fears ;
For, on her rests that curse of crime,
A sacrilege that burden'd time,
Crimson'd our soil with that horrific stain,—
The blood of monarchs, when by God they reign !

Who sign'd his warrant with an impious glee
Proved how satanic blinded souls can be :
As christian, monarch, husband, friend,
Can Time to us a nobler send ?
His failings rose from junctures bad
Which might have turn'd an angel mad :

Passion ran high ; and lust for lawless power
Raged like a fiend in that chaotic hour.

Ruler Divine ! Whom heaven-born souls obey,
At least Thy Church on this remorseful day

That murder'd king may well recall
Who prized her glories more than all,
For whom his royal spirit strove

With anguish of exceeding love :
True to her martyr'd king, this day be kept,
And weep for him, who oft for her had wept !

Nor be forgot, how crimes historic teach
Warnings profound that may the wisest reach.—

Dead sins are living preachers now ;
And weeping hearts of prayer avow
That, Lord except Thy grace prevent
Men still are on some madness bent !

Wisdom they want, and meekness more to own
The sceptred lordship of Thy boundless Throne.

RESTORATION OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

“ O Almighty God ! we yield thee praise and thanksgiving for the wonderful deliverance of these kingdoms from the GREAT REBELLION, and all the miseries and oppressions consequent thereupon.”—*Prayer-Book.*

FRIEND of the friendless ! Thou art there
When throbs a soul with silent prayer
In hours of sadness holy ;
And viewless angels hover nigh
With placid brow and pensive eye,
To watch our melancholy.

“Stand still! and your salvation see,”¹—
Duty and blessing both from Thee
 Lord, here may faith discern;
Submission is that saving power
Which glorifies the darkest hour,
 Could Love that secret learn!
The Cup that Jesus bow’d to drink,
Though feeling start, and flesh may shrink,
 Disciple! thou must drain;
A suff’ring HEAD each member thrills;
We conquer, by enduring ills,
 And bleed *before* we reign!
Thus, when dead ages we untomb,
And wander down their peopled gloom
 Beholding what hath been,—
A patient mind and quiet heart
Have ever borne the hero’s part
 In hist’ry’s troubled scene.
There can we view the Will Divine
Through *all* things thread its secret line,
 While Man and Nature bow;
Pharaoh and Cyrus, and Assyrian bold,
Were but the rods those Hands did hold
 That wield creation now.
For, Judah was a prophet² vast
Whose types the christian Church forecast,
 Which thoughtful eyes may read;

(1) “Fear ye not! stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.”—
Exod. xiv. 13.

(2) See *August. Faust.* 1. b. xxii. c. 24.

Her exodus from Egypt shows
Our rescue from engulfing woes,
As God's anointed seed.

Submission, passive, deep, and pure,
Has ever proved a matchless cure
For what the Church has borne ;
Her watchword was, " Stand still ! and see
The unbared arm of Deity,
Since thou art unforlorn ! "

Thus, when apostate creeds began
To blight the erring mind of man,
How meekly bore his wrong
That five-times banish'd Saint,¹ who kept
The truth unstain'd, while ruin swept
In Arian blasts along !

Still breathes a theocratic air
In Church and creed, if God be there,
As Faith cannot deny ;
Unweapon'd, save by inward grace,
Believers move with martyr-pace
Beneath the dreadest sky.

The worst of kings seems nobler far
Than mad Rebellion's impious war,
In havoc, blood, and fire ;
The sin of witchcraft,²—brand it well,
Its birth-seed is the pride of hell
By which dark fiends aspire !

(1) St. Athanasius.

(2) " Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft."—1 Sam. xv. 23.

A Nemesis for injured kings,
Sooner or late atonement brings,—
 Dead empires this declare ;
Some thunder-blast of whelming wrath
Will burst upon that nation's path
 Who robs a Kingdom's heirs.

And ever, as this day returns,
Oh, Saviour-God ! our spirit learns
 Where safety true resides ;
That not our merit, but Thine arm,
Not foresight, but Thy prescient charm
 Our refuge still provides.

In orphanhood the Church may roam,
And crownless monarchs need a home,
 To exiled anguish sent ;
Base Faction with Iscariot breath
May shout for dungeon, rack and death,—
 But Faith can be content !

Content to watch, and weep, and wait,
And bear the ban of iron fate
 With uncomplaining heart ;
Her patience is a holy strength
Subduing crime with prayer at length,
 Which Christ and grace impart.

SUN of the Church ! Thou Saviour bright,
A glory gilds the darkest night
 Affliction can endure,
When Thy pure Spirit sheds a ray
On saints who keep the narrow way,
 Like angel-paths secure !

THE ACCESSION.

“O Lord our God! who upholdest and governest all things in heaven and earth, receive our humble prayer, with our hearty thanksgivings for our Sovereign Lady QUEEN VICTORIA as on this day set over us by thy grace and providence, to be our QUEEN.”—*Prayer-Book*.

THIS world is like that creature vast¹
 The royal dreamer had to face ;
 Whose head from burnish'd gold was cast,
 But when you reach'd the talon'd base
 Vile metal there begins its lower sway,
 And slowly crumbles into worthless clay !
 But, who like monarchs this can know,
 At whose accession all things wear
 The richness of that regal glow,
 And triumphs of the festive glare
 A coronation and a crown present,
 With all the pomps of shouting welcome, blent !
 The spangles on the mourning-dress
 Worn for some princely head that lies
 Cold in sepulchral nothingness,
 Are scarce removed from courtly eyes,—
 Ere happy mourners to another king
 Their venal chant of vaunted homage sing !
 Alas! for Royalty, if state and throne
 If splendour and monarchal pride
 Were *all* that kingly hearts could own,
 Or, crowns and courts for them provide,

(1) “This image’s head was of fine gold . . . his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay.”—*Dan.* ii. 32, 33.

A fate like this the mind would overpower
And harrow princes in their calmest hour !

The kingdom of the soul exceeds

Whatever realms and riches bring ;
And oft a monarch inly bleeds

To find himself a friendless Thing,—
In crowded loneliness to speak and smile,
And be unechoed in his heart, the while !

And, unreality must oft surround

The pageantries of royal state ;
Deceits and dangers there abound

While secret anguish gnaws the great :
Peasants can weep, but Princes dare not show
The aching centre of their voiceless wo !

Flatter'd by many, loved by few,

Before them group and gather all
Who seek to veil each covert view

Their serpent tongues the "country" call :
Too oft fair loyalty is glozing speech
Gilding the cause cold self desires to reach !

Hence, Thou for whom a realm is kept

O'er which the sunbeams ne'er go down,
Wider than what the eagles swept,

When Rome became a huge renown,—
The Church anoints thee with her unction now,
And drops the crown upon thy jewell'd brow.

While thrones descend, and empires shake,

'Mid loud convulsion fierce and far,
And strife and civil discord make

Pale Europe rock with coming war,—

God of our glories ! 'tis in THEE we own
The deep foundations of a christian throne.

Lift we our heart-breathed hymn on high
To Thee, incarnate King of kings !
Under whose providential eye
A coronation-anthem sings
Each patriot soul,—who Church and Crown can see
Reposing grandly, when they rest on Thee.

The life-blood of a loyal heart
Flows bravely through our British veins ;
Nor shall this hero-truth depart
From cot and palace, shore and plains,—
That kings on earth a regal shadow throw
Of Him, to Whom all worlds subjection owe.

THE ORDINATION.

“ The congregation shall be desired, secretly in their prayers, to make their humble supplications to God for all these things : for the which prayers, there shall be silence kept for a space.”—*Rubric for the Ordering of Priests.*

SAVIOUR of spirits ! if the burden'd life
Our ransom'd being into action bears,
Be ever with some wordless myst'ry rife
That mocks what Adoration's lip declares,
Oh ! is it not, when truth's devoted hour
To thine own altar some young Levite leads,
Or, the high gift of thine absolving power
Endows the priesthood for celestial needs ?

Yes, long as awed remembrance can remain
Shall I that everlasting moment feel,
When in the silence of St. Asaph's fane
Heart, soul, and conscience did these words o'ersteal,—

“Receive Thou for Thy priestly work divine,
A promis'd unction from the Holy One;
Anointed be thou at this hallow'd shrine,—
Watchman of Zion! lo, thy work begun!

“Absolve for Christ what sin pure grace forgives,
For Him reserve what He himself retains;
Dispense the food by which the spirit lives,—
The ruling sacrament wherein He reigns.”

And when a stillness, thrilling, rapt, profound,
Breathed from the depths of each adoring soul,
Eternity seem'd closing all around
And shaded conscience with divine control!

With seven-fold gifts that Grace did here descend
Hearts to illumine with celestial love,
And to each priest below some unction send
Perfumed with incense from THE PRIEST above,—

Let Faith believe; and ever hope and pray
Lord of the Temple! Thou wert nigh to bless
Each shepherd, vow'd to feed Thy flock that day
And fold them safe in life's vast wilderness.

To guard, premonish, and with truth provide
The Saviour's BODY, here on earth that roams;
Pure unto death, to preach The Crucified,
And beckon pilgrims to their sainted homes,—

Such was the charge we messengers received,
Such the high call our stewardship obey'd ;
Wo be to us ! if truths were unbelieved,
Our bosom Christless, and the Church betray'd !
Thus, living shepherd of immortal sheep !
If to our past'ral work the soul was given,
Though for sad errors all must wail and weep,
Still, let us hope there breathed a gift from Heaven !
Years since have roll'd, of trial, change, and grief,
But still that ordination-vow is heard ;
And what can soothe us with sublime relief
But, "*I am with you !*" oh ! Incarnate WORD ?
And, blent with awfulness of faith and fear,
For each young watchman then for Christ ordain'd
Prophetic fancy sketch'd some quiet sphere,
Where souls for Jesus might be sought, and gain'd.
Visions, perchance, of rural cots retired
Hover'd around the priested hearts of those
Who, ne'er by sad ambition inly fired,
Haunt the lone hamlet where the poor repose.
Such was the scene our peerless Herbert loved,
Pictured in quaint and quiet Walton's lines ;
Which Hooker sought, and Hammond's taste approved
In whom the image of a pastor shines.
Yet, little boots it, *what* our destined place
In the large vineyard of the Lord may be,—
Weave but the spells of Thine ordaining grace,
And time and scene are lost, O Lord ! in Thee.

Whether in haunts of fever, homes of gloom
 Where squalid Wo retreats, and yearns to die,
 The toil-worn pastor cheers some tatter'd room,
 And calms the mis'ry of a mourner's sigh;
 Or, haply down where greenwood dales retire
 Through hawthorn lanes he wends his thoughtful way,
 What time pale sunset gilds the village spire,
 And seeks the cottage where he comes to pray,—
 Alike, if duty, discipline and care,
 Faith, hope and meekness shall adorn his path,
 A shepherd finds his flock, and feeds them there,
 And the rich promise of his Master hath !
 Spirit of light, of past'ral love and peace,
 Divine Sustainer ! send Thine unction now ;
 And teach the Watchman, time gives no release
 To light the burden of a priestly vow.
 But, bear thou up, and bear thou nobly on !
 To warn the wicked, and the saints to guide,
 Till thou be summon'd where the dead have gone,
 Who lived for duty, and for Jesus died.

THE EUCHARIST.

“ THOU dost vouchsafe to feed us, who have duly received these holy mysteries, with the spiritual food of the most precious Body and Blood of thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ.”—*Communion Office of the Church of England.*

BANQUET of bleeding Love ! by Christ prepared,
 Feast of all feasts ! we turn to thee,
 Which dying Grace alone declared
 Manna of immortality ;

For, when the tomb-call must at length arrive,
'The dead shall feel thee in their dust alive !'¹

Here, sacrifice and zeal in one combine,
 With brotherhood of blissful love ;
 And faith-born feelings, most divine,
 Alighting from their source above ;
Creeds and commands, and penitence and prayer,
With purity and pardon, mingle here.

And, who can celebrate the mystic rite,
 Perfect and pure, predestined Lamb !²
 Nor feel their glory of delight
 Who realise the dread I AM,
And worship Him with tender awe intense
In the deep shade the words "*Do this*,"—dispense ?

List ! now the pealing organ-swell is o'er
 And hymnèd chants dissolve away,
 And through yon temple's archèd door
 Cold worldlings seek the din of day,—
Sublime the hush ! as though the dead drew near
On balanced wing, our beating hearts to bear.

Let the stoled priests their order'd stations take ;
 The shrine of sacrifice and prayer
 Lord Jesus ! Thou wilt not forsake,
 But be our felt Atonement there ;
Renewed by faith, and realised in love,
While o'er Thine altar broods the Mystic Dove.

(1) " Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life ; *and* I will raise him up at the last day."—*John* vi. 54.

(2) " THE LAMB slain from the foundation of the world."—*Rev.* xiii. 8.

Oh ! rapt communion, which can raise the soul
To the clear heights of sin forgiven
Scatter the spirit-clouds that roll,
And feed us with the food of heaven,—
Thine is the hour, when dead and living meet
In blended homage at one Mercy-Seat !
Who comes with cold or criticising heart
The outward elements to scan,
In this high feast can have no part
Where God comes down to sup¹ with man ;
Seeds of eternity within it lie,
Which bud on earth, to blossom in the sky.
Though bread look bread, and water water seems
To carnal vision dull and cold,
Yet, Sacraments outsoar the dreams
Of them who nought but sense behold ;
Faith is the eye by which believers view
Christ in the tokens of His Presence true.
Thou Nourishment for all baptismal souls !
A food high angels cannot share,
The vastness of Thy charm controls
The hearts which palpitate with prayer
Into an awe profound,—but full of grace
From God incarnate, bleeding for our race !
Incorp'rate with Emanuel's Body all
By sacramental union grow,
Who Christ their Resurrection call
Though sinful dust they seem below ;

(1) " I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."
Rev. iii. 20.

Though accidents of flesh form what men see,
Something beyond, *may* living temples be!

Soul of all rites ! mysteriously sublime,
By whom the fainting Church is fed,
Though veil'd in garbs of sense and time,
We know HIM, as he breaks the bread !²
When Christ dispenses that almighty food,—
“ Receive my body and partake my blood.”

Refreshment, pardon, and renewing grace
God's Eucharist to each imparts,
That prints a reverential trace
Of Jesus on their sainted hearts :—
And, who are they who need no heavenly gift
High o'er the world their sinking hearts to lift ?

Humility, and hope this feast inspires,
Chastens the mind, and calmeth fear ;
And cools the uncontrollèd fires
Of those who fancy heaven is near,—
Dreaming they stand on Zion's topmost place
Long ere they learn to wind around the base !

A green oàsis in this herbless life,
This desert lone of dreary hours,
Where Time foregoes each warring strife
And Love renews her languid powers,—

(1) “ Ye are the temple of the living God.”—2 *Cor.* vi. 16. “ Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost.”—1 *Cor.* vi. 19.

(2) “ It came to pass, he took bread ; and their eyes were opened, and they knew him.”—*Luke* xxiv. 34, 35.

Proves the blest Eucharist, to all who know
The weight of this mysterious life below !

Thy strength'ning presence, Lord ! we pilgrims need,
Sinful, and oft with sadness worn ;

As here our bosom'd sorrows bleed
Till even pleasures look forlorn,
And hues sepulchral robe the world around,
That looks like Laz'rus in his grave-clothes wound.

And, what a bulwark for the Church hath been
This feast of sacrificial love !

For Time has no dark error seen,
The Bread and Wine could not remove ;
Christ and the creatures, matter, grace and mind
In these pure symbols meet, to bless mankind.

DOVE of the Church ! Thou Paraclete, descend,
And such anointing grace impart,

That round Thine altar each may bend
With chasten'd will, and contrite heart ;
Not with a conscience dread as caitiffs feel,
But, touch'd like Peter, with impassion'd zeal.

Thus we adore Thee, Thou almighty PRIEST !
Prophet of hope, salvation's King ;

The greatest there become the least,
And learn the song of heaven to sing,—
“ Worthy The Lamb o'er men and worlds to reign,
Who back to God redeem'd lost souls again ! ”

GOD SAVE THE CHURCH.

“ I speak concerning Christ and the Church.”—*Ephes.* v. 32. “ Which is the pillar and ground of the truth.”—1 *Tim.* iii. 15.

GOD save the Church ! and guard her free,
Whom Christ ordain'd on earth to be
A sacramental guide and friend,
Our creed to mould, and heart amend.

God save the Church !—I mean by this
What by her *principle* she is,
Whose pure Ideal stands aloof
From all that Party takes for proof.

Nor high, nor low, true churchmen call ;
By this alone they stand or fall,—
As children of a parent dear
Her voice maternal to revere.

God save the Church !—from Christ she came,
And proved her apostolic name
When Rome's Augustine vainly tried
To get her free-born faith denied.

(1) Concerning the PRIMITIVE FREEDOM and CATHOLIC ANTIQUITY of the British Church, the following extract from a rare tract by Lloyd, formerly Bishop of St. Asaph, will be reverently appreciated by all loyal churchmen :—
“ For near a hundred years there was almost no possibility of communication between Rome and Britain, and therefore it was no wonder if there was grown a great strangeness between them. Besides, in that interval of time the *Roman Church was much altered from what it was formerly . . .* The Britons, whom that Emperor had left to themselves, continuing in their primitive liberty, a hundred and fifty years after this, when Pope Gregory the First would make Austin the Monk their Archbishop, they told him plainly, ‘ *We will not be thy subjects :* ’ they knew of no ‘ authority he had over them.’ . . . By these instances it sufficiently appears that Rome had made great alterations in other things, and *made bold to impose them on other Churches as con-*

For, long before the Danish clan
 Or Saxon, o'er rent England ran,
 The monks of Bangor move in glory
 Through the page of British story.

God save the Church!—sectarian mind
 In prayerless reason bound and blind,
 From her, serene repulse hath met,
 Whose crown remains unsullied yet!

Science and Learning, Art and Song,
 Around her name and nature throng;
 Hero and sage, and saint and martyr
 Have gloried in her heaven-seal'd charter.¹

So, when I read th' historic past,
 And see how Persecution's blast
 By rack and dungeon, fire and hate,
 In vain besieged her queenly state,—

ditions of her communion. It appears that these Northern Churches were shut out of her communion; they were called the schismatics of Britain and Ireland, for no other reason but only because they would not receive these alterations, nor submit to the authority by which they were imposed . . . Wheresoever they found the Roman tyranny abetted against them, there indeed they stood upon their terms; and laid the schism upon them who were the cause of it, and would 'no more communicate with them than with Pagans,' as Bede tells us. The Scots of South Ireland stood thus little more than thirty years after Austin came over; all the other Scots and Picts held out nearly a hundred years longer: *but the Britons much above two hundred years.* And yet, the Churches that stood at this distance from Rome, all the while continued communion with each other, and KEPT THEIR RELIGION THE SAME IN ALL POINTS THAT IT WAS WHEN THE ROMAN EMPIRE STOOD, AND THE SAME THAT WAS ANCIENTLY IN THE PURER ROMAN CHURCH."—*Lloyd's "Primitive Church,"* pp. 64, 65, 69, 70.

(1) "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—*John* xv. 7. "Because I live, ye shall live also."—*John* xiv. 19—combined with,—"Lo! I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, even unto the end of the world," *Matt.* xxviii. 20; and, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I GIVE UNTO THEM ETERNAL LIFE, and they SHALL NEVER PERISH, neither shall any man PLUCK THEM OUT OF MY HAND."—*John* x. 27, 28.

Present and future both appear
 Enlink'd with *her* sublime career ;
 In whom unchanged by friends or foes
 The apostolic life-blood glows.
 God save the Church !—we challenge all
 Who English archives dare recall,
 To match her sainted roll of men
 Whose lives recall'd St. John again.¹
 Parochial watchmen, pure and high
 Whose worth and wisdom near'd the sky,
 And meek and martyr-like became,—
 Eternity enshrines their name !
 Howe'er ungrateful Time forget
 On earth to pay the lauding debt,
 Delighted angels watch'd below
 Their counterparts in pureness glow.
 God save the Church !—whose rites control,
 Chasten, subdue, and calm the soul ;
 Something of earth, but more of heaven
 To all her prayer and praise is given.

(1) “ ‘ My hope is that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain ; and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it : this being past, I shall dwell in the New Jerusalem, dwell there with just men made perfect ; dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus ; and with him see my mother, and all my dear relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place ; and this is my content, that I am going daily to it . . . And now, Lord,—Lord, receive my soul ! ’ Thus he lived and thus he died like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life, which I cannot conclude better than with this borrowed observation,

————— ‘ All must to their cold graves ;
 But the religious actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.’ ”

See WALTON'S *Account of HERBERT'S Death*.

Time and eternity appear
To melt the sigh, and move the tear,
As oft her liturgy of love
Lifts man below to God above.

Majestic, too, her haunted shrines !
Where sentiment with stone combines,—
Chantry and choir, and arch, and nave
Where lie the buried pure and brave,
Breathe mute, but magic eloquence !
And through the eye to soul dispense
A wordless power of inward prayer
Born of the creed,—that God is there.

Nor, be forgot our ivied fanes
That crest the hills, and dot the plains ;
Where gothic roof and graceful tower
Wield o'er the heart a witching power :
So hush'd and heavenlike seems the spot
That time and turmoil are forgot ;
And Nature her lone sabbath keeps
Where child, and village patriarch sleeps.

God save the Church ! for rich and poor
Alike expands her gracious door,
Who from the cradle to the grave
Watches the soul Christ died to save.

The peerage of the Church are those
In whom the Saviour's image glows ;
And in the poorest, grant that we
God's noblemen by saintship, see !

There, prince and peasant, man and child,
Learn saving wisdom undefiled ;
And nought is hid by Godhead spoken
To conscience bruised, or spirit broken.

But, most because the WORD of Heaven
Is purely to the people given
In British language, broad and free,—
Church of my fathers ! love I thee.

God save the Church, and save the Queen !
Mitre and Throne have ever been
To weal and wo alike related,
By truth revered, and treason hated.

God save the Church ! be this our cry
Both while we live, and when we die ;¹

(1) Ecclesiastical annalists of the Elizabethan period relate, that when that good and great prelate, Archbishop Whitgift, was expiring, the only words he could intelligibly express were, "*Pro ecclesiâ Dei! pro ecclesiâ Dei!*" But, what can rival the saintly glories which encircle the dying bed of the illustrious Hooker, as recorded in the quaint page of Walton? "The doctor had occasion to inquire his present thoughts: to which he replied,—'That he was meditating the nature and number of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in heaven; and oh! that it might be so on earth!' After which words he said,—'I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations; and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near; and though I have, by his grace, loved him in my youth, and feared him in my age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to him and to all men, yet, if thou, O Lord! be extreme to mark that I have done amiss, who can abide it? And therefore where I have failed, Lord show mercy to me; for I plead not my righteousness; but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for his merits, who died to purchase a pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time: I submit to it! Let not mine, O Lord, but let thy will be done!' With which expressions he fell into a dangerous slumber, dangerous as to his recovery; yet recover he did, but it was to speak only these few words, 'Good doctor, God hath heard my daily

For, rail her foemen as they will,
The Church is England's glory still !

petitions ; for I am at peace with all men, and He is at peace with me ; and from which blessed assurance I feel that inward joy, which this world can neither give nor take from me.' More he would have spoken ; but his spirits failed him, and after a short conflict betwixt nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep."

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APPEAL

THE Committee of this Institution appeal with confidence to the Public, on behalf of a class of Patients excluded from all other Hospitals—the victims of Pulmonary Consumption.

There is scarcely a disease of any severity which does not find ready admission into the wards of our general Hospitals, and many complaints of comparatively rare occurrence and trifling importance have Institutions specially devoted to their treatment; but Consumption, the most frequent and destructive malady in existence, finds the doors of all our Hospitals closed against it.

The plea on which the consumptive patient is refused admission into other Institutions is, the lingering nature and almost certain fatality of his disease. But these very peculiarities give him the strongest claim on our sympathy. For

when the poor man falls ill, the very sources of his subsistence are dried up ; acute diseases impoverish and embarrass him, but chronic diseases ruin him ; those who are dependent upon his exertions share his destitution, and are prevented from earning their own livelihood by the necessity of ministering to his wants.

To provide him with an Asylum, to surround him with the comforts of which he stands so much in need, to ensure him relief from the sufferings entailed by his disease, to afford him spiritual consolation, at a period when the mind is perhaps best adapted to receive with benefit the divine truths of religion, and to enable those who depend upon him to earn their own subsistence, are the great objects proposed to be accomplished by this new Hospital.

But though the original object contemplated in its establishment has been to afford an ASYLUM to the Consumptive Patient, it is by no means the only one. By bringing a large number of such Patients under the same roof, an opportunity will be afforded of more carefully studying the nature of this destructive malady ; and assuredly there is some ground of hope, that HE who has given man much power over nature, who has provided him, in the works of His own hands, with many powerful and effective remedies, and has so often crowned his well-directed efforts towards the alleviation of the sufferings of his fellow-creatures with success, may yet vouchsafe to guide him to some means by which this His greatest scourge may be stripped of its terrors. At least, the Committee feel that they are fully justified in pointing out to the attention of the Public, that if medical science be ever destined to achieve the great triumph of removing this fatal malady, or to effect the humbler good of arresting its progress with *certainly*, the hour of such improvements must surely be hastened by the establishment of an Institution which will afford ample means for deep and sustained investigation of the disease.

The following statement will show the magnitude of the evil which this Institution was formed to remedy. Of the 60,000 deaths which occur every year in England and Wales from slow and lingering diseases, about 36,000 are probably due to Pulmonary Consumption. One-ninth, therefore, of the total mortality at all ages, and more than one-fifth of the mortality of adults, is due to this cause ; and as the duration of the disease, taking one case with another, is about two years, it follows that about 72,000 persons are constantly suffering from Consumption, being at the rate of four persons in every thousand of all ages, and eight in every thousand adults.

Again, of the 45,000 deaths occurring every year in the metropolis, about 5,600, or one-eighth of the total mortality of the metropolis at all ages, and little less than one-fifth of the mortality of adults, arises from this fatal disease : and upwards of 11,000 persons, being about one in 170 of the entire population of the metropolis, and more than one per cent. of the adults, are constantly wasting away under the attacks of this lingering malady.

Of these 10,000 cases, about three-fourths occur in males, of whom a large proportion are working men, unable to provide for themselves and families, systematically excluded from our general Hospitals, and uniting in their own persons every conceivable claim to sympathy and assistance. It may be well to add that many—very many—of these poor sufferers are the acknowledged victims of unventilated workshops, ill-constructed dwellings, vitiated atmosphere, long hours of work, and the want of open places for exercise and recreation ; so that they may fairly claim from their richer brethren not sympathy only, but compensation for the injury which their neglect has inflicted upon them.

To all who have felt the power of the Destroyer, or who have reason to fear his attack—and what family throughout the country has not had sad experience of his presence?—an earnest appeal is now made, in the full assurance that those who give their support to this Institution will combine the work of mercy with that of justice, and aid in furthering as many important objects as are found united in any Charitable Institution.

QUALIFICATIONS AND PRIVILEGES OF GOVERNORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

VI.—Every benefactor of £31 10s., or upwards, at one time, or by instalments, becomes a Governor for life.

VII.—Every subscriber of £3 3s. per annum, or upwards, becomes a Governor.

VIII.—Every person making to the Hospital a bequest of £100, or upwards, may nominate a Life Governor: in the event of no such nomination being made, the executor first named in the Will shall be entitled to the privileges of a Life Governor.

XIII.—Persons becoming Governors by donation or annual subscription are entitled to recommend one In-Patient and eight Out-Patients annually for every donation of thirty guineas, or annual subscription of three guineas:—nominees, or executors of persons having made bequests to the amount of not less than £100 to the Hospital, are entitled to recommend one In-Patient and eight Out-Patients in the year. Annual Subscribers (not Governors) are entitled to recommend four Out-Patients in the year for each guinea subscribed.

XIV.—Every Incumbent who shall permit collections to be made in his church for the benefit of the Hospital, shall be entitled, during his incumbency, to the privilege of recommending one In-Patient and four Out-Patients annually, provided not less than £31 10s. be collected, and the patients whom he may recommend be resident within the limits of the parish or district from which the collections have been derived; and every Clergyman, not being an incumbent, who shall preach for the benefit of the Hospital, the sum collected not being less than £52 10s. shall be entitled to the privilege of recommending one In-Patient and four Out-Patients, resident as above, during the year ensuing the date of his sermon.

Persons having Letters of Recommendation from Governors for Admission as IN-PATIENTS, must attend at the Hospital to be examined by the Physician in attendance, when (if proper cases) their Names will be entered upon the Books, to be admitted in rotation. Applicants can be examined on any day except Sunday, and are to attend at Two o'clock precisely. Should the person recommended be not a proper case, information of the same will be sent to the Governor, with a fresh Letter. Persons living at a distance are not required to attend personally to be examined, but a Medical Certificate (a form of which can be had on application to the Secretary) may be sent with the Governor's recommendation.

Persons having Letters of Recommendation from Governors or Subscribers as OUT-PATIENTS, can be seen by the Physician on EVERY DAY, except Sunday, and are to attend at One o'clock precisely.

A THIRD EDITION,

Revised and rearranged, with additional matter, &c. &c.



THE GOSPEL IN ADVANCE OF THE AGE.

WITH A CHAPTER ON

THE SPIRIT OF THE BIBLE AND THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

A Homily for the Times.

BY THE

REV. R. MONTGOMERY, A.M.

OXON.

THIS Work has been translated into German, and, among other independent testimonies to its character, the Publishers have the satisfaction to quote the following:—

From the BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

“I think the ‘APPLICATION’ of the Work well calculated to be eminently useful at the present juncture, to extreme parties on both sides, by inculcating that moderation which has ever been the true characteristic of the Church of England.”

From “THE TIMES,”—July 4th, 1846.

“The object which Mr. Montgomery proposes to himself in the present volume, is the establishment of the fact, that all works undertaken and conducted irrespectively of the divine commandment and accompanying blessing, are unprofitable and void; and that *in religion alone we are*

THE GOSPEL IN ADVANCE OF THE AGE.

justified in seeking for the principles that must guide us in our conduct, and form the basis of all institutions.”——“In the application of the argument to the various relations of society, and to the doings of men as members of the social fabric, we may legitimately claim some interest; and we go heartily along with Mr. Montgomery, that spiritual blindness is manifest to-day in the conduct of the legislature to the unhappy poor.”——“There can be nothing clearer than that a practical denial of Christianity exists, wherever the precepts of Christianity are systematically disregarded.”——“We will do Mr. Montgomery the justice to state that in the great amount of evils which he sees necessary to remedy, he does not omit to mention with due emphasis the momentous evils that are found within the bosom of the Church.”——“We have reason to believe the author’s labours have been appreciated by authorities whose approbation, to most of his profession, comes with peculiar force—we mean his spiritual superiors. We trust the book has been of service in the quarter to which it particularly addresses itself.”

From the “ENGLISH REVIEW,”—October 1, 1848.

“Mr. Montgomery, in the eloquent and able work which we have mentioned above, traces with great truth the evils of our social system, and points out, as the only infallible remedy for them all — *true religion*, and the recognition of its claims by the rulers of the land. And most cordially do we go along with this author in his enunciation of this principle, at once so Christian and courageous. Would that such sentiments might gain the acceptance which they deserve from those to whom the destinies of this nation, humanly speaking, are entrusted! But, at least, we have reason to feel grateful to writers who, like Mr. Montgomery, expose the hollowness of the schemes by which politicians too frequently expect to promote the material and moral welfare of the community; and who draw attention to the true remedies for our national evils.”

From CANON TOWNSEND’S “SCRIPTURAL COMMUNION WITH GOD.”—
Part IV. p. 253.

“A distinguished writer and poet of the present day, published lately a work, entitled ‘THE GOSPEL BEFORE THE AGE.’ The object of the work was to point out, that not only was the Gospel the best remedy for that

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‘restless appetite for some vast and vague amelioration,’ which the corruption of fallen man can never derive from himself; but that the words of Christ to Nicodemus suggest that remedy, in language universally applicable to the agitation and presumption of an age which seeks other cures for the evils of society and of human nature.”

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*From the “CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY,”—October, 1844.*

“The theme which Mr. Montgomery has taken up is far larger, and, at the same time, more definite, than we had imagined from the title of the book; it is no less than maintaining that the claims of religion are, *in every sense, and under all circumstances, paramount*, above all secular things, and at the root of all secular things, and furnishing the only principles in the light of which anything can be rightly done, or any institution be set upon a solid foundation; and this religion not the mawkish sentimentalism called Natural Theology, nor even those commonplace and elementary truths of Christianity, which are usually understood by the phrase, *the Gospel*; but Christianity, in its length, and breadth, and height, and depth, as coming from God and leading to him. A noble theme, and right nobly is it handled; and fain would we hope, and prophesy, if we durst, that it is but the forerunner of other works of the same high stamp: for, if we mistake not, Mr. Montgomery has now found his proper element; there he will feel it to be so, and will delight in it, and grow more and more into conformity with it, and may hope to produce English discourses rivalling those of Chrysostom and Basil in eloquence and power, yet adapted to the deeper and more accurate theology of the present advanced age, sharpened by the subtleties of the Schoolmen, and hardened and disciplined by the controversies with Rome.”——“This discourse is first opened by Mr. Montgomery in a very masterly manner, and then the Theological and Practical principles which have been thus ascertained are *brought to bear upon the Church*, and made to test the maxims of State, and applied to the various maxims in the world, the chief relationship of society, and domestic or social duty, as subsisting around us, and subjects of daily notice.”

“In tracing out the various features of the Church movement, how it is aggravated by spiritual workings within, by physical pressure without, till it becomes uncontrollable, Mr. Montgomery shows great observation of what is going on around us, and clear discernment of the inevitable consequences of such things, if suffered to go on much longer unchecked.”



## THE GOSPEL IN ADVANCE OF THE AGE.

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“ We must refer our readers to the book for the various aspects of this *ecclesiastical movement*, being only able to notice one feature as developed in that portion of the Church which Mr. Montgomery denominates the *Romanistic party*, and this we notice, because the question is put in a very original and striking way.”

“ The space we have devoted to this volume, and copious extracts we have made, show the sense we entertain of its importance and value. Though unknown to Mr. Montgomery, we bid him God-speed in his onward course, and hope to meet him soon again.”

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*From “ THE THEOLOGIAN,”—May, 1847.*

“ ‘ THE GOSPEL BEFORE THE AGE.’—We do not wish to give an unqualified approval to all which that remarkable and powerful work contains ; but there is much therein which is most valuable and full of thought and originality,—what we here quote, and some important passages on the baptismal doctrine, would do honour to any person.”

“ We would direct the attention of our readers to two authors ; one a vindicator of the glories of the gospel ; the other a rationalistic assailant of them. In ‘ THE GOSPEL BEFORE THE AGE,’ and ‘ CHRIST OUR ALL IN ALL,’ of the former, and the ‘ ESSAY’ of the latter (Emerson), will be found a clear and sufficient view of the Christian and Infidel.”——“ Montgomery is, generally speaking, a logical and philosophical author ; in his Expositions of Christ, and Defence of Christianity, he displays very close and convincing reasoning. Cautiously he proceeds from point to point, leaving little behind him untreated of. And yet he writes with great vivacity ; his illustrations are also imaginative ; his thoughts attain even the sublime in his illustration of sacred truth.”——“ He is too eager a controversialist ; but, on the other hand, how clear his perception of all affirmative truths ! How exalted his range of thought in the appreciation of the most elevated mysteries of the Gospel !—He is a Catholic Churchman.”

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